Saturday Review

April 15, 1967 35¢

EDUCATION

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT
by William Manchester
Reviewed by Margaret L. Coit

THE TALE OF THE HEADMASTER
By Donald Barr

GAMES IN THE CLASSROOM
By Elliot Carlson

WHAT TURNS KIDS ON?
By Terry Borton

HAROLD LASSWELL— A MEMOIR
By Leo Rosten

43D R75755888A AMBA95S22SEP67
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAROID®

5 new ones from Polaroid

(From under $50. No kidding. Under $50.)

Thanks to the overwhelming success of 60-second color photography, Polaroid has been able to bring out a whole new line of Color Pack Cameras that gives you more camera per dollar whichever model you choose:

1. For under $50, you can now get a fast-loading electric eye camera that gives you beautiful full-size color prints in 60 seconds, black-and-white in 15.

2. For under $75, you get many deluxe features, including a superimposed-image range- and viewfinder, and one feature available until now only on the highest-priced models: an expensive electronic system that lets you shoot black-and-white pictures indoors without flash!

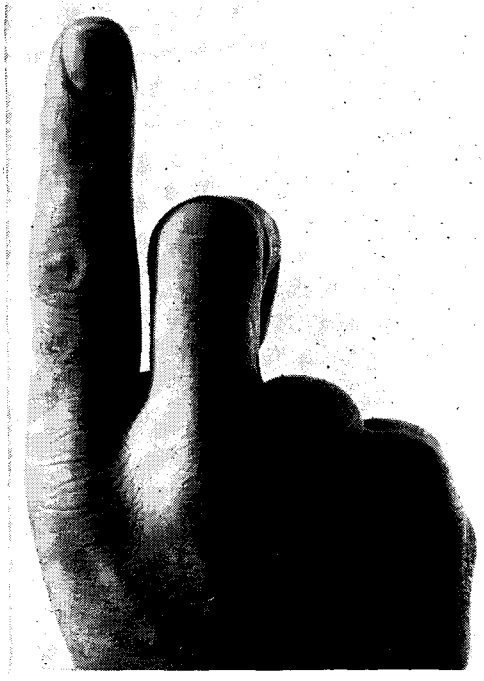
3. Less than $100 buys you a sophisticated camera that can use the Polaroid Portrait Kit and many other accessories. Foldaway range- and viewfinder. Sharp triplet lens.

4. For under $130, you get a camera that's deluxe inside and out. All-metal body. Brushed chrome finish. Famous electronic system that makes automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds.

5. For under $160, Polaroid goes all out. Superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder automatically corrects for parallax and field size. Flashgun included. It's the finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would you believe Avis is No.1½?



Avis.

Well, in a manner of speaking, we're still No.2.

But technically, we're No.1.5556. After four years of trying harder, we've cut No.1's lead almost in half.

(Based on the latest figures from 26 major airports.)

And do you know what happens when you get that close to the top?

Your people try even harder.

Take Ernie Foote, for example.

A customer showed up with an expired out-of-state driver's license. So Ernie took him to the highway patrol for a driver's test. He passed. Got a Mississippi license. And was off in a shiny, new Plymouth.

Obviously, our people are keeping score.

And they can smell the pennant.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now half price: one of the world's great newspapers.

Perhaps you've promised yourself you'd subscribe to The Christian Science Monitor someday. This is the perfect "someday" — do it now and you'll save half the cost. We'll send you 100 issues for only $3.93. That's about 4 months of exclusive news coverage for less than 4¢ a copy!

The Monitor is a daily newspaper that's written largely by the people on its staff. You get first-hand reporting from Monitor correspondents all over the globe. You get first-rate analysis of the news by editors who treat you as an adult.

This paper is concerned with what man is achieving, regardless of the area of achievement. The Monitor is profoundly interested in progress whether it be in politics, foreign affairs, race relations, business, finance, law enforcement, sports, travel, books, entertainment, automobiles, fashion, or even chess.

If you want award-winning news coverage of all areas of human endeavor this widely quoted newspaper is for you. You can profit from it intellectually, conversationally — perhaps even financially. And you'll look forward to its arrival like that of an understanding friend.

The Christian Science Monitor is not what you'd call a religious paper, if that's what you've been thinking. It's truly a news newspaper — for any alert person who wants the significant events of the world in sharp focus. It takes you further into the news than a local paper can. (And why wait until the end of the week to get news analysis in print.)

Our editors bring perspective to events that matter. They help relate today to both yesterday and tomorrow. But they let you do your share of the thinking. The Monitor is designed for grown-ups — but there's nothing in it, in either news or advertising, that a child shouldn't see.

For 100 issues you now pay only $3.93. That's about four months — at half the regular subscription price. Clip the coupon.

Dear Christian Science Monitor: I'm ready to try one of the world's great newspapers.

Send me 100 issues of the Monitor (6 days a week for about 4 months). I understand I pay just $3.93. That's less than 4¢ a copy — half the usual price. Thanks for the savings!

HALF 1/2 PRICE

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ Check or m.o. enclosed ☐ Bill me later SR9

Mail coupon to The Christian Science Monitor, Box 125, Astor Station, Boston, Mass. 02123

Saturday Review

Cover design by Pageant Studio.

April 15, 1967

SR: Ideas

16 Can We Survive Nihilism? by Thomas Merton
19 The Heroism of Staszek Jackowski, by Ruth Gruber
22 Edmund Burke: Friend of Freedom, by William Henry Chamberlin
24 Shorter Conventions and Campaigns: An Editorial

SR: Education

62 Games in the Classroom, by Elliot Carlson
65 Harold Lasswell: A Memoir, by Leo Rosten

SR: Books

27 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
27 Index of books reviewed

SR: Departments

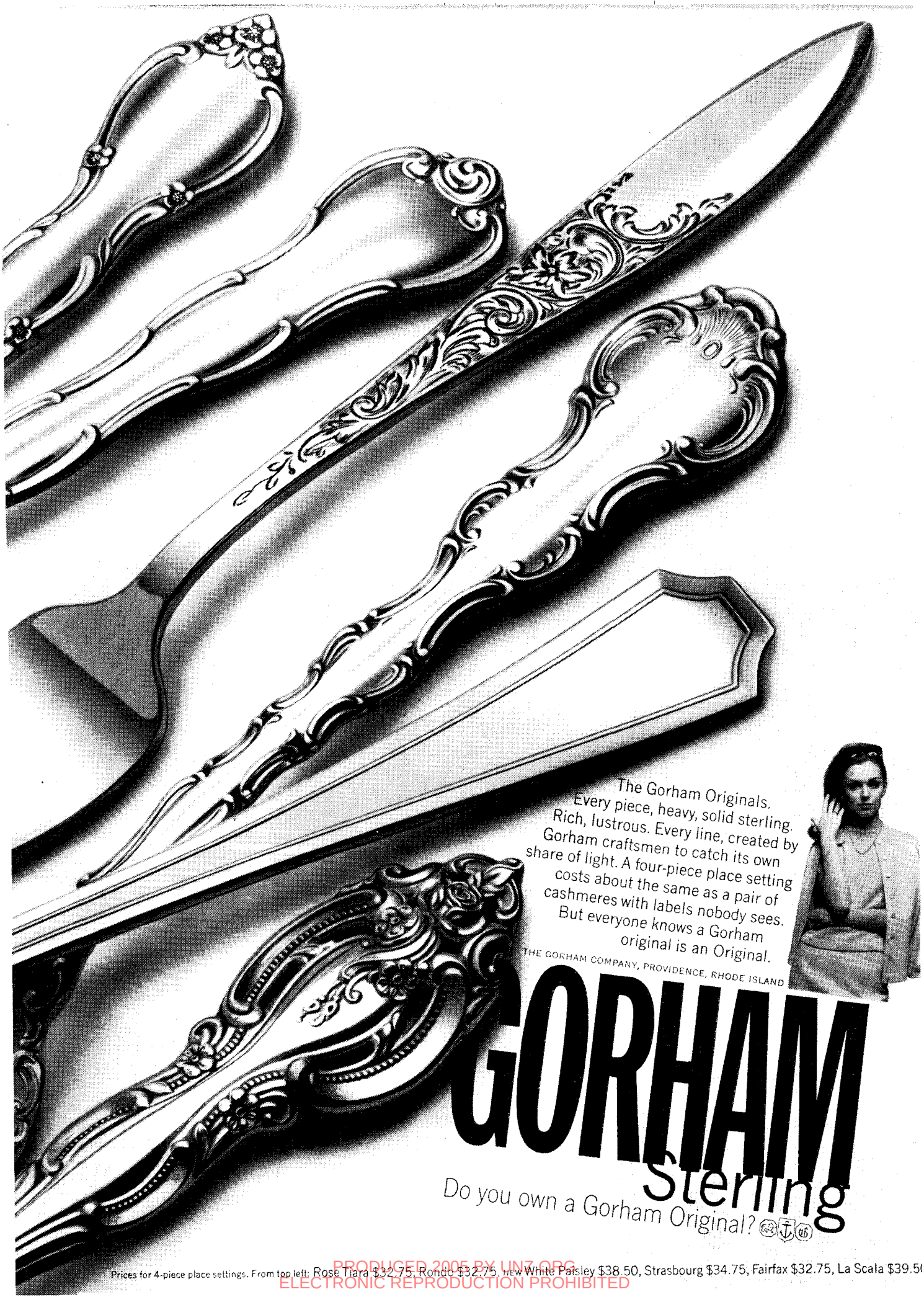
6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
8 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
10 Trade Winds: Herbert R. Mayes
25 Letters to the Editor
26 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
28 Literary Crypt
33 Literary I.Q.
43 Wit Twister No. 3
44 Chess Corner: Al Horowitz
45 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert
46 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
47 Booked for Travel: Max Hampton
50 The Theater: Henry Hewes
52 Mid-Month Recordings
90 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1723

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Director of Promotion and Research, Stephen E. Silver; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. L, No. 15, April 15, 1967, Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1967 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages), without permission is prohibited.

Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**
BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Richard K. Sullivan, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: San Francisco, Fletcher S. Udall & L. H. Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94104; Los Angeles, Fred Beck, 3850 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90005; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.
Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

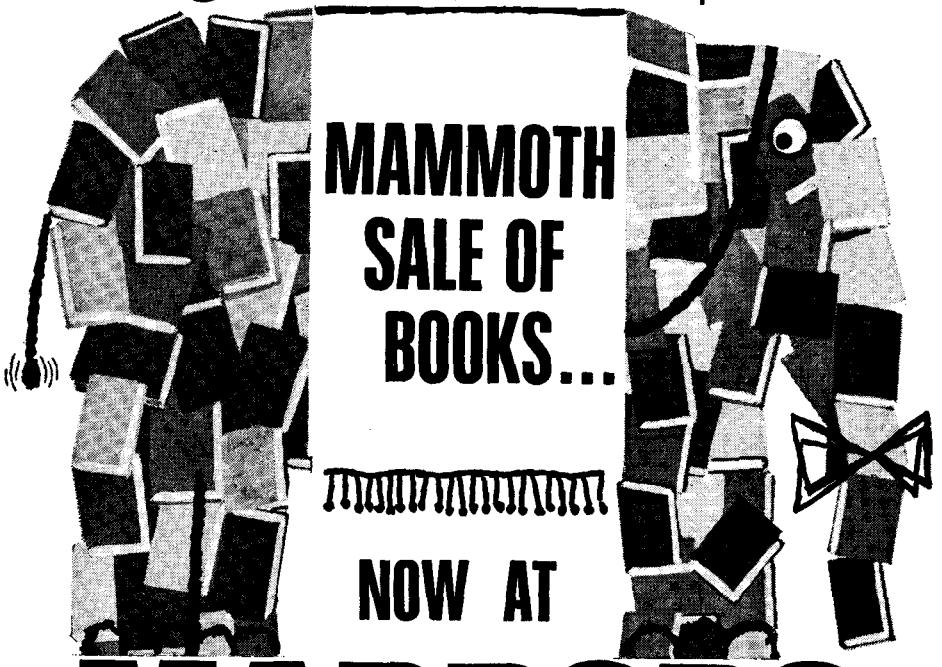
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Gorham Originals.
Every piece, heavy, solid sterling.
Rich, lustrous. Every line, created by
Gorham craftsmen to catch its own
share of light. A four-piece place setting
costs about the same as a pair of
cashmeres with labels nobody sees.
But everyone knows a Gorham
original is an Original.
THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND
GORHAM
Sterling
Do you own a Gorham Original?

Prices for 4-piece place settings. From top left: Rose Tiara $32.75, Rondo $32.75, New White Paisley $38.50, Strasbourg $34.75, Fairfax $32.75, La Scala $39.5(

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orig. $5.75, now $1.00
Orig. $15.00, now $1.98
Orig. $30.00, now $5.95



MARBORO

1843. Thomas Merton: BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS. Rich, poetic study of the Psalms, their poetry and symbolism, their place in contemplation and in the liturgy, and their meaning in one's private devotional life. Illus. *Special* **1.98**

1842. Thomas Merton: THE BEHAVIOR OF TITANS. Perceptive essays on Atlas and Prometheus, Heraclitus, the demonic cult of power, etc. from the viewpoint of an orthodox Christian Personalist who remains pleasantly unconventional. *Orig. $3.50.* *Only* **1.49**

1840. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA of RENAISSANCE & BAROQUE ART. Ed. by R. Huyghe. In one luxurious volume—the monumental arts and beauty of the Renaissance masters: Cimabue, da Vinci, Raphael, Caravaggio, Michelangelo, Rembrandt & many others; and the intoxicating Baroque and Rococo exploits that followed. 1,214 ILLUSTRATIONS, 46 in full color; 8½" x 11½". *Orig. $20.00.* *Only* **9.95**

1755. LINCOLN: His Words & His World. By the Editors of Country Beautiful. Handsome memorial with his most notable words of wisdom, inspiration and humor, plus great pictures of the scenes and dramatic action of his times. 85 Illus, 56 in full color. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.49**

1690. DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SOCIAL REFORM. By Louis Filler. The first modern synthesis of American reform, from our historic beginnings to the present—covers thoroughly changing attitudes, issues, conditions, leaders and vocabulary, traces "Liberal", "Radical", "Americanism", etc. from past to present. 854 pages. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1626. AQUINAS' SEARCH FOR WISDOM. By V. J. Bourke. Solid introduction to Thomas and Thomism, the bitter opposition that Aquinas faced throughout his life because of his teachings, the development of his thought, its final acceptance, and its impact. Imprimatur. *Orig. $5.75.* *Only* **1.00**

1436. A BON VIVANT'S COOKBOOK. By Wm. Templeton Veach; Intro. by James Beard. Dedicated to the bon vivant and kitchen dilettante—a distinguished chef's wealth of recipes arranged by course from Pate and Crab Bisque through Veal Marengo, Coq au Vin, Roast Orange Duck, Old-fashioned Lemon Pie, and Peach Mousse. *Orig. $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**

1273. Thoreau: WALDEN. By Henry David Thoreau; Intro. by B. Willey. The great classic of America's ageless beauty and naturalist philosophy; superbly illustrated by H. B. Kane. *Orig. $5.50.* *New complete edition* **1.98**

1839. Gustave Flaubert: THREE TALES. Intro. by Harry Levin. Flaubert's three matchless miniatures: *Herodias, A Simple Heart,* and *The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller,* all exceptional as pure entertainment. Hardcover. *Special* **1.00**

1836. LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA of BYZANTINE & MEDIEVAL ART. Ed. by R. Huyghe. All the tapestried brilliance of 1000 years of Byzantine luxury, Merovingian Renaissance, Buddhist & Hindu splendors, through the ethereal Gothic of Medieval Europe. OVER 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS, 36 in full color; 8½" x 11½". *Orig. $17.95.* *Only* **9.95**

1835. MASTERS OF GERMAN POSTER ART. By Hellmut Rademacher. 96 examples, *31 in full color,* of the finest in German poster art through the years 1896-1931; posters for plays, exhibitions & commercial products by Bernhard, Klinger, Scheurich, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, the Jugendstil school, others. Handsome linen binding; 9½" x 12". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**

1817. GAUDIER-BRZESKA: DRAWINGS & SCULPTURE. Intro. by Mervyn Levy. The astonishing virtuosity and versatility of the leading English Vorticist whose work forms a watershed between Rodin and Brancusi—*88 reproductions,* many never before reproduced, with 4 full-color tip-ins; handsomely bound in textured cocoa cloth. 10" x 11¼". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**

1811. Three Volumes: THE ART OF PAINTING—From Prehistory to the 20th Century. Ed. by Pierre Seghers. The essence of painting as it has evolved through the ages, in the words of the artists themselves: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Goya, Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Klee, Picasso, Chagall, and many others, on forms, techniques, on their own work and the works of others. 45 illus in full color; each vol. 7¼" x 10⅛"; SLIPCASED. *Orig. $30.00.* *3 Volume Set, Only* **10.95**

1809. AUBREY BEARDSLEY DRAWINGS. Published in conjunction with the Museum of Modern Art Beardsley exhibition—151 DRAWINGS—from Lysistrata, Morte D'Arthur, Salome, Yellow Book, Savoy, Juvenal's VI Satire, Rape of the Lock, more. 8¾" x 11¼". *List Price $10.00.* *Special* **6.95**

1652. THE SEA & THE SWORD: The Baltic 1630-1945. By O. Warner. Enthralling naval history in its most romantic and varied aspects—of battles for power between Russia, Germany, Finland, Sweden & Denmark, between Gustavus Adolphus, Catherine the Great, Nelson, Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler & Stalin. 22 illus., plus maps. *Orig. $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1834. ORNAMENT & SCULPTURE IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By the State Museum of Ethnology, Leipzig. Superbly printed and handsomely bound volume on the primitive art of Africa, Oceania & Siberia—128 ILLUSTRATIONS, 30 in FULL COLOR—all on coated paper; extensive annotation. 9½" x 10⅞". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**

1825. WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S
THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT
List Price $10.00. *Marboro Special* **7.99**
Mail Order Only.

1807. Colin Wilson: RASPUTIN & THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVS. Brilliant, controversial study of Rasputin, the saint-satyr-monk whose intrigues "hypnotized" the Romanov household and brought about their bloody fall. *Orig. $5.50.* *Only* **1.98**

1803. THE MAGIC OF THE MOUNTAINS. By Max Wyss. A symphonic poem in gorgeous photography and lyrical description of the eternally beautiful alpine landscape: glacial peaks, snow-edged flowers, bounding Ibexes, Red Deer, cascading rivers, thunderous avalanches, more. 94 photos & drawings, over 40 in color-gravure; 9" x 11". *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **3.98**

1667. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS QUOTATIONS. By F. S. Mead. Over 10,000 quotations on religious and related subjects, taken from all religious faiths, Christian and non-Christian, from sources as varied as Sophocles, the Saints and P. T. Barnum, listed with author and source. Indexed by author and topic; 534 pp. *Orig. $11.95.* *Only* **5.95**

1567. PRACTICAL CHESS ENDINGS. By Irving Chernev. Basic guide to endgame strategy for beginner as well as the more advanced player; sections on Knight, Bishop, Rook and Queen illustrating their roles and playing principles. Diagrams. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1503. BERNARD BUFFET. By Maurice Druon & Annabelle Buffet. Particularly handsome volume of Buffet at work on his favorite themes—85 PHOTOS, MANY FULL-& DOUBLE-PAGE SIZE, 16 IN FULL COLOR—circus clowns, Crucifixions, bullfighters, monster bronze butterflies, more; illuminating introduction and commentary. 10½" x 11½". *Orig $17.50.* *Only* **9.95**

1457. MACMILLAN MEDICAL CYCLOPEDIA. By W. A. R. Thomson, MD. Peerless medical reference both an excellent home-adviser & a memory-jogger for doctors and nurses—415 ILLUSTRATIONS, 1,013 DOUBLE-COLUMN PAGES—thousands of clear, precise definitions and explanations of what-to-do & how-to-do-it for countless medical needs, from tying a bandage to nursing the flu, to telling the reader when to call in a doctor. *Orig. $7.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1356. IMPACT—Essays by Ezra Pound. Ed. by Noel Stock. Clear, forceful presentation of the compleate Pound: poet, critic, gadfly, expatriate and interpreter of cultures in a 40-year collection of his polemical writings; incl. "Ignorance and the Decline of American Civilization." *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1027. DIRECT MAIL DESIGN. By Raymond Ballinger. The first comprehensive book on the design of direct mail advertising—more than 300 mailing pieces illustrated, from this country and abroad: new product announcements, annual reports, sales letters, informational brochures, good will pieces, and more—plus essential technical information on paper, production & postal regulations. Over 300 illus., in color and black & white; 8½" x 11¾". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **4.98**

9913. THE CHATEAU OF CHAMBORD. By Pierre Gascar; photos by Andre Martin. Superbly illustrated photo & text tour through the crown jewel of French architecture—the majestic facade, parks, unbelievable galleries, convoluted staircases, elaborate turrets. Profusely illus. in color & b/w, many full- & dbl-page spreads. *Orig. $9.95.* *Only* **3.95**

9456. Golden Pantheon: INDIAN MYTHOLOGY. By Veronica Ions. Superbly illustrated introduction to the gods and goddesses, avatars and Nagas of Vedic and Brahmanic Hinduism, and to the intricate mysticism of Gautama Buddha's teachings as well as the Jain Universal Cycle. 123 magnificent illus., 24 in handsome full-color; 8½" x 11¼". *Special import* **2.98**

9872. Dame Edith Sitwell: TAKEN CARE OF. Autobiography of the world-famous Dame of lordly eccentricities who here "takes care of" such targets as D. H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, Strachey, Galsworthy, F. R. Leavis and George Moore (and her friendships are just as funny). 22 photos. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

9771. ROMA—A Book of Photographs. By Pietro Francesco Mele. Handsome photo essay on the beauties of Rome—*64 PHOTOS PRINTED IN GRAVURE*—striking shots of achitecture, statues, monuments, fountains, street-life, interiors and gardens that hymn the spirit of the Eternal City. Italian text; 8⅜" x 11". *Special import* **1.98**

4040. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbological studies, *with the essential, unvarying meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man*—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic. 32 halftone plates, 40 line drawings. *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1739. THE AGE OF THE BATTLESHIP: 1890-1922. By Lt. Cmdr. B. Harris. An exciting US Naval history from the Spanish-American War through WW I: naval operations, political pressures, development of battleship, submarine and air arms. 48 illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **2.98**

1824. LOST TREASURES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN WORLD. By Robert Payne. Brilliant narrative revealing the mystery and fascination of forgotten cities, monuments, fortresses & temples; 37 of the most significant finds from Tarquinia, Piraeus, Mycenae, Cyrene, Ephesus. *Over 135 photos, many never before published;* 8¼" x 11". *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **3.98**

1736. THE POPES: A Concise Biographical History. Ed. by Eric John. An authoritative, major work containing detailed biographies of every Pope including Paul VI: their lives, times & accomplishments. 160 PAGES of PHOTOS & PORTRAITS in COLOR & B/W; 7½" x 10". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

1533. Nikos Kazantzakis: TODA RABA. Surging, terrifyingly prophetic novel of Russia in the aftermath of the Revolution: Rachel a Polish-Jewish girl; Azad an ex-Cheka murderer; an Indian monk; and the towering Toda Raba, an African Negro, transfigured in a revelation of violence, humanity and destiny. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

1464. AUGUSTINE THE BISHOP. By F. Van Der Meer. Monumental work on the tempestuous life of Augustine *after* he had finished sowing his oats; his daily life as priest and bishop of Hippo, how he looked, what he wore, what his people were like (Berber peasants, murderous Donatists, pagan intellectuals, quack astrologers, battles with gov't officials); *thoroughly based upon original writings,* extensive research and archaeological data. 24 illus; 679 pp; Imprimatur. *Orig. $17.50.* *Only* **4.95**

1435. MRS. JACK: Biography of Isabella Stewart Gardner. By Louise Hall Tharp. With friends like Henry James, Sargent, Whistler, and Berenson with her, *Mrs. Jack* could keep lions in her basement, sit in mimosa trees, keep Boston agog and Venice entertained, "steal" and endow an art collection, and *still* make a dramatic Last Exit. 51 illus. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

1353. A Pictorial Treasury—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound. 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

1292. Giorgione to Guardi: NORTH ITALIAN DRAWINGS. By Ivan Fenyo. From the collection of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts—178 FINE REPRODUCTIONS ON COATED STOCK—outlining the development of Venetian and North Italian drawings from the 15th century to the end of the settecento; incl. works by Correggio, Parmigianino, Cambiaso, Tintoretto, Veronese, Diziani, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Piranesi, many others. Handsomely bound; 8" x 9¼". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **4.98**

1142. George Grosz: ECCE HOMO. Intro. by Lee Revens; *limited edition.* Brilliantly accurate, indelible portraits of Germany between-the-wars — 84 DRAWINGS & 16 WATERCOLORS, FOLIO SIZE—the indelible ink of life-as-it-is in: cafe & street scenes, Mommy & Daddy, mutilated war heroes, orgies & white slavers, puking drunks, monsters of every description. Handsomely bound: sturdy Slipcase; 10½" x 14½". *Orig. $35.00.* *Only* **14.95**

1026. ALPHABET THESAURUS: A Treasury of Over 4500 Different Letter Designs. Ed. by Edward Rondthaler. 2nd volume incorporating the most important material from the 1st thesaurus with the best of the new designs; over 4500 different styles by 200 designers, letterers & calligraphers; accelerated new format; multiple indexing system for rapid access. 950 pages; 9" x 12". *Orig. $16.50.* *Only* **7.95**

9853. THE ART OF EATING: *The Collected Gastronomical works of M. F. K. Fisher.* Intro. by Clifton Fadiman. From quail a la financiere to a #2 can of baked beans—5 Vols-In-One of a discriminating gourmet's best recipes and reminiscences; complete texts of *Serve It Forth; Consider the Oyster; How to Cook a Wolf; The Gastronomical Me;* & *An Alphabet for Gourmets.* 749 pp; recipe index. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

9770. HONG-KONG: A Book of Photographs. By P. F. Mele. Strikingly handsome photo essay on the Manhattan of the Far East, called by the Chinese the "sweet-scented bay"—*64 PHOTOS PRINTED IN GRAVURE*—the bay, surrounding hills, street life, shops, ships, temples, more. 8¾" x 11". *Special import* **1.98**

9833. SECRET OF THE FOREST: On the Track of the Maya & Their Temples. By Wolfgang Cordan. Explosive, enthralling account of spectacular archaeological finds on the Yucatan peninsula by an expert who married into the Lacandon, the last descendants of the Maya, living among them for nearly 10 years. Photos. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.49**

9743. THE MEMOIRS OF JACQUES CASANOVA. 6 Vol. Set. Translated by Arthur Machen. Illus. with old engravings. The first complete and unexpurgated English translation of the famous lively classic in six volumes, uniformly bound in library cloth, gilt-stamped: *The Venetian Years; Paris and Prison; The Eternal Quest; Adventures in the South; In London and Moscow; Spanish Passions.* *Orig. $30.00.* *6 Vol. Set, Only* **5.95**

1618. MUSSOLINI: A Study in Power. By I. Kirkpatrick. Definitive biography tracing Il Duce's career from childhood through the almost farcical March on Rome, the years of benevolent dictatorship, the Nazi take-over, and Mussolini's ignominious death at the hands of the Communists. 46 photos; over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

1744. THE AGE OF NAPOLEON. By J. Christopher Herold. Lively, authoritative account of the turbulent age in all its political, cultural, military and social aspects; the whole sweep of events and colorful personalities. Photos. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **1.98**

1616. LES HALLES: The Stomach of Paris. By Jacques Prevert & Romain Urhausen. The last sights of the great market place before it succumbs to its abandonment in the cause of progress 107 PAGES of handsome PHOTOS in b/w & color; 8¾" x 10¼". *Orig. $8.00.* *Only* **3.95**

9854. A NEW DICTIONARY OF MUSIC. By Arthur Jacobs. Basic reference for both performers and laymen covers orchestral, solo, choral & chamber music, opera, ballet music, composers (with biographies and details of compositions), works well-known by title, performers, orchestras, instruments, and much much more. *Orig. $6.75.* *Only* **1.98**

9840. CONCISE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ANTIQUES, VOL. 5. Compiled by *The Connoisseur*; Ed. by L. G. G. Ramsey. Dutch Delft, Japanese Armour, Italian Silver, French Impressionists, Italian 18th century drawings, Venetian glass, Victorian porcelain, English 19th century genre pictures, and much, much more—WITH OVER 500 PHOTOS & DRAWINGS. 272 double-column pp; 7½" x 10". *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **4.98**

9728. APPROACH TO THE BALLET. By A. H. Franks. Profusely illustrated introduction to the ballet for the newcomer: covers technique, history, the Diaghilev epoch, important contemporary works and companies, literary and critical aspects. 113 photos, action & production shots. *Orig. $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

9660. ABU SIMBEL. By Wm. MacQuitty. The superb 3200-year-old tomb of Ramses the Great — 121 PHOTOS, 47 IN SUPERB FULL COLOR the legendary treasures, vast regal halls, rainbow-hued sculptures, the famous colossi, plus religious and historical background. 9¼" x 9¾". *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

9832. CONCISE ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ANTIQUES, VOL. 4. Compiled by *The Connoisseur*; Ed. by L. G. G. Ramsey. Italian furniture, Chinoiserie, European lacquer furniture, Imperial Russian porcelain, Trompe l'Oeil, brass chandeliers, limited editions, English fans, 17th-18th century German faience, Scandinavian glass, and much, much more—WITH OVER 600 PHOTOS & DRAWINGS. 288 double-column pp; 7½" x 10". *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **4.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 600-page hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

1577. Evelyn Waugh: A LITTLE LEARNING—The Early Years. First volume of Waugh's long-awaited autobiography, with perceptive observations on the remnants of the gaslight era, Oxford student revelry, the fading institution of maiden aunts, and the start of his road to fame—by the author of *The Loved One. Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

1484. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BIRD PICTURES. Ed. by Edward Van Rensselaer. Stupendous encyclopedia of OVER 5000 BIRD PHOTOS & DRAWINGS from the Abyssinian Roller, the South American Aiaia and the Indian Adjutant Bird to the Yellow-hammer, Yiperu and Zebra Grass-parrakeet. 8¾" x 11¼". *Special* **3.98**

1393. FIRST-PRIZE STORIES—THE O. HENRY AWARDS 1919-1963. Intro. by Harry Hansen. 43 great American stories, each a winner of the annual O. Henry Memorial Award for America's best short stories—includes works by Dorothy Parker, Cozzens, Benet, Faulkner, Welty, Irwin Shaw, Capote, and a wealth of others. 681 PAGES. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.49**

9869. Vladimir Nabokov: THE EYE. Intoxicating novel in which the protagonist, Smurov, changes roles through diabolical distorting mirrors, becoming another man Nabokov at his very best, set against a Berlin background of expatriates, paupers and rich businessmen. *Orig. $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

9535. ORIENTAL CARPETS. Intro. & Notes by Ulrich Schurmann. 70 magnificent, full-color illustrations of the greatest Persian carpets ever woven; the incredibly detailed, richly-colored plates clearly indicate why Persian carpets in earlier times were believed to have magical qualities, for their richness, detail and fine workmanship have never been equaled. *Special import* **3.98**

9381. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGION. Ed. by Vergilius Ferm. A comprehensive reference on every facet of religion, religious faith and practices, detailed in thousands of authoritative, readable articles by scholars — denominational views, schools of thought and practices, historical movements and figures, Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism, Eastern religions, etc. 844 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

9378. Simone de Beauvoir: FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. Rare insight into the attitudes, emotions and thoughts of one of France's most original thinkers, covers the landmarks of her life: her relationships with Sartre, Algren and Claude Lanzmann, her estrangement from Camus, and her passionate opposition to De Gaulle's programs. 658 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7717. Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY. The complete *Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry* and *Legends of Charlemagne* in one volume—all the traditional tales of adventure, romance and chivalry from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from classical through medieval times. 679 pages, index. *Special import* **1.98**

6293. Sartre: *BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.* Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's *magnum opus,* a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro **Dept. S-138, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013**

Please send me the bargains circled below. **(Please add 35c postage and handling on all orders under $10.).**

MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.

☐ Ship C.O.D.* ☐ Enclosed find $_____

Charge my (Check One) ___Amer. Exp. ___Diners Club ___Carte Blanche ___Uni-Card } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

your account # _____ **the amount of $**_____

1026	1027	1142	1273	1292	1353	1356	1393	1435	1436	1457
1464	1484	1503	1533	1567	1577	1616	1618	1626	1652	1667
1690	1736	1744	1755	1789	1803	1807	1809	1811	1817	1824
1825	1834	1835	1836	1839	1840	1842	1843	4040	4667	6293
7717	9378	9381	9456	9535	9660	9728	9743	9770	9771	9832
9838	9840	9853	9854	9869	9872	9913				

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ **Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular.** New York City residents add 5% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. • 56 W. 8 St. • 144 W. 57 St. • 966 3rd Ave. (58th St.)

PHILADELPHIA: King of Prussia Plaza (Rts 202, 23) • Roosevelt Mall Shopping Center, Roosevelt Blvd. & Cottman St., (Next to Klein's)

MIAMI: 96 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables

CINCINNATI: 27 W 6th St. (in the Terrace Hilton Bldg.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lots of Snap

What You Can Do About Rubber Bands

IF YOU HAVE a lot of rubber bands around the house you are probably having a bad time of it. There is no logical place to keep them, no rubber-band drawer, so they clutter up all the other drawers and get tangled in tie pins, curlers, bottle openers, pliers, drapery hooks, and the clips of ballpoint pens—except for the one black rubber band that is always on the carpet, under a chair, curled up to resemble a spider.

To make matters worse, it is next to impossible to find out what to do with rubber bands once you own them. Home reference works ignore the subject. Certain magazines tell you how to make a lamp out of a wine bottle, draperies out of bedsheets, or a birdhouse out of popsicle sticks. But rubber bands? Silence. In newspaper columns of household hints you can find ingenious ways to use empty jars, bleach bottles, old stockings, tin cans, and shirt cardboards. But rubber bands? Pigtails, sure, but who wears pigtails?

In their industrial advertising all the big rubber companies offer technical assistance to manufacturers and defense contractors. To the private person who has too many rubber bands, all the rubber companies offer is tires. The result is that millions of households are staggering under rubber-band surpluses that have yet to be estimated. Red ones and blue ones may be at their highest level in history, and there is no known method for determining when stockpiles approach the danger point.

But there is at last a tiny ray of hope! A crash program in rubber-band-utilization research apparently has been revved up by the Alliance Rubber Co. of Franklin, Kentucky. Working alone against tremendous odds, Alliance has developed and published an illustrated list of 116 ways to put idle rubber bands to work.

For example, you can use a rubber band to bunch fresh vegetables, hang sheer stockings, hold a key on your wrist, keep an egg carton closed, stop a faucet leak, strap a decoration to a lampshade, hold slippers on your feet, attach toys to a crib, suspend a birdcage, bundle receipts, secure a loose flashlight switch, or keep your watch from falling out of the pocket of your overalls.

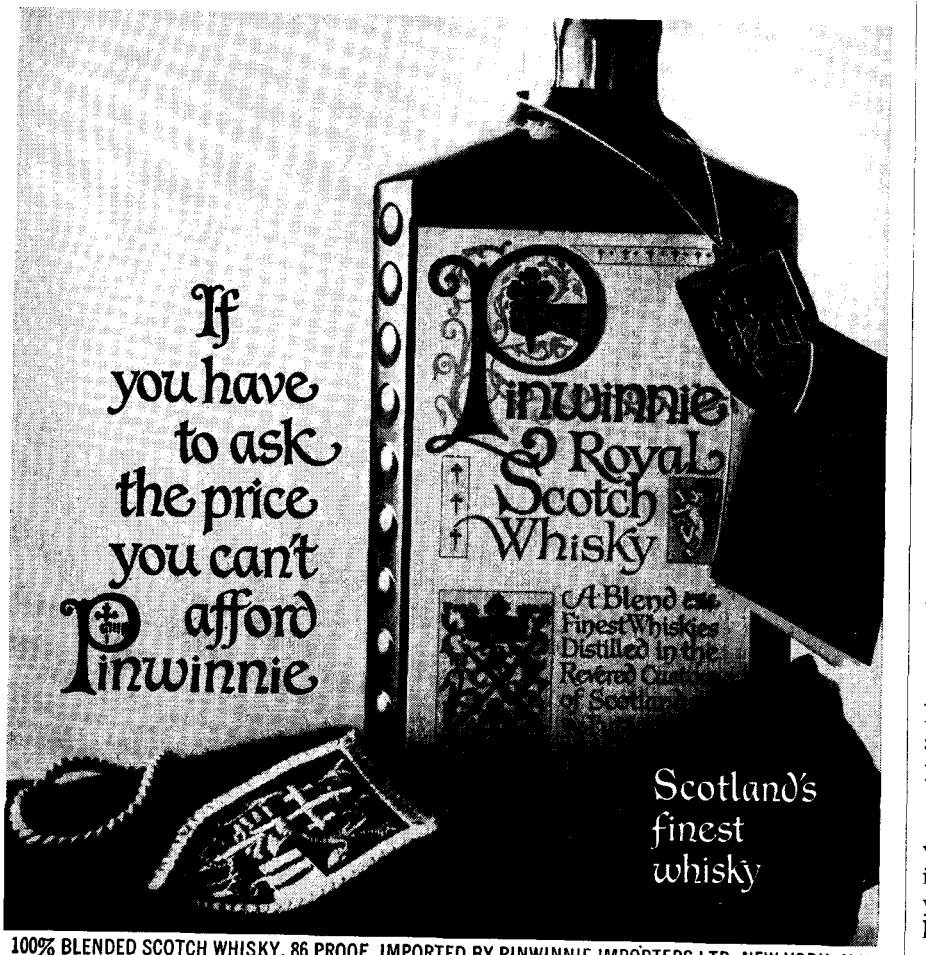
A rubber band will hold a sliced loaf of bread while you wrap it, keep a rubber stamp and stamp pad together, mark your place in a notebook, protect a phonograph needle, make a water glass easier to grip, keep a corsage on the wrist, mount a table lamp on the wall, silence an electric clock, keep towels from slipping off a rack, or strap an ink bottle to a jigsaw blade when you use your jigsaw to stir the ink.

One rubber band will hold two cakes of soap together; two will hold maps and charts on your knee if you're a pilot, or even if you aren't. And if that doesn't put a dent in your inventory, try using a rubber band to plug a hole in a rubber boot, hold a flip-movie, make a slingshot, wrap fish, hang a mop, or hold the pincers of a lobster. And put one around your sleeve to keep water from running down your arm.

Without question, the Alliance Company's guidesheet is the nation's most effective blueprint, in fact its only blueprint, for getting rubber bands out of the drawers and onto the lampshades, sleeves, and slingshots where they belong.

You can get your copy of this list free. It comes with the 29-cent jumbo pack of Alliance rubber bands—the one marked, "world's largest assortment."

—ALAN C. VAN DINE.


If you have to ask the price you can't afford Pinwinnie
Pinwinnie Royal Scotch Whisky
A Blend of Finest Whiskies Distilled in the Revered Glens of Scotland
Scotland's finest whisky
100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF, IMPORTED BY PINWINNIE IMPORTERS LTD. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Suspicions:

1) That there exists secretly a gigantic Jelly Trust which has a stranglehold on the Jelly Doughnut Industry. The Trust manufactures all the identical jelly that is put into all jelly doughnuts all the time, everywhere, to make them all taste the same, no surprises, no exceptions.

2) That the wheel on the back of the fire engine that the fireman back there is always turning desperately turns absolutely nothing, having been put there as the brainchild of a public relations man who was asked to make fire engines more exciting.

3) That elevators sometimes travel horizontally, crossing over from one shaft to another, so as to elude you when you need one without delay.

4) That cars breed madly in wet weather, so that slick streets become impossibly full of their teeming masses, yearning to multiply even more shamelessly, right in front of your eyes.

—RICHARD WINKLER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

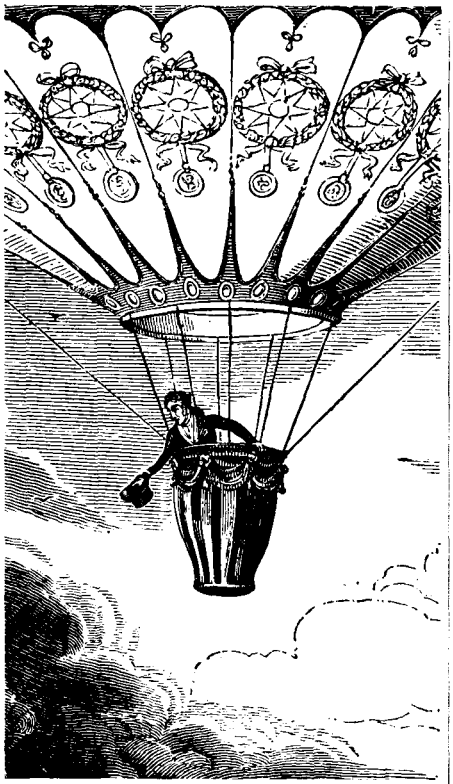
Memo from a pharaoh

Because of books and the libraries that preserved them, we know what men thought and felt about the important questions almost from the beginning of writing. The dedicated professional librarians of today are providing the same kind of link from us to our descendants. Rand McNally has a special link with libraries. We publish textbooks, nonfiction, and children's books, and print and bind books of all kinds, including encyclopedias, for other publishers.

RAND McNALLY PUBLISHERS, BOOK MANUFACTURERS, MAPMAKERS

Ancient Egyptian Scribe, 5th Dynasty, 2500 B.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



If you want to find development sites on terra firma, see your Realtor.®

You don't have to go flying to get a bird's-eye view of available development land. Just see a Realtor. Put his experience and knowledge to work for you. He knows the ins and outs of real estate. There are Realtors who are expert in handling farm or undeveloped land suitable for industrial, housing, recreational or other uses.

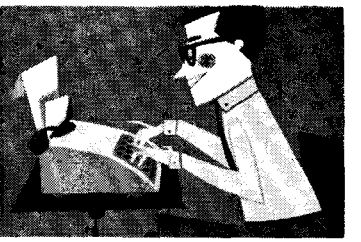
A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local board and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

So, if you want land for development, see your Realtor. Look for this seal, which only a Realtor may display.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REAL ESTATE BOARDS — REALTORS — Are Active Members of Constituent Boards

Realtors' National Foundation, Inc.
1300 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Top of My Head



The Three Rs—Rap, Rap, Rap

SOME EIGHTY TEACHERS in New York City recently went on strike. They paraded around the schoolhouse in protest; not against low wages, but for survival. They demanded that the Board of Education protect them from unruly pupils who had paraphrased the old proverb into "Spare the rod and spoil the teacher."

This brought into sharp and contrasting focus the days when I was a pupil in a school in Kansas City, Missouri, a city then known as "The heart of America." Of course, this organic metaphor has shifted perceptibly since the addition to the Union of Alaska and Hawaii. This moved Kansas City into a spot now known as "The Gall Bladder of America."

(Incidentally, this suckering of Alaska and Hawaii into becoming states moved them into a spot where they now pay a lot of taxes for what they used to get for nothing.)

In my rear-view mirror I see Miss Gilliam. She was my teacher in sixth grade. Miss Gilliam was a stern-looking lady in her mid-nineties. She was probably in her mid-forties, but to a twelve-year-old she seemed on her last legs. She was, as I now recall, the expectoratin' image of de Gaulle. (One of the things she taught me.)

The school was her kingdom and she was its ruler. And when she couldn't rule she had a ruler 12 inches long that she rapped across knuckles. Mine. I sometimes wonder if that's how I got these two small bumps which have arisen on the back of my little finger.

(I asked my doctor about it recently and he diagnosed it quickly and clinically: "You think that's something," he said, "look at this bump on my finger and I'm younger than you are. Ten dollars.")

As I fondly remember the tall, gaunt Miss Gilliam, she could lick any kid in the class singlehandedly. In fact, she could lick all the kids in the class simultaneously, which would make it more her weight. She had a hard, strong, right-cross swipe with a ruler which was as deadly as it was accurate. There was no referee to appeal to, there was no TKO. Each round was a decisive, clear-cut, dirty fight.

Obviously, they don't turn out teachers like that any more. The New York teachers handed the Board of Education a bill of complaining particulars. It stated their pupils were guilty of:

1) disorderly conduct;
2) physical assault;
3) verbal abuse.

This list was a surprise to me. It was the exact number and kind of complaints I had made of Miss Gilliam. Many an evening I ran crying to my mother and father, my personal PTA, that I should be taken out of that school. Even if it meant busing crosstown.

Disorderly behavior—every day Miss Gilliam poked me in the ribs with a long, bony finger and said, "Sit up, don't slouch." I sat up holding my side in excruciating pain.

Physical assault—witness the two little bumps on my little finger. I'm sure they were caused by . . . oh, well.

Verbal abuse—I think if a person is addressed as "stupid," that's verbal abuse. And that was only her *pet* name for me.

Of course, my mother never believed me. This credibility gap persisted until one day I invited my mother to come to the schoolhouse and see for herself.

As a matter of fact, it was Miss Gilliam who suggested I invite my mother to the school. The invitation she issued was most cordial. "Don't come back here unless you bring your mother with you," it read.

So I invited my mother. And wouldn't you know that was the day Miss Gilliam was on her good behavior? She didn't poke me, assault me, or call me anything. Actually, she even told my mother I was one of her most promising pupils. Of course, she had to spoil it with a little preface: "He has been promising to come to class with his homework done since the season began and he hasn't done so yet. He's the most promising pupil in my class."

To my mother's everlasting credit, she took it all in good grace. She didn't punish me, berate me, or even refer to it on our walk home. She had someone who did that work for her. My father.

He took me in hand. Across his knee. He was a strong one! Now I begin to wonder if that's how I got those . . . well, that's something else to ask my doctor.

—GOODMAN ACE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRECT
THE ADVERB IN THIS SENTENCE IS CLEVERLY.
TYPE THE LETTER OF THE CORRECT ANSWER.
HOW MANY TRIANGLES ARE IN THE BOX?
A: ONE
B: TWO
C: THREE
Dr. Patrick Suppes with student using RCA computer-based instruction system.

RCA introduces America's first total computer-based teaching system designed to help children learn more...and learn faster.

With computer-controlled equipment and instructional programming, this system represents a giant step toward improving and personalizing modern education. Acting as curriculum consultants for the system are pioneer Dr. Patrick Suppes and his associates at Stanford University.

How will this major joint venture between industry and education affect the future of education? The gifted child will forge ahead. The slower learner will receive extra attention. No child will be neglected. Relieved of many administrative routines, the teacher's role will be expanded.

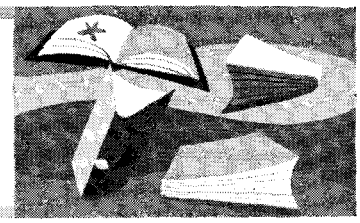
RCA engineers are constantly pioneering better ways of bringing you information, from Spectra 70 computers to satellite communications.

For further details, write: RCA Instructional Systems, 530 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301.

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds



If there are 6,000,000 visually handicapped persons in the United States, as *The New York Times* asserts, then that newspaper's large-type weekly may prove to be a blessing. For the twenty-eight-page tabloid, the charge is $29 a year. To date, there are more than 4,000 subscribers.

In the first issue there were twenty news items, two editorials, and a crossword puzzle. Legibility, as might be expected, is excellent. But to give an interested subscriber only a few handfuls of news items strikes me as a misguided formula. In the available pages there might easily be a hundred items, properly condensed. Surely there should be a list of current best-selling books, even if, because of small type, they won't be bought.

What the new large-type weekly doesn't provide is enough material for conversation. What it screams for, it seems to me, is an editor from *Time* or *Newsweek*.

How it would appeal today I don't know, but when *The Egg and I* first appeared it seemed hilarious. Maggie Cousins and I arranged to meet the author, Betty MacDonald, and persuaded her to write the story of her long bout with tuberculosis. Thus came *The Plague and I*, good but not as funny as its predecessor, and the price we paid for serial rights was less than Betty had hoped for. In any event, one night I asked her to dine with me, at The Plaza. She did. With no warning, she brought her mother along, and half a dozen other assorted relatives. Of course nobody ordered chicken—only the costliest beef. The bill was enormous. Hearing about it, Betty's editor at Lippincott declared it simply was a case of an Eye for an I.

A book just published, *Momma and Me Plus Three* (Frederick Fell, Inc.), by Robert N. Newcomb, put me in mind of Betty MacDonald's first opus. As with most such family reminiscences, it has its share of implausible episodes; but there is enough in it to make one accept the full job at face value. These days, almost anything that makes one laugh is worth some recommending.

An old friend, Morris Ernst, is trying to revive interest in old-fashioned pamphleteering. With Malcolm A. Hoffman he distributes a small-size, four-page leaflet called *Back and Forth*, "an occasional, casual communication." It has no commercial purpose, seeks merely to stimulate a flow of ideas between and among intelligent people. Subject matter has no boundaries. One issue dealt with the most important letter in the alphabet—*w*—so designated because it introduces the most important *words* in the language: *who*, *what*, *which*, and *when*. There are discussions about Marshall McLuhan, about traffic problems, the restoration here of a form of knighthood, regulation of the size of mailing envelopes, and everything else.

Another *w* mentioned was *where*. You probably can get on the free subscription list by writing to Mr. Ernst at 285 Madison Avenue, New York 10017.

Whatever has happened to dedications? Why are they so few and, when used at all these days, so sketchy? In the dozens of books I have received in recent months there is nothing, for example, beyond a meager TO F. H. Who could F. H. be—Frank Harris, Frank Hague, Franz Hals, Francis Hackett? Or maybe Fannie Hurst or Fanny Hill? Now and then the otherwise blank page proclaims chastely TO MY WIFE, or TO MY PARENTS —sometimes more coyly TO THE AUTHORS OF THE AUTHOR—or simply, TO MY DEAR FRIEND, JOE. That sort of thing is scarcely more titillating than an entry in the telephone directory. Nobody knows who the parents are, or who Joe is, and anyway what's the point of producing a volume of a hundred thousand words and allotting only a half-dozen for the woman you love, or the prof you studied under, if you can't think of anything more meaningful than CHUM, THIS IS FOR YOU?

THIS BOOK IS FOR MARY MOORE, OF TRENTON, IF SHE WANTS IT. That's what Ezra Pound wrote in *Personae* and it probably is the only literary notice Trenton ever had. But what about Mary Moore? *Did* she want it? Was it fair of Pound to leave the reader wondering? With all the rest of that white space, couldn't Pound have told us more?

Mary Moore, wherever you are, and *if* you are, please communicate.

Marie Longyear, manager of editing services at McGraw-Hill, observes that "A forceful type of expression is what the writer can be able to achieve following perusal of the following rules as to good usage and grammar which all

Like a flamenco guitar. Soave Bolla brings out the Spanish in this popular Spanish dish. It flows white and clear. Dry and smooth to the taste. Try a bottle tonight when you're in a romantic mood. Olé. Write for an authentic recipe for Arroz Con Pollo. Imported from Italy by Fontana-Hollywood Corp., Box 4R, 468 Greenwich St., NYC 13

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers ought to be *appraised* of." And then continues:

—Subject and verb always has to agree.
—Being bad grammar, the writer will not use dangling participles.
—Parallel construction with coordinate conjunctions is not only an aid to clarity but also is the mark of a good writer.
—Do not use a foreign term when there is an adequate English *quid pro quo*.
—If you must use a foreign term, it is *de rigor* to use it correctly.
—It behooves the writer to avoid archaic expressions.
—Do not use hyperbole; not one writer in a million can use it effectively.
—Avoid clichés like the plague.
—Mixed metaphors are a pain in the neck and ought to be thrown out the window.
—In scholarly writing, don't use contractions.
—A truly good writer is always especially careful to practically eliminate the too-frequent use of adverbs.
—Use a comma before nonrestrictive clauses which are a common source of difficulty.
—Placing a comma between subject and predicate, is not correct.
—Parenthetical words however should be enclosed in commas.
—Consult the dictionary frequently to avoid mispelling.

Francis Murphy, in his regular column in the Portland *Oregonian*, has reported on the radio announcer who says entangled wife instead of estranged; ee-wees for ewes; binnial for biennial; etc. If Murphy wants to be surprised, he should come east and listen to several news broadcasters who utter each syllable as though it had just been invented. There is a pause between every word, a sort of sense of pride and relief for the announcers when they manage to get a word out. Tune in sometime. You'll wonder where they find them.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1722)

Thomas Merton:

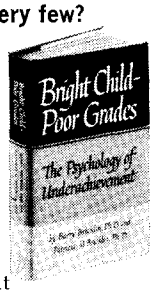
CONJECTURES (OF A GUILTY BYSTANDER)

I have the immense joy of being *Man*, a member of a race in which God Himself became incarnate. If only everybody could realize this! But it cannot be explained. There is no way of telling people that they are all walking around shining like the sun.

9 symptoms of the bright child with poor grades

- ☐ Does he resent pressure to do better?
- ☐ Does he seem curiously unconcerned about his poor performance?
- ☐ Does he put off doing his homework as long as possible?
- ☐ Does he give up easily?
- ☐ Does he fail to pay attention in class?
- ☐ Does he blame others for his failures?
- ☐ Does he often seem to react in some extreme manner (i.e., think of himself as "the greatest or "the worst") . . . Does he try too hard . . . or not at all?
- ☐ Does he often "wander off the subject"?
- ☐ Does he start many tasks but complete very few?

If your child has any of them — then this book can help you to help him do better in school



When a dull child gets poor grades, that is one kind of problem.

But when a *bright* child gets poor grades, the problem is quite different—and, in a way, much more urgent.

Both children need love, understanding, and acceptance.

But the bright child with poor grades—the "under-achiever"—needs help of a specific kind. *And the longer that help is postponed, the worse his problem becomes.*

In Bright Child—Poor Grades, Doctors Barry and Patricia Bricklin—one a professor of Psychiatry, the other a school psychologist—reveal exactly why a child becomes an under-achiever, and what can be done to help him.

Attacking the pattern of failure After extensive investigation, the authors found that bright children with learning problems are often pushed into a definite psychological pattern by their parents and by well-meaning teachers.

Bright Child—Poor Grades reveals *the mistakes that you could be making right now with your child*—and shows how easily you can correct the situation. Here are the kinds of things you will learn: How to make your child feel "free to fail" • how to find out if your child is actually trying to "punish" you by failing • five new ways to stimulate his intellectual curiosity • how to deal with the "passive-aggressive" pattern of the under-achiever • what should always be found in your home if you want your child to do well in school...and a great deal more.

Bright Child—Poor Grades can help you make your bright child *want* to learn—and always do his best—without being threatened, bribed, coaxed, or forced. It is an indispensable book for all parents who want to better understand their child, his problems, and themselves.

Ten-day free trial

We will be happy to send you a copy of this book for ten-day free examination. Use the convenient coupon below. If you are not convinced that Bright Child—Poor Grades will help you to help your child, you may return the book within 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, remit $4.50 plus postage and handling as payment in full. Write to Delacorte Press, Dept. BC-2, 750 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

SEND NO MONEY

To your bookstore, or
DELACORTE PRESS, Dept. BC-2
750 Third Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

Please send me a copy of Bright Child—Poor Grades by Drs. Barry & Patricia Bricklin. If I am not convinced that this is an important book for me and my child, I may return it within 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, I will remit $4.50 plus handling as payment in full.

Name.....

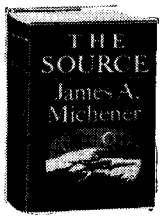
Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

SAVE. Enclose $4.50 now and we pay postage. Same return privilege with refund guaranteed. (New York residents please add sales tax.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

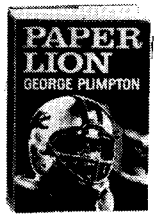
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



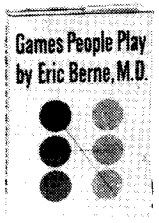
235. THE SOURCE *by* JAMES A. MICHENER
Illustrated
(Retail price $7.95)

348. INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA *by* JOHN GUNTHER. Maps
(Retail price $7.95)

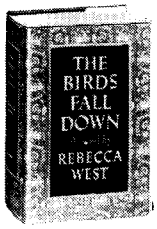
340. EVERYTHING BUT MONEY *by* SAM LEVENSON
(Retail price $4.95)



358. PAPER LION *by* GEORGE PLIMPTON
Photographs
(Retail price $5.95)

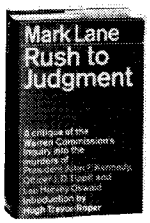


343. GAMES PEOPLE PLAY *by* ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price $5)

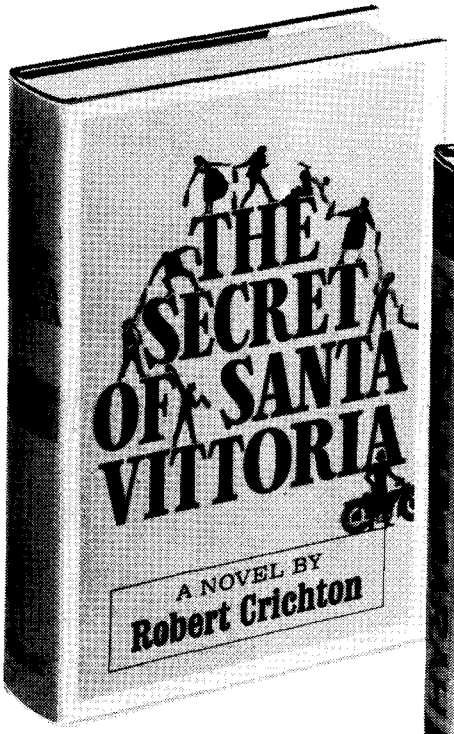


325. THE BIRDS FALL DOWN *by* REBECCA WEST
(Retail price $5.95)

326. THE MASK OF APOLLO *by* MARY RENAULT
(Retail price $5.95)

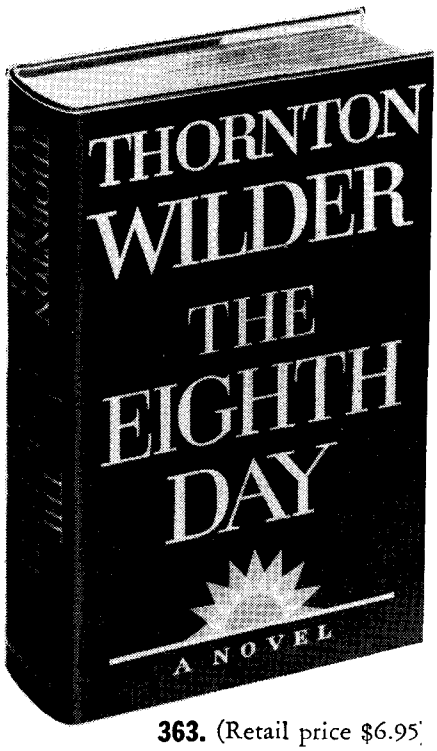


328. RUSH TO JUDGMENT *by* MARK LANE. Maps
(Retail price $5.95)

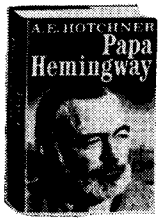


327. (Retail price $5.95)

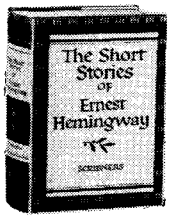
346. (Retail price $6.95)



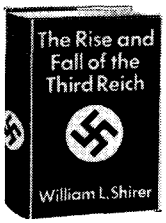
363. (Retail price $6.95)



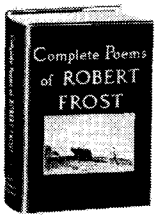
126. PAPA HEMINGWAY
A Personal Memoir
by A. E. HOTCHNER
Photographs
(Retail price $5.95)



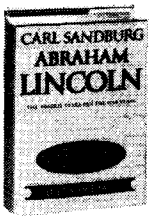
487. THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY
(Retail price $6)



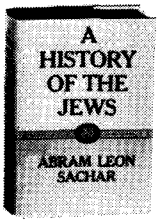
431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price $12.50)



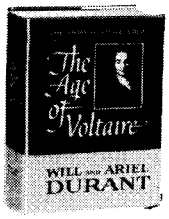
231. COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST
(Retail price $8)



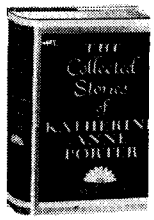
448. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years *by* CARL SANDBURG
1-vol. edition. Illus.
(Retail price $7.50)



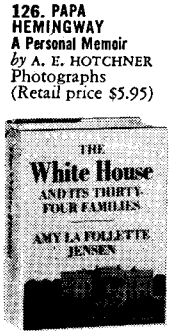
258. A HISTORY OF THE JEWS *by* ABRAM LEON SACHAR
(Retail price $7.95)



280. THE AGE OF VOLTAIRE *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT
Illustrated
(Retail price $12)

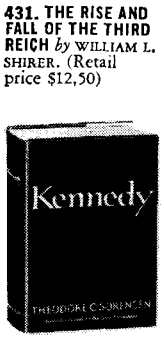


276. THE COLLECTED STORIES OF KATHERI ANNE PORTER
1966 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction
(Retail price $5.95)

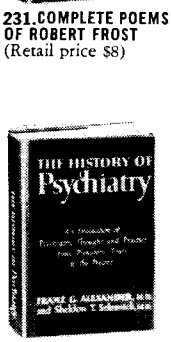


286. THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS THIRTY-FOUR FAMILIES *by* AMY LA FOLLETTE JENSEN
Illustrated
(Retail price $12.50)

203. UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE *by* BEL KAUFMAN
(Retail price $4.95)

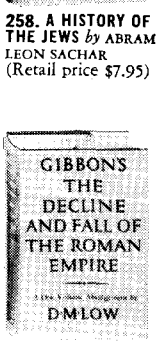


279. KENNEDY *by* THEODORE C. SORENSEN
(Retail price $10)

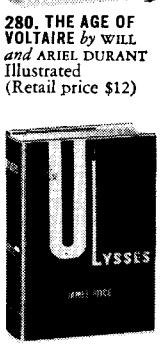


329. THE HISTORY OF PSYCHIATRY *by* F. G. ALEXANDER, M.D. *and* S. T. SELESNICK, M.D. Illustrated
(Retail price $11.95)

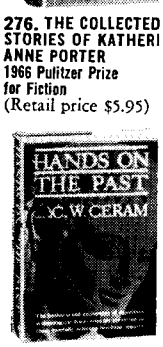
351. THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES *by* LAWRENCE S. RITTER
Illustrated
(Retail price $7.95)



443. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE *by* EDWARD GIBBON
1-volume abridgment *by* D. M. LOW
(Retail price $8)



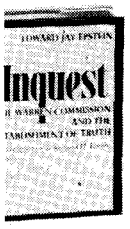
139. ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE
Unabridged
(Retail price $6.95)



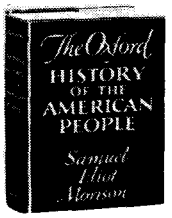
345. HANDS ON THE PAST: Pioneer Archaeologists Tell Th Own Story. *Edited b* C. W. CERAM. Illus
(Retail price $8.95

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'ROMISED YOURSELF TO READ?



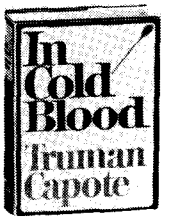
. INQUEST *by* 'ARD JAY EPSTEIN
strated
tail price $5)



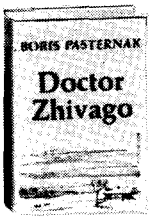
234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated
(Retail price $12.50)

347. THE CAPTAIN *by* JAN DE HARTOG
(Retail price $5.95)

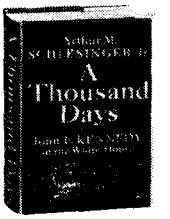
341. MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA *by* CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN
Illustrated
(Retail price $7.50



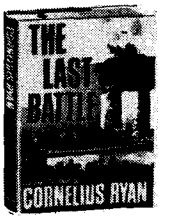
291. IN COLD BLOOD *by* TRUMAN CAPOTE
(Retail price $5.95)



102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK
(Retail price $5.95)



278. A THOUSAND DAYS *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.
1966 Pulitzer Prize for Biography
(Retail price $9)



110. THE LAST BATTLE *by* CORNELIUS RYAN
Photos and maps
(Retail price $7.50)

Invitation: IN A SHORT EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE

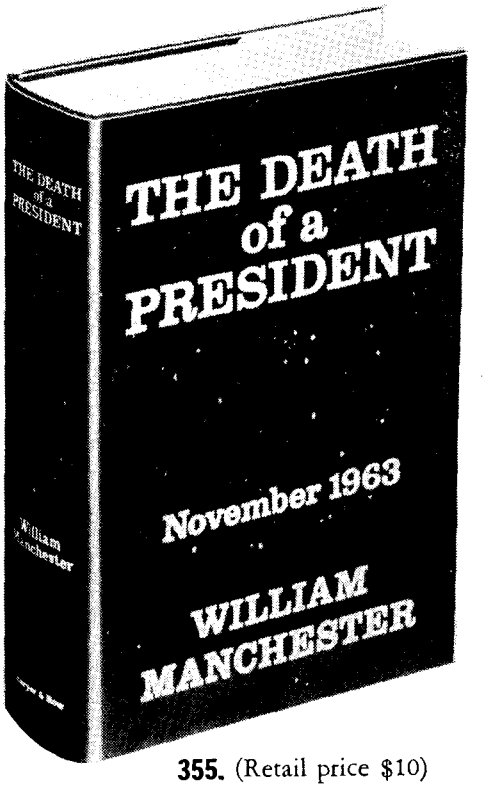
Book-of-the-Month Club

CHOOSE ANY THREE

of the books on these two pages

FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: Simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year



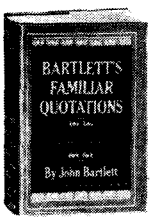
355. (Retail price $10)

BOOK-DIVIDENDS: A library-building plan every reading family should know about

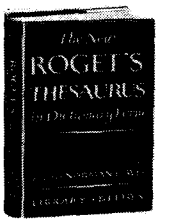
THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, *by your own actual experience*, how effectually membership in the Book-the-Month Club **can keep you from missing, through oversight or erbusyness,** books you fully intend to read; it will also demonstrate another portant advantage: Book-Dividends. Through this unique profit-sharing stem members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small ction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for ery Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* a Book-Dividend Credit. Each edit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—some-iat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a ok-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library vol-ies whose retail prices now average $7. This is probably the most economical ans ever devised for building a well-rounded personal library. Since its iuguration, **$390,500,000 worth of books (retail value) has been re-ived by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.**

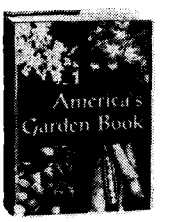
OK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014



152. BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
13th edition
(Retail price $10)



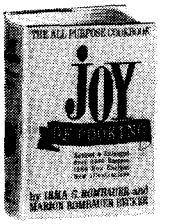
103. THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM. *Edited by* NORMAN LEWIS
(Retail price $4.95)



242. AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK *by* JAMES *and* LOUISE BUSH-BROWN
Illustrated
(Retail price $8.95)

353. THE NEW YORK TIMES COMPLETE MANUAL OF HOME REPAIR *by* BERNARD GLADSTONE. Illus.
(Retail price $7.95)

534. THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN
Illustrated
(Retail price $5.95)



161. JOY OF COOKING *by* IRMA S. ROMBAUER *and* MARION R. BECKER
Illustrated
(Retail price $6.50)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can We Survive Nihilism?

The state, money, weapons, and human power structures theoretically are to serve us. Instead *we* worship *them*. Is this an inevitable—and fatal—absurdity?

By THOMAS MERTON

POETS and poetic thinkers—men who construct myths in which they embody their own struggle to cope with the fundamental questions of life—are generally "prophetic" in the sense that they anticipate in their solitude the struggles and the general consciousness of later generations. Rereading John Milton now, one cannot help realizing at once how close he is to us and how remote from us. He is remote, if you like, in his classic stamina—his capacity to develop his ideas in the longest and noblest periods. He is remote from us in his moral assumptions and his world view. Yet the ideas and experiences he develops are often (not always) strikingly contemporary.

For instance, his passionate concern with free speech in *Areopagitica*—an anti-Catholic tract if ever there was one—has borne fruit, through the effort of American Catholic bishops and theologians, in the Second Vatican Council's declaration on religious liberty. His concern with the dignity and liberty of the human being has now become everybody's cliché (though not everybody's dignity or liberty). As for *Paradise Lost*, without slandering the nobility of this great poem, we have to admit that there are times when it is structured like a movie or even like a comic strip. Milton sometimes had a very modern imagination. There are scenes in which Satan is Batman. More seriously, there are unquestionable affinities between John Milton's Satan and the Superman not of the comics but of Nietzsche.

The Reverend Thomas Merton has been for twenty-five years a monk at the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani in Kentucky. His many books include *Seven Storey Mountain*, *Seeds of Destruction*, and the forthcoming *Mystics and Zen Masters*. He has edited *Breakthrough to Peace* and *Gandhi on Nonviolence*.

Without falling into the romantic exaggerations of those "satanist" critics of Milton who see Satan as the true hero of *Paradise Lost*, we are forced to admit that Milton was, if not all, at least partly on Satan's side. The Satan of *Paradise Lost* is the embodiment of heroic energy, of obstinately futile resistance—a "freedom fighter," a loser who can't be kept down by superior odds. This is not to say that Milton approved of Satan or still less consciously sympathizes with him. But the element in Milton that was "modern," that which brings him close to us, was at work in the creation of this dynamic rebel, while the elements in Milton that were more remote—the classicist, the biblical thinker—disclaimed the rebel he had created. We are less disposed to see this because we have become habitually inattentive to the kind of cosmology and theology that Milton took for granted. The Satan of *Paradise Lost* is not for us part of a cosmic whole. He stands out against a background that does not concern us so much—a modern hero against the scenery of a baroque opera.

Milton's Satan can easily be seen as modern man; the activist, the tireless mover and shaker who acts and moves and shakes because these are his only resources. They make him seem able to tolerate an intolerable hell; they constitute for him a kind of freedom, a pretense of dignity. For this reason he is attached to them—in fact, he makes idols of them. They are his substitute for religion.

Paradise Lost opens with the fallen angels lying stunned in hell, where they have just made a crash landing. They do not stay that way for long. There is something curiously American about them. They get up and go. They go from a very hot part of hell to one that is slightly cooler and there, in order to make the best of things, build a devilish city and draw up a plan of action, a diabolical program, an energetically satanic way of life. The city is a secular city, and in many ways rather like New York, perhaps the New York of the Twenties and the Roxy theater rather than the New York of today.

Whatever this metropolis may be, the point is that they build it, and build it fast, by a brand-new method. Their work is itself a rebellion against inertia and defeat. Hence it is a kind of victory. And a special kind of victory at that, because it is gained entirely by their own ingenuity and their own resources. The unequaled verve of the first books of *Paradise Lost* enables us to surmise that Milton wrote these pages with special satisfaction, even though he was both emotionally and intellectually "against" this fantastic rebellion. But, in spite of himself, his own character—indeed, his own heroic struggle against the inertia imposed by blindness—disposed him to sympathize with this "sublimation" of beaten energies.

Yet at the same time these heroic energies are important. All the power, the splendor, and the versatility of satanic technology remain illusory and pointless. One might almost say that, beneath his unconscious sympathy with the rebels, Milton realized even more deeply the finality of their despair. And this sense of futility is his final judgment on their rebellion—a fact which his superficial readers seem unable to realize.

THERE is ambivalence in Milton's Satan, and also in Milton's paradise. We cannot question the importance of the archtypal paradise myth in *Paradise Lost*. The title itself states the problem: Man is created for peace, delight, and the highest spiritual happiness. In traditional language, he is created for contemplation. Not a loss of self in mystical absorption but self-transcendence in the dynamic stillness which, as the Zen masters said, is found not in rest but in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truly spontaneous movement. But man's weakness and superficiality, his inordinate love of a self metaphysically wounded with contingency, makes the paradise life impossible. There is in Milton a tension between his desire of this ideal and his feeling that it is unattainable. He never resolved the apparent contradiction. He could not find the secret of contemplation in action and so saw, in practice, no solution but action without contemplation.

When he came to describe the ideal life of Adam and Eve in paradise, Milton was weak and unconvincing: The life is too contemplative for him; there is too much leisure; there is apparently no room for initiative; there is just nothing to *do*. E. M. W. Tillyard once compared Adam and Eve in Milton to "old-age pensioners enjoying a perpetual youth" because they have to live and work in a garden that of its own accord produces more than they will ever need. Strangely enough, this is precisely the kind of society that seems to be resulting from the fantastically energetic and versatile progress of our technology. If inertia and lack of outlet for creative energy create hell, then it appears that the greatest threat to man is that he may succumb not to hostile nature or to a stronger species, but to the explosive violence generated from the utter boredom of his own conquests.

If Milton was an ambivalent activist, prone to sympathize with action and even rebellion for their own sakes, and unable to tolerate the contemplation which he still believed to be best, his theology tends to reflect these ambiguities, and here, too, he was modern. True, there can be no question of the reality of God for Milton. He was not a God Is Dead theologian before the time. Far from it. But his Pelagian taste for action and his instinctive disposition to seek in man himself the solution to all man's problems make his Christ a rather incredible and superfluous saviour. True, the Divine Word in *Paradise Lost* is intended to be even more heroically powerful than Satan in the poem—indeed, it cannot be otherwise. But somehow, just because He *must* be more powerful, His power is poetically less convincing. It can never be seriously challenged or tested: hence, a theological ambivalence that has struck deep into the modern Christian consciousness and led eventually to the poetic protest of nineteenth-century minds like Baudelaire and Rimbaud which made explicit the contradictions which were as yet only implicit in Milton.

There was in Milton a radical tension between his own psychology, his heart, his character as formed in his own revolutionary struggle for a republican England and then his battle with blindness, and the traditional structure of beliefs to which he consciously held. The traditional structure was classic, static, and contemplative, while Milton was romantic, dynamic, and active. Milton was a romantic hero who wrote as a great classical poet. These tensions doubtless help to account for his greatness. But they have led astray all those who are able to see only one side of the picture, who insist on taking one horn of the dilemma as the answer to all the questions and dismissing the dilemma. Hence they hail as power and truth what Milton saw to be impotence and illusion.

ONE modern mythology – which doubtless no longer refers consciously to Milton but still deals with much the same archtypal patterns—is filled with Milton's themes of power, rebellion, will, and the drive to excel. But these themes have all undergone serious if not radical modification.

For one thing, the modern tendency is to interpret the dignity and freedom of the person not as Milton did, but in a more frankly satanic way. The freedom and dignity of the person, for most people, means in fact the ability of the individual to assert himself forcefully, to get up and overcome obstacles, to knock a few bystanders down if necessary, and generally get everybody to recognize that he is around. One of the

cardinal satanic virtues is the absolute refusal to let anyone else change your mind for you, by any means, reasonable or otherwise. This means that you can never be prevented from being the boss at least in your own small patch of hell. And this is freedom. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

To assume that Milton endorsed such doctrine would be the most monstrous misapprehension. He knew better than that what freedom was and how liberty implied intelligence and adaptation to the objective realities of life. He rejected as impotence the completely irrational misconception of freedom. This misconception is, first of all, purely subjective and, secondly, a blind exercise of will. But a blind exercise of will is doomed to frustration. When purely subjective whims encounter the opposition of objective reality, there is only one way to overcome them: Since intelligence will not serve, violence alone remains. But violence is self-destroying and hence absurd. The concept of freedom which demands that one be one's own boss at all costs, that one should never change his mind for anyone, is a concept that leads nowhere but to blind addiction to violence and ultimately to willful self-destruction. Much of the current talk of freedom today has no more validity than this, and therefore it is a potential source of catastrophic madness. What forms will this madness take? Anything is possible, from street fighting to a nuclear *Götterdämmerung*.

In his *Myth of Sisyphus* Albert Camus re-created something similar to Milton's Satan in the "hero of the absurd" who resorts to a purely "quantitative ethic." There are all kinds of affinities between Sisyphus (or the other heroes of the absurd like Don Juan) and Milton's Demon Rebel. Again, there is a basically hopeless situation of stupefied inertia to be redeemed by action. What is fundamentally absurd (and hell is surely the realm of the absurd) cannot be made to make sense in itself. But one can seek to do *something* that makes sense. The will to make sense out of free action can counteract the absurd.

Though Camus more and more articulately disclaimed the title of "philosopher of the absurd" he is still stubbornly thought to have been preach-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing "the absurd" as a fundamental value—or as a heroically despairing anti-value. As a result of this, Camus's doctrine of revolt is sometimes turned upside down and stood on its head. In fact, Camus's study of the whole anatomy of revolution ends in a classic humanism, directly opposed to that nihilism which, he thought, is the automatic result of all absolute use of power whether in the spiritual or in the temporal orders. Thus, though a superficial reading of his early work seems to give some the impression that Camus advocated nihilism, he was, on the contrary, a humanist and a moderate—a liberal who was left in the very uncomfortable position of rejecting all the facile and doctrinaire generalizations of the mass movements and finding his own way in solitude.

YET Camus was no individualist. He knew the value of true solidarity and community, but he also knew the difficulty of finding them. Certainly the hopeful claims of movements and parties—and churches—did not seem to him to be automatic guarantees of communion in fruitful effort. But he did find true solidarity in the clandestine journalism of the French resistance, and later in the theater to which he devoted the best of his energies in the late Fifties, before his death.

Though Camus may have started with Sisyphus, a figure somewhat similar to Milton's Satan, he soon distinguished between liberty and anarchy, authentic rebellion and totalist nihilism, and in the end rejoined the kind of classic view of liberty which was the one Milton himself really held.

There are certain basic notions underlying Greek tragedy—notions about the meaning and moral structure of life. The most basic of these concepts are *hybris* and *nemesis*. When man, either through his own fault or simply through some chain of fatal circumstances, begins to defy the gods and assert his own power against the claims of a higher power (we would say "of reality"), he is permitted to get away with it for a while. But in the end the momentum generated by his rash and illusory self-confidence brings with it his own destruction. This does not mean that tragedy is always and simply a victory of the gods over man. On the contrary, the greatest tragedies are conflicts between the claims of various orders—various gods, perhaps — having almost equal rights. In this conflict, a character of true nobility can in fact emerge victorious, as Oedipus does in the final play of the Sophoclean trilogy, for example. Antigone is both ennobled and destroyed by a tragic dilemma: her love for her brother or her obedience to the power of the state. Prometheus is caught between his love for man, his devotion to the older order of telluric gods, and the power of the new Olympians. Neither Prometheus nor Antigone can be said to be afflicted with *hybris*. But if even the guiltless or unconsciously guilty hero incurs destruction by defying certain forces, how much more will the natural tendency of ordinary man to *hybris*, or what we have described as satanic self-assertion, inevitably bring *nemesis*—a fatal retribution in which man's power becomes his own destruction.

Strictly speaking, neither Christ nor Satan in Milton's poem can be called a perfectly tragic figure because Satan's *hybris* has reached a kind of dynamic stasis in impotent and rebellious deadlock, while in Christ there is no defeat at all. Satan is always ruined, yet always comes back for more. Hence he is a figure not of tragedy but of melodrama—and, incidentally, since tragedy requires a single unified action, one can never have tragedy in a serial, however appalling it may be.

The Greek sense of measure, to which Camus ultimately appealed in his humanistic ethic, is built on a healthy fear of *hybris* and is something which apparently is entirely built on the fatality and destructiveness of *hybris*. A healthy fear of *hybris* is something which seemingly is completely lacking in the modern consciousness. We have swallowed without question the melodramatic values and dynamisms of a misunderstood Miltonic Satan and we have no tragic dread of *nemesis*. The Greeks, who were probably far wiser than we realize, were well aware that he who has no sense of *nemesis* is in fact very close to it. Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad—with self-righteous confidence and unquestioning self-esteem.

It might be interesting to refer in passing to Teilhard de Chardin, whose cosmic optimism restores all the dynamic energies and heroism of Milton's Satan to the Teilhardian Christ. Perhaps Teilhard was able to do this because his complete acceptance of evolutionism destroyed the tension and contradiction that were set up in Milton between his modern temper and his ancient world view. In Teilhard, the coincidence of the modern temper and a modern cosmology resulted in a convergence of energies that remained in unresolved conflict for Milton. Whether this convergence was too optimistic and too facile remains a point of controversy. But one thing is obvious: Teilhard's splendid poetic vision of his "Mass on the World" (in his *Hymn of the Universe*) strikingly resembles the splendid hymn to light at the opening of the third book of *Paradise Lost*. Teilhard is in many ways a Miltonic "epic poet" whose power depends precisely on the fact that he has, at least in his own creative experience, resolved the conflict which kept Milton's Christ such a dubious figure, and which made it impossible for Camus to become a Christian.

It is one thing to admire the literary power and ambiguity of Milton's Satan, but another to seek, unconsciously or otherwise, to make a satanic and activist nihilism one's way of life. Camus has shown in his study of revolt how this kind of nihilism has in fact entered into the very essence of all the modern power structures that are now in conflict. This leads to some frightening and salutary conclusions. The first and most important of these is that the satanic nihilism of the great modern power structures represents a fatal infestation of *hybris*.

"What the hell, we've all got to decline and fall sometime."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This leads infallibly to *nemesis* and to destruction if we cannot learn to do something about it. No free man can allow himself passively to accept and identify with any one of these power structures in an unqualified way. To do so means associating himself with its *hybris*, abdicating his moral and personal dignity, and participating in the cosmic witches' sabbath to which we are all now being invited.

Most of us seem to have accepted the invitation without stopping to reflect that there is a choice. Camus insisted that there is a choice: The choice is man himself. Man's true dignity must lead him, Camus thought, to a free rejection of any system which makes the power of state, money, or weapons absolute values in themselves. While we seem to be asked to choose between this or that ideology, this party or that, this power bloc or that, in reality the choice is quite different. If we examine all their claims, says Camus, we find that they eventually concur in placing ideologies above man himself—politics above humanity, nation, race, or party above truth, and power above everything.

Thus in every department of life the cart is before the horse, ends are sacrificed to means, man is alienated and destroyed in order to serve what is supposed to serve him. The state is theoretically for man, money is theoretically to help him live more easily, arms are supposed to protect him, and so on. But in fact man now lives and works in order to assemble and to stockpile the weapons that will destroy him, in an effort to serve a power structure which he worships as an end in itself and which makes his life more and more meaningless and absurd. Instead of using money to make life reasonable, man makes life unbearable by living for money. Everywhere we look we find the same contradictions and disorder—all symptomatic of one truth: Our seemingly well-ordered society is a nihilist city of pandemonium, built on *hybris* and destined for cataclysm.

Is this inevitable? Nothing is absolutely inevitable. Man is still free to make choices and he is even capable of making intelligent choices if he tries hard enough. But our future depends above all on this: the recognition that our present nihilistic consciousness is fatal, and the development of a totally new state of mind—a whole new way of looking at ourselves, our world, and our problems. Not a new ideology, not a new formula of words, not a new mystique; but as Tillich said, *a new man.* With a little humility, patience, native luck, and the grace of God, the hard years we are going to live through may teach us to open our eyes. Meanwhile, a more accurate understanding of Milton and Camus, perhaps a less naïve reading of Teilhard, may certainly help.

THE HEROISM OF STASZEK JACKOWSKI

"It is, in a way, an Anne Frank story with a happy ending."

By RUTH GRUBER

IN A WINTERSET courtroom in Münster, in the German North Rhineland, Max Feuer—a white-haired baker from New York—a taxicab driver from Queens, a grocer from Israel, and a ravishingly beautiful woman from Italy are currently testifying at the war-crimes trial of eighteen former SS men charged with the murder of 80,000 Jews of the Polish province of Stanislav.

Each day in the German court the murder of a city unfolds. Stanislav was no concentration camp, no Auschwitz, no Treblinka with gas chambers. It was the second-largest city in Galicia, with 100,000 people. Fifty thousand Jews lived in the city, another 70,000 in its outlying villages. The accused were so confident that they had killed every Jew in the city that as early as February 1943 they had proclaimed on huge posters, *"Stanislav ist judenrein"* (Stanislav is free of Jews). They were mistaken.

By an odd coincidence, Austria has been unraveling the murder of Stanislav at the same time that Germany is spending a quarter of a million dollars to investigate it. In Vienna, the Mauer brothers—two former SS officers who became Austrian citizens after the war—were retried for killing the Jews of Stanislav, after having been found innocent last spring in Salzburg. In November 1966, the new jury, reversing the trend in Austria to acquit most war criminals—including Franz Novak, Eichmann's chief deputy—found the Mauer brothers guilty and sentenced them to eight and twelve years imprisonment. One of the wives of the accused fainted. There was an uproar in the court. The defendants seemed stunned. Before the trial, one defendant had boasted that he could travel anywhere in the world, even to Israel, unharmed, because not one Jew was alive in Stanislav to testify against him. But all the Jews of Stanislav were not dead. Of the 50,000 who had lived there, sixty-six came out of hiding when the Russians liberated the city. Thirty-two of them had been saved by one man, a young Polish Catholic carriage-maker named Staszek Jackowski (pronounced Sta-shek Yats-koff-sky).

Little by little, the incredible story of Staszek Jackowski is being revealed. It is a unique story of the courage and survival of the rescuer as well as the rescued, of the savior as well as the saved. It is, in a way, an Anne Frank story with a happy ending.

For more than a year and a half, young Staszek hid men, women, and three small children in his cellar scarcely two blocks from the headquarters of the Gestapo. He built three bunkers equipped with bunks, mattresses, electricity that he tapped, free, from the city's wires, ten small electric stoves, a radio, indoor plumbing, and fresh food that he bought from the Polish and Ukrainian peasants, whose crops prospered and whose cows gave rich milk despite the war and the occupation. He assembled a small arsenal of guns, ammunition, hand grenades, and dynamite, and in the sturdy, soundproof bunkers, he and his underground companions practiced shooting. Every night two men stood guard at his bedroom windows, watching for the Gestapo.

Staszek's story begins in the 1920s when he formed a friendship with a twelve-year-old Jewish schoolmate, Max Saginur. Despite vigorous opposition from their parents the two boys remained staunch friends. They prowled through the busy city, rode their bicycles through the Carpathian Mountains which fringed their town, and took the prettiest girls to the movies. The friendship of Staszek and Max, inseparable Catholic and Jew, was rare for that time

---

Ruth Gruber is a former New York *Herald Tribune* foreign correspondent. Her books include *Israel Today: Land of Many Nations* and *Puerto Rico: Island of Promise.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and place. Staszek was slim, agile and fair-skinned, with thick dark blond hair; Max, a head taller, was black-haired and dark, his skin burned from the sun and wind; he was a champion bicyclist. Each had a wry, teasing humor. They disagreed only about religion—Staszek was a devout Catholic, Max an atheist—and soon decided never to discuss their disagreements in faith.

On June 22, 1941, the Germans tore up the Nazi-Soviet pact and sent their Panzers hurtling across Galicia and Eastern Poland. In September 1941, they occupied Stanislav. The Gestapo set up headquarters in the huge provincial court and jail near Staszek's home, killed the intelligentsia—the doctors, teachers, and rabbis who might have organized a revolt—forced the Jews to build their own ghetto with a nine-foot wall of wood and barbed wire, squeezed some 80,000 Jews from the city and the nearby villages into the hovels of the ghetto, and systematically murdered them. Some were deported to death camps; most were shot right in the city.

The head of the Gestapo was Hans Krüger, who is now the chief defendant at the trial in Münster. On the Jewish festival of thanksgiving, Hoshana Rabbah, Krüger, and the Mauer brothers, with hundreds of police and militia, rounded up some 20,000 Jews, herded them through the city, and shot 12,000 of them in graves in the Jewish cemetery. In the cemetery, the people were forced to undress and hand over their belongings before they were shot. A table was set in the graveyard with sandwiches and cognac for Krüger and the officers. Then about 6 o'clock, Krüger, now riding a white horse, shouted "*Ruhe*" (Quiet). "I have just received a cable. *Der Führer* has saved your lives. Everyone, together, 'Heil Hitler.' Now run home, all of you still alive."

The next day, Krüger sent his blood-splattered uniform and boots to the Jewish *Judenrat*, the community council, with orders that they clean his uniform and pay for the 12,000 bullets he had expended.

STASZEK kept searching for Max. Had he been killed? No, Max was safe. He had fled to the outskirts of the city and dodged the slaughter. Staszek was determined to save him.

On a freezing night, Staszek stole out of his house toward the ghetto wall where Max and his bride, Gitya, were waiting in an abandoned house. With Gitya's brother and sister-in-law—the only survivors of their families—they slipped through the boards of the wall, and in the darkness raced into Staszek's courtyard. He hid them in a wooden partition behind his kitchen. But that proved unsatisfactory—there was no air and the slightest sound could be detected.

The attic would have been too obvious; it was the first place the Gestapo always searched. So they decided to camouflage the cellar, keep part of it intact, and build a bunker behind a strong wall. In twenty-four hours, they had built a bunker six feet high, seven feet wide, and ten feet long. For beds, Staszek brought upholstered leather cushions from the carriages in his factory and set them on wooden benches. Max and his little family moved into their new home, convinced that at most they would live there for about a month. They were certain the war would soon be over (it was the beginning of 1943). Soon eight more people came into the bunker from the dying ghetto.

Staszek bartered leather from his factory for food on the black market. But getting water proved to be a problem. For a time Max got water after dark from a water barrel in the courtyard. But one night Staszek's sister, Veronica, unable to sleep, saw him leave her brother's door, fill two pails with water from the family water barrel, and disappear. She searched Staszek's apartment but could find no one. Staszek told her she was having hallucinations. From then on he knew that Max could no longer draw water in the courtyard.

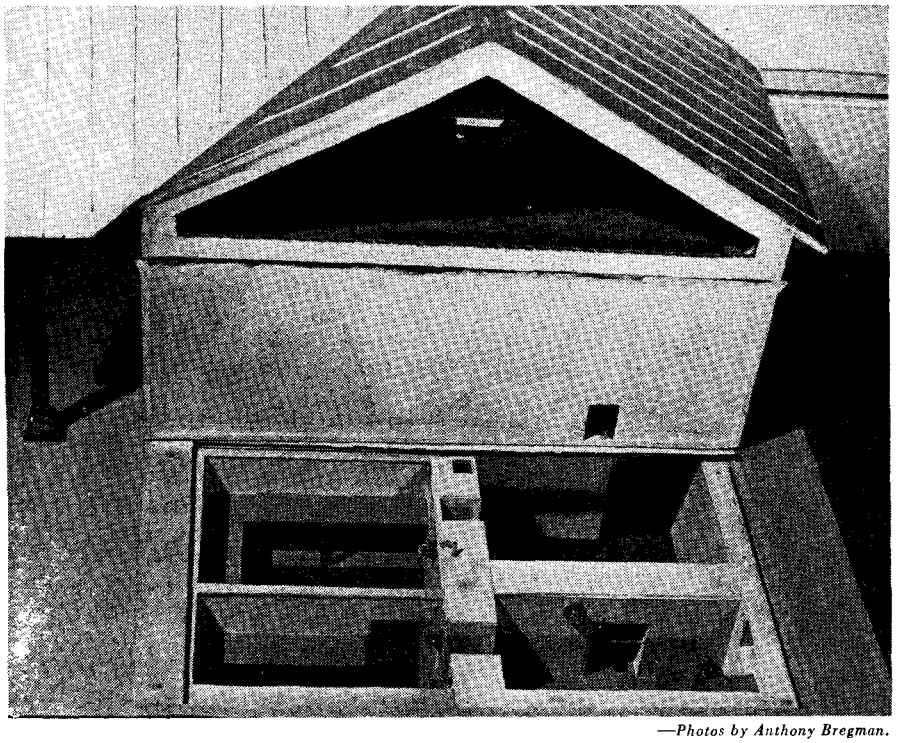
The next morning, he hitched his horse and cart and drove to the *Altrohstofferfassung*, the junkyard where the Germans forced a labor gang of Jews to collect the belongings of the dead, clean them, bale them, and ship them by rail to Germany. Here he found Max Feuer, a blond, blue-eyed baker who looked like a Ukrainian and who spent part of the time as a Jew and part as a Christian. Max Feuer found a drill, some pipe, and a hand-operated water pump. Inside the bunker, the men drilled twenty-five feet below the earth before they found pure, fresh water; they installed the hand pump, and opposite it built an indoor toilet. Upstairs, Staszek's family still had no plumbing. But in the cellar, there was water for everything—even for baths.

More people found their way into the bunker, and the men built a second bunker to hold the overflow. Most came penniless, in rags. Only one, an old man, Favele Fingerer, called "Grandpa," came with about 100 *hartes* (hard ones)—the nickname for $20 gold pieces—which had belonged to his dead sister. With the gold pieces, his leather, and his own money, Staszek now fed the people well.

The hideout seemed foolproof. Staszek and Max Saginur decided to enlarge it and save six Jewish doctors—the last of the intelligentsia still alive in Stanislav. He and Max built a third underground room—"a beautiful room," Staszek said, "fit for doctors." It was two-and-a-half yards wide and three-and-a-half yards long.

Late one night he went to the clinic. A Gestapo guard was watching the doctors, and they feared for Staszek's life as well as their own. "Come back tomorrow," they said. The next morning the Gestapo rounded up the doctors. Never without poison pills, the doctors saved the Germans six bullets; they died on the steps of the hospital.

The ghetto was dead. Behind Sta-



—*Photos by Anthony Bregman.*

Cutaway model of underground bunkers where Jackowski hid Jews from Nazis—It included bunks, electricity, ten small stoves, a radio, and indoor plumbing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

szek's house the Jewish quarter, called "The New World," looked like a lunar landscape made by lunatics, a wasteland of scorched earth and dead streets. For Staszek the once beloved town took on two lives: death above ground, life below ground; survival lay in his cellar.

A few hundred Jews still hid in the woods of the Carpathian Mountains. Max Feuer, dressed in red pants, a Ukrainian blouse, and a feathered hat, with a huge cross on his neck, led people out of the woods to Staszek. He dressed six-year-old Nina Dannenberg as a Christian child with a cross, and bribed a Ukrainian outlaw to bring her into the city, where Staszek rescued her. Later he and Staszek found her father, Isaac, in the woods and brought him to the bunker. Now there were thirty-two people.

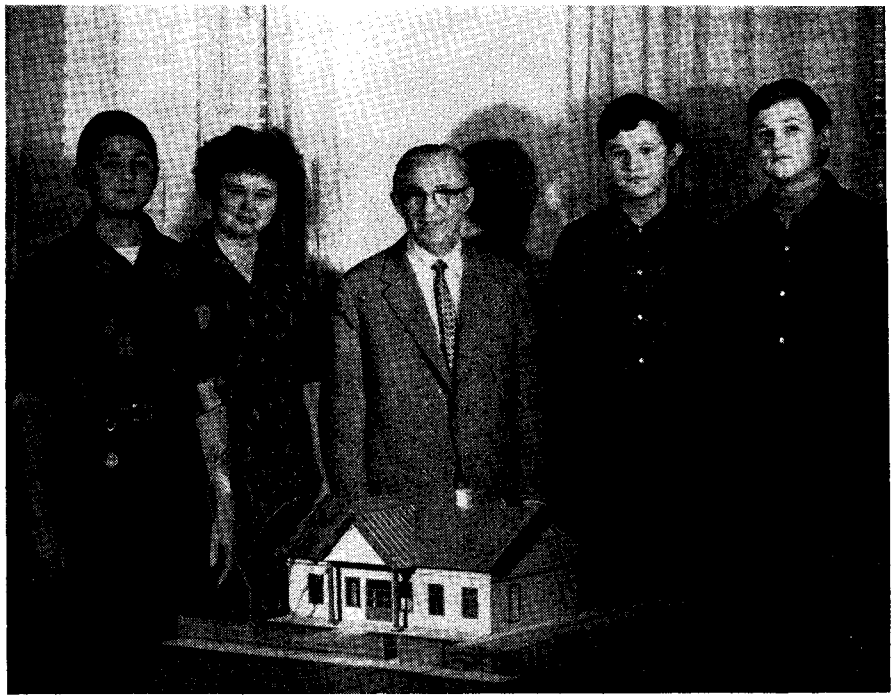
The bunkers came alive when Staszek rapped on the trapdoor and jumped down. His return home was heralded by a red light that flashed on in Max Saginur's bunker. He brought good rumors and the newest anti-German jokes. He joined the people in chess and cards; they owed each other millions of zloty on paper. They turned on the radio and listened to Churchill and Roosevelt and Stalin. They formed little "families"—the four men without wives were nicknamed "The Cavaliers"—and each family cooked on its own little stove the food which Staszek provided and which Max Saginur, commander-in-chief below ground, distributed evenly to everyone.

All over the city, huge posters offered a 500-zloty reward to anyone giving information about a Jew, and the death penalty to anyone caught hiding a Jew. Staszek and nine other Poles ignored the posters. Many, they knew, hid Jews for money, then betrayed them to the Germans and collected again.

In the bunkers, the people regarded the small, jovial carriage-maker with awe. He was their link with life. He was the arbiter of life or death. If he were merely to go away, they would all die. What made him do it, they wondered—risking his own life and the life of his whole family running the biggest underground hotel in Stanislav, deceiving not only the powerful Gestapo but his own mother and sisters, who had no idea they were walking over the heads of thirty-two people?

"I never thought there would be . . . thirty-two," Staszek told Max one night. "I did it for you . . . to save you. I know, if it was the other way, if they were killing Poles, you would do the same for me. If they caught me saving only you, they would kill me. I might as well be killed for thirty-two as for one. But they won't catch us," he assured Max. "This house is blessed."

The ghetto had been for dying; Staszek's bunkers were for living. With



Staszek Jackowski and family with model of his wartime home in Poland—(left to right) Tomasz (Tom), Mrs. Jackowski, Staszek, Stefan (Steve), and Waclaw (Michael).

ample food and warmth and even laughter, normal cycles which had died in the ghetto came to life again. Gitya and her sister-in-law, Wanda, both became pregnant. One day a Ukrainian hunter who had seen Jews hiding in the Carpathian woods came to Staszek. "Some place you are hiding Jews," he said. "They have gold and watches. Give me something or I will tell the Gestapo."

Staszek answered, "You are a fool. How could I hide Jews? But I may know where some are hiding. I will collect something from them. Come back next week."

Staszek and Max Saginur called the people together. They were not sure how much the Ukrainian knew. They must prepare to evacuate the bunkers. They would build a tunnel to the town sewer, some 125 feet from the house; from there, they might be able to escape. For seven sleepless days and nights, they worked in shifts building a tunnel eight feet under the street that the Gestapo patrolled each day. They built the tunnel three feet high and half a yard wide, just large enough for a man to crawl through.

WHILE they were digging, a piece of the sidewalk caved in. Mountains of dirt fell on Max Feuer. Someone screamed, "Max! Max! Max is buried in dirt! Max is dead!" Gitya, Max Saginur's wife, who was soon to give birth, heard the screams and thought her husband had been killed. She went into sudden labor. The baby was born dead but the placenta would not move. She bled for five hours. No one knew what to do; there were no doctors in the cellar. Finally Munche Kremnitzer, a dentist, washed his hands with alcohol and removed the placenta. Gitya lived.

Max Feuer dug himself out of the dirt; the men patched the street; and on the eighth day they reached the town sewer, just as the Ukrainian returned. Staszek gave him a little bundle containing a few watches and gold pieces. He also drew a gun. "I have hand grenades and German guns. If you or any of your gang come back, I'll kill you." The people breathed deeply. The tunnel had brought the first fresh air into the bunkers. "Beautiful air," they called it. It came from the sewer.

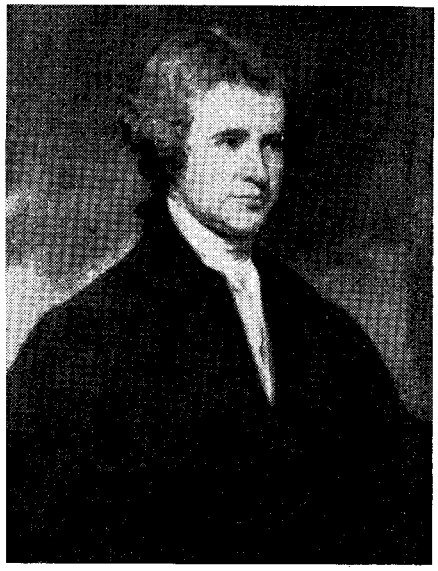
Above ground, the Germans, desperate for labor in Germany, were rounding up young men in all the conquered lands. Despite his caution, Staszek was caught. The Germans marched him, with hundreds of others, to the Gestapo farm called the *Wirtschaftshof*, where Hans Krüger lived in a mansion. Staszek had to escape. Thirty-two people would die if he were sent to Germany. He walked slowly toward Krüger's house. He figured nobody would imagine that a man planning to run away would go to Krüger. Slowly, he opened the front gate. It was high noon. Not a soul was on the street. Every young man was in hiding. He walked down the empty thoroughfare in front of Gestapo headquarters. Then he detoured through back streets and ran through the fields until he was a few yards in back of his own courtyard. Two field police saw

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDMUND BURKE: Friend of Freedom

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN



Edmund Burke in a portrait by George Romney—"wisdom, learning, personal charm."

EDMUND BURKE, probably the most powerful political mind and certainly one of the most resplendent orators who ever addressed the British House of Commons, deserves lasting fame as the intellectual founding father of modern conservatism. Of course, conservative ideas may be traced back to Greek and Roman and Chinese civilization; but it is Burke, more than any thinker, who has formulated a conservative body of doctrine congenial to modern times.

Burke is the most respected figure in all schools and shades of conservative thought. In America today there are two trends in conservatism, not necessarily inconsistent, but differing in emphasis and priorities. One of these trends is really old-fashioned liberalism under a new label, stressing the values of private ownership of property and decrying excessive government intervention in economic life. The other trend emphasizes the importance of tradition and collective experience and is inclined to recur to Lord Falkland's formula: "When it is not necessary to change it is necessary not to change."

Adherents of both trends of conservative thought can find texts from Burke. One will not find in any of Burke's writings a neat blueprint for an ideal conservative political, social, and economic order. The very idea of such a blueprint would have horrified him, for the whole cast of his thought is profoundly averse to utopianism. He is far more concerned with practical consequences than with general ideas; he believes that good men are more significant than theoretically perfect instruments of government and that there is no sure guarantee of liberty apart from the desire and love of it in the hearts of the people. But, whether Burke is advocating conciliation in dealing with the rebellious American colonies, or thundering against the doctrinaire ideologists whom he held responsible for the crimes and follies of the French Revolution, or denouncing Warren Hastings in Ciceronian style for tyranny and rapacity in India, there are certain recurring ideas which add up to a kind of practical guide to conservatism.

Fallibility of individual human reason is one article in his credo. And out of this belief logically flow two others. One is the worth of traditional experience. If an institution had served its purpose reasonably well for a long time, Burke was not inclined to tear it down. And he was extremely skeptical of the results of demolishing a whole existing order of society and building afresh on a new foundation.

Burke believed in a divine intent that rules human society, in a divine law that places limits on what any human authority, executive or legislative, may rightfully do. Here is the root of his vigorous assertion: "It would be hard to point out any error more truly subversive of all the order and beauty, of all the peace and happiness of human society than the position that any body of men may make what laws they please."

Burke did not deify the state and was not unmindful of the rights of the individual, which he asserts in terms that would have appealed to that supreme champion of liberty, John Stuart Mill: "Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing on others, he has a right to do for himself." But he regarded society as something more permanent and binding than a limited liability company, to which its members belong for the sake of convenience. It is, as he says in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, "a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are to be born."

Burke believed that civilized society requires orders and classes. Uniform leveling, in his view, would create a faceless mass, the easy victim of a military adventurer or a charismatic dictator. And in economics he shared the prevalent laissez-faire philosophy of his time: "To provide for us in our necessities is not in the power of government. It would be a vain presumption in statesmen to think they can do it."

As he told the voters of Bristol—who elected him to Parliament but refused to send him back because of his opposition to discrimination against Irish trade and to measures of persecution against Roman Catholics—a member of Parliament should always consider seriously the views of his constituents, but not regard these as binding instructions. Elaborating his point, he said:

"Parliament is not a *congress* of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a *deliberative* assembly of *one* nation, with *one* interest, that of the whole—where not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed; but when you have chosen him, he is not member of Bristol, but he is a member of *Parliament*."

THIS was fine and ingenious reasoning, but not effective practical politics, and Bristol rejected him. And it may be counted at least one happy by-product of the inherently iniquitous "rotten borough" system that the gift of such a borough from a Whig grandee kept Burke on the unrivaled public stage of Westminster until the end of his career. He was always, one may be sure, member for England and representative of the mind and conscience of Edmund Burke.

Burke became one of the leading public figures of his time without any such external aids as an inherited title or fortune. He was born in Dublin, the son of an obscure lawyer, a Protestant, married to a Catholic. Burke followed the faith of his father and graduated from Trinity College; but he was always free from the fierce "No Popery" sentiment which was still so strong in England that an eccentric nobleman, Lord George Gordon, was able to throw London into an orgy of mob violence by playing on this theme. Burke's rise was due to his own exceptional talents and accomplish-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments: wide and extensive reading, a keen sense of the laws of political science, and tremendous gifts as an orator.

To have heard Burke put forward his powers in a notable debate must have been an experience comparable with listening to the greatest of actors or musicians. Even in the printed page one senses the rare combination of solidly marshaled facts and cogent and ingenious reasoning—enriched by a wealth of historical allusions, high flights of oratorical fancy, and withering satire—all expressed in a rolling, sonorous style, evoking memories of the orations of Cicero. Even a brief sketch of Burke would fail to convey a sense of the man's quality and ability to dominate public sentiment unless it contained a few examples of the eloquence, in speech and writing, that was a large element in his fame and influence. Here is a passage from his resolution urging conciliation with the American colonies, delivered on the eve of "the shot heard round the world" at Concord Bridge:

> The temper and character which prevail in our colonies are, I am afraid, unalterable by any human art. We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.

In a very different mood and tone, but equally moving, is Burke's outburst on the death of his only son, Richard, which occurred in 1794, three years before his own voice and pen were silenced forever:

> The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors.

Burke's grief was no less keen because his son Richard was, by general account, a pretty worthless individual, quite destitute of his father's gifts. Because of his hostility to the French Revolution Burke stood high in royal favor at that time and the King wished to make him a peer, curiously enough with the title later bestowed on another notable conservative, Lord Beaconsfield—born Benjamin Disraeli. Although Burke was not insensitive to honors, he felt too crushed to accept a peerage, although the old "fallen oak" gave proof, in his *Letter to a Noble Lord* and his *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, that the old polemical fire had not died out in him.

Perhaps the best known and also one of the most controversial of Burke's flights of oratorical fancy is his tribute to the ill-fated Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, when she had suffered insult and detention at the hands of the Paris mob:

> It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. . . . I thought 10,000 swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone!

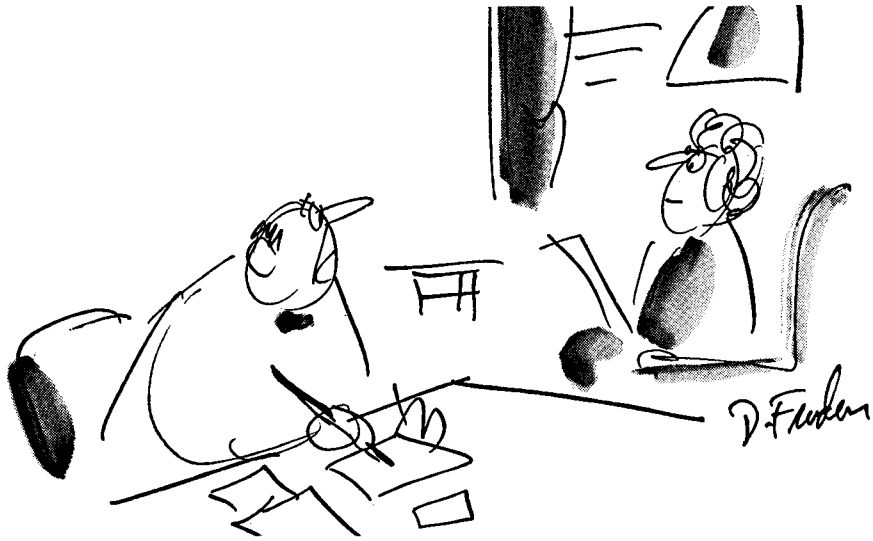
It was probably this passage especially that provoked Tom Paine's retort that Burke, admiring the plumage, forgot the dying bird, the suffering people of France. Up to that time, Burke had been mainly identified with such liberal causes as opposition to the persecution of Catholics and to force in dealing with the American colonies.

When Burke entered the lists against the French Revolution and its animating philosophy he acquired friends on the Right and lost some on the Left, including his brilliant parliamentary colleague Charles James Fox, who had cried out on the outbreak of the Revolution: "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!"

In historical perspective Burke's attitude may be faulted on two counts: He did not take adequate account of the ocean of poverty and misery that surrounded the enchanted island of the Court; and he did not reckon with the possibility of change in the original zeal of France's revolutionary rulers to spread their regime in other lands. But it would be unfair and inaccurate to regard *Reflections on the Revolution in France* as a mere lament for a colorful monarchy that had outlived its time. Of all Burke's works it is probably the most applicable to modern times, if only because of the many parallels between the French Jacobins and the twentieth-century Communists. There are flashes of keen insight, as when he writes (the Reign of Terror had not yet begun): "In the groves of *their* academy, at the end of every vista, you see nothing but the gallows."

Above all, the *Reflections* contain a reasoned plea for classic principles of conservative philosophy. They mark Burke as a resolute critic of totalitarianism, although the word was not known in his time. And on that point he is everlastingly right.

The *Reflections* and Burke's other writings deserve to be regarded today by conservatives as the clearest formulation of their attitude, by radicals and liberals as an exposition of rational, intelligent conservatism, and by people of all views for their essential readability and because they reflect the wisdom, learning, keen reasoning, and personal charm which caused Samuel Johnson to say of the author: "That fellow calls forth all my powers."



"Good heavens! I just figured out that by the year 2067 half the population will be under three years of age."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher W. D. Patterson
Managing Editor Richard L. Tobin
Science Editor John Lear
Education Editor James Cass
Production Manager Pearl S. Sullivan
Poetry Editor John Ciardi
Book Review Editor Rochelle Girson
General Editor Hallowell Bowser
Art Editor Katharine Kuh
Feature Editor Alfred Balk

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown • John Mason Brown
Frank G. Jennings • Joseph Wood Krutch • Herbert R. Mayes
Elmo Roper • Theodore C. Sorensen • Wallace Stegner • Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, jr. • Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal • Robert Lewis Shayon
Margaret R. Weiss • John T. Winterich

Shorter Conventions and Campaigns

A LITTLE MORE than a year from now the Democrats will convene in one city and the Republicans in another, or possibly both will choose the same convention site, to pick their nominees for President and Vice President of the United States in the national election of November 5, 1968. The conventions will meet in the depths of summer's heat and the first two days they will organize themselves and their committees and chairmen. The third day they will get to the party platform, and probably by Wednesday night or Thursday morning will begin nominating their favorite sons, eventually selecting Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates by dawn of Friday if they can. Election campaign machinery will be set up in a complexity and at a cost without precedent, and by Labor Day 1968 both parties will be ready to fire the first round of many—probably too many—campaign rallies and speeches over two interminable months.

The basic reason why all this will seem more interminable than ever a year from this fall is the ever present fact of television which, according to Marshall McLuhan's theory, makes the whole United States a small political tribe immediately conscious of the problems of its outermost extremities. In the linear years before radio and television, campaigns developed slowly and progressed from one geographical region to another as each candidate spoke to huge crowds face to face from the rear platform of the special campaign train. Now everybody in the country can, and most do, hear every major speech made anywhere during the campaign. The result of the protracted saturation through radio and television upon the American mind cries out for new ground rules.

THE Republican convention of 1964 that nominated Barry Goldwater met in San Francisco and the Democratic convention that gave Lyndon B. Johnson his first Presidential nomination was in Atlantic City. In recent decades Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Los Angeles have been popular with one party or another, sometimes both. Chicago, for example, has often been acceptable for national conventions, whether Democrat or Republican, because of its central location, its facilities, and, in recent years, the fact that Central Time prevails there, making television and radio broadcasting easier on West Coast audiences. When a national convention is held in the Eastern Time zone, a speech at, say, 8 o'clock at night is broadcast in Los Angeles at 5 p.m. because of the three-hour time difference. The Republicans have already picked a site committee and the Democrats are about to. These committees will report to the whole Republican and Democratic National Committees at their annual meetings sometime this summer and, more than ever before, the fact of national television, its facilities and potential audience, will be extremely important in any decision made by either party's leadership. Television is now inextricably involved in U.S. politics.

About a year after the Republican National Convention of 1964, Dwight D. Eisenhower, himself the shining star of some of the noisiest scenes in recent Republican conventions, severely criticized the GOP circus in San Francisco's Cow Palace as "confusion, noise, impossible deportment, and indifference as to what was being discussed on the platform." The former President disliked intensely what he called "publicity media"—all those newspapermen and TV and radio newshawks "running around and having interviews when we were having someone make a serious statement." President Eisenhower would like to ban the press from the floor of national conventions, to limit the number of delegates to twice the number of electoral votes from each state, to hold down demonstrations to five or ten minutes, and to give far more power to sergeants-at-arms and convention chairmen to maintain order.

THE other side of the coin, of course, is that, circuses or not, the big national conventions are fundamentally show business, particularly when that business is transacted over TV with the whole nation looking on. Where there is no real contest for delegates or planks on the party platform, artificial conflict and interest simply have to be aroused to stir the voters and put the other party and its publicists into the shade. If there is no natural excitement, ersatz excitement must be provided.

That changes are overdue in Presidential conventions and campaigns is one of our older political clichés. We feel that, either by mutual agreement or Congressional act, the national conventions in 1968 should be limited to three days—ample time for any political party to agree upon its organizational campaign structure, platform, and candidates—and that the campaign should be contained within the three or four weeks before election day and have a common starting date. The British have such a system, and as any voter there will quickly tell you even reduced campaigning at maximum intensity comes quickly to saturation.

It is by no means too early for the Congress and leaders of both major political parties to consider the foregoing suggestions from President Eisenhower and others deeply concerned about the gradual exploitation of the American political circus in an electronic age and about ways of streamlining its procedures. NBC's recent offer of free prime evening time on the entire network for Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates of both parties is a sound step toward reducing the unbelievable cost of modern campaigns by network television. Still another proposal is for the campaigns to be financed entirely from federal tax money so that no poor candidate need lose to a wealthier one. All of this is worth talking about while there is still time. —R. L. T.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Medicine, Morality, and Vietnam

THANK YOU for David McLanahan's article, "Diary of an American Medical Intern in Vietnam" [*SR*, March 25]. I read it with pain and pity, and then went to check that my own children—no more beautiful than little Vietnamese Bao Minh, but infinitely more fortunate—were safely sleeping.

Mr. McLanahan made me grateful for these mercies, and for his own humanity. He also made me humble.

JOAN QUARM,
Assistant Professor,
Department of English,
The University of Texas
at El Paso.

El Paso, Tex.

DAVID MCLANAHAN'S article is worthy of the great traditions of *SR*, for presenting truth, demanding thought, and arousing compassion. Thank you for printing this needed account.

MRS. T. V. REEVES.

Canyon, Tex.

AS THE RHETORIC drones on—and the bombing—it turns out that our moral commitment to the Vietnamese people is to save them from a fate worse than life.

OLIVE VINE KNITT.

Pasadena, Calif.

I DISAGREE with the Vietnam intern's comment that Americans feel that Vietnamese life is cheap. If Americans feel this way at all it is superficial—an attempt to ease their consciences. The intensity of suffering is too great to imagine that we just toss it away as a lesser matter.

JUDY T. STERNBERGS.

Cincinnati, O.

WHY SHOULD there be so much controversy concerning what shall constitute an "honorable" withdrawal from that troubled area? Should it be more rigidly defined than the honorableness of our entry?

Understandable as is the concern about the chaos which would probably attend abrupt unilateral withdrawal, there is also the matter of the chaos which is caused by our presence.

Could not an honorable withdrawal be accomplished in a quantitative inverse order of the buildup, under supervision of the United Nations, or a Commission appointed under auspices of the Geneva Convention, both as to the withdrawal itself and the restraint of chaos?

Would not Hanoi be as willing as Washington to cooperate in such a plan?

CHARLES H. MEACHAM.

Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE INTEREST of good journalism and to show that, as stated in N.C.'s editorial, you are not "oblivious to Vietcong terrorism and do know that war is hell," why not present a feature article in the next issue outlining the evils of the Vietcong, their terrorism for over a decade, their thousands of assassinations . . .?

WALTER H. MCNEIL.

Pikesville, Ky.

"Well, she answers the phone during Huntley-Brinkley, and I do the same for her during Julia Child."

IT IS A TRAGEDY of war that women and children die. But I wonder if their lives in a country at war are, in reality, any more sacred than the lives of their fathers, husbands, and sons who are assigned the task of fighting. Could this not be mere chivalrous fancy? The real tragedy is that after 4,000 years of civilization we still find the conduct of war essential to our survival.

WILLIAM C. GEER.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Joseph C. Harsch's Award

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S report on the du Pont Awards [TV-RADIO, March 11] was greatly appreciated by those of us who still value quality and responsibility in broadcasting.

May I point out a slight error? When Joseph C. Harsch won the award in the early Fifties, he was broadcasting on WOL in Washington. During that period he also was heard on the old Liberty Network. The nomination for the award was submitted by the station; in fact, the suggestion came from the office of the manager—me.

BEN E. WILBUR.

Livingston, N.J.

To the Poet

I WILL NOT compliment or congratulate you for printing the poem "Shorts" by John Woods [*SR*, March 25]. My thanks are reserved for the poet. You, sir, have an eye and ear.

HARRY BRENNON.

Pullman, Mich.

Long Water Going

JOHN CIARDI'S "Long Water Going" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, March 18] is one of the most beautiful columns I have ever read—and haunting in its sadness.

PHYLLIS WILSON.

Sunnyvale, Calif.

No Travel Barriers

N.C. IS TO BE congratulated on his fine editorial, "There Are No Aliens" [*SR*, March 11].

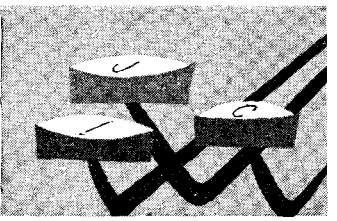
Its views in general coincide with a long-standing official resolution of the American Automobile Association, urging that it be made "as simple and convenient as possible for foreign nationals to enter our country as temporary visitors." As one step in that direction, our resolution calls for an amendment to the Immigration and Nationality Act to permit establishment of a tourist visa good for ninety days. Our intent is that this should be simple and easily obtainable, without having to contend with all the red tape which currently exists.

JOHN DE LORENZI, Managing Director,
Public & Government Relations,
American Automobile Association.

Washington, D.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



An Editorial April: Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a poet whose profession of the arts outran his own talents. Perhaps that is the imbalance from which all editors are born. Or perhaps it must be said of every poet that his devotion to the art outruns what his talent can make of it. Aldrich, in any case, made little enough of his, and rare is the man who can summon from memory a line from Aldrich's pen. Yet, in his time, Aldrich had an easy gift for literary success, moving in the esteem of most of his literary contemporaries, including even Mark Twain and—more pertinently to Aldrich's career—William Dean Howells, whom Aldrich succeeded as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Aldrich occupied that literary eminence from 1881 to 1890, but unfortunately forgot to take a vacation in April of 1887, for it was then, alas, that he wrote a letter, a copy of which I have before me through the kindness of Peter D. Witt of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and the proof of which you may find for yourself in Ferris Greenslet's *Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, published by Houghton Mifflin back in 1906.

April 26, 1887

DEAR MADAM,—

Though I think this is a good sonnet, I do not retain it, for the reason that I have on hand more poems in that unpopular form than I can conveniently use. The sonnet is essentially a poet's poem; I don't believe that the general reader cares for it.

Your sonnet is very carefully built, and the construction afforded me pleasure; but while reading the lines I wondered if we writers of verse did not give the public credit for more interest in our purely personal emotions than really exists. Why should we print in a magazine those intimate revelations which we wouldn't dream of confiding to the bosom of an utter stranger at an evening party? In what respect does the stranger differ from the public which we are so ready to take into our inmost confidence? The reflection was not new to me, however; it has saved me from writing many a verse that could by no chance have been of the slightest interest to the general public. I trust, dear madam, that you will not think that I write at this length whenever I decline to print a sonnet!

Yours very respectfully,
T. B. Aldrich

From this literary broomcloset above Madison Avenue to that genteel lounge on Arlington Street, my first thought on reading this letter was that April 26, 1887, was an easy day at the *Atlantic*, and that Aldrich was moved to indulge himself in a languidly pompous way. April has ways of betraying us all.

But only see what wheels begin to turn when an editor answers his mail as if it mattered, and especially as if he mattered. Not only does the office correspondence file begin to bulge beyond reason, but sooner or later a biographer comes to sift through it, a publisher edits it, a compositor sets it, a printer spoils paper with it, a sharp-eyed reader exhumes it and sends it to another editor, and that first foolish impulse is once more processed into print and onto more spoiled paper.

WHOLE provinces of Canada could be deforested for pulp in the circling of one such impulse. Had two editors been so moved once a day since 1887, the advancing dunes of the Canadian desert might already be sifting across the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Let April, I say, be a silence between us, preferably the year round. And yes, of course, I am being as selfish as a sparrow when I chuck your letters into the wastebasket, averted by such an enlightened selfishness!

And what on earth was that April editor saying in the first place? That ladies should be told not to write sonnets certainly makes sense, though I am sure Aldrich got small thanks for his pains. I have myself urged many a lady sonneteer of both sexes to learn how to cook and knit, and I cannot recall that any of them were grateful to me.

But I only objected to the fact that they wrote bad sonnets. Can Aldrich really have been objecting to the fact that his lady wrote a good one? He meant, of course—he *had* to mean—that what she wrote was good enough, but only good enough, and therefore worthless.

But how does an editor manage to object to a poem on the grounds that only poets will like it? Was Aldrich assuming that poets are a bad audience for poetry? They are, I submit, just about all the first audience a good poem is likely to find. Let a poem be written to satisfy today's poets and it will probably satisfy some of tomorrow's general public, but let it be written to satisfy today's general public and tomorrow it will not exist.

April, of course, is a sweet and lazy month in Boston. It tempts a man to open windows, and the windows then let in breezes that get in his hair in a distracting way. Come to think of it, I don't know whether or not Aldrich had enough hair for a breeze to play through. But bare scalps, too, can tingle in the right breeze. I am left to suspect Aldrich, bald or hairy, of suffering from as much spring fever as editorial pomposity can contract.

April or no, I am sure Aldrich was right in rejecting the lady's outpouring. Nor does it matter that the poem he was writing about is unknown. I have at least a dozen of the same sonnet in today's mail. Or should any day miss its quota, I could make it up on the spot: Take any surge of impassioned yearning, add an abyss or two of bereft time, fly in a pair of mating bluebirds, and night cannot fail to turn into a fire of anguish for what the fierce, implacable heart lets go, foreswearing kisses that still burn the soul.

But reticence is to be recommended only to the untalented. Should Shakespeare have been more reticent about Lady Macbeth or Othello? Should he have kept their expression within the bland proprieties of "an evening party"? It would be pleasant to send messages of fraternal solidarity from this office to the old *Atlantic*'s and from this April day to that one eighty years ago, but not all the imaginable bluebirds (of which there are none here) nor all the breezes of April (these being noticeably polluted) can persuade an agreement. The editor, I am afraid, was doodling at the feet of his own image.

I shall insist for April that poetry is the deepest plunge a man of talent can take into himself. Poetry fails (or—and much the same thing—it succeeds in a pointless way) only when it does not go deep enough. The true plunge outdives the privacy of any one man and becomes everyman's privacy. "What I am," art says, "you are."

No man can come to that saying easily. Yet how easily any man can scribble himself to one side of it. I have it from April, even in this polluted air that still wafts almost like a first again, that most letters are foolish letters. I think I may even burn the rejection slips and come to the office with a basket of new leaves, pressing one into each batch of poems on their way to the Out Basket. Who could complain at sending away a bad poem and getting it back with a green leaf pressed to the page? Or if I am wrong and send back a good poem, who will dare say he sent me as good a thing as I sent back? And right or wrong, where is the editor who can send a better letter from April to April?

—JOHN CIARDI.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

27 Literary Horizons: An essay on obscenity and sex
28 Letters to the Book Review Editor
29 One Thing and Another, by John K. Hutchens
30 "The Death of a President," by William Manchester
32 "The Murderers Among Us: The Simon Wiesenthal Memoirs," edited by Joseph Wechsberg
34 "On Iniquity," by Pamela Hansford Johnson
35 "Go to the Widow-Maker," by James Jones
36 "The 28th Day of Elul," by Richard M. Elman; "Nightmare of the Dark," by Edwin Silberstang
37 "I Want What I Want," by Geoff Brown. "Rosemary's Baby," by Ira Levin. "A Rose of Flesh," by Jan Wolkers
38 "Mrs. Satan: The Incredible Saga of Victoria C. Woodhull," by Johanna Johnston; "Vicky: A Biography of Victoria C. Woodhull," by M. M. Marberry
39 National Library Week Feature, by David Dempsey
42 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Media Crisis in the Classroom

NOT LONG ago *SR* received the following letter from a man on the West Coast:

> Could you help me with this problem? I teach senior (high school) English and wish my students to read several novels by English (England) authors, and am hoping you could suggest about four from which to choose.
>
> Here are the requirements:
>
> 1) Novel must not have foul language.
>
> 2) Novel must not deal in prurient sex.
>
> 3) Please eliminate the so-called classics, i.e. *Tom Jones,* etc.
>
> 4) It must be available in paperback.
>
> 5) Novel need not have any social significance, just so it is interesting and the students will *want* to read it.
>
> 6) Novel can be from any era.

For me it was a troubling letter, most of all because I couldn't help wondering whether a man who had to ask for such advice ought to be teaching English to high school students.

Then there was the problem of foul language and prurient sex. I am not much in the habit of using what I suppose this gentleman means by "foul language," but I have heard a good deal of it in the course of my life, and in recent years I have been reading it, and I don't believe I've suffered much. Being something of an old fogey, I'd probably be embarrassed if I had to read passages containing some of the four-letter words to a mixed group of high school students, but I doubt that the boys and girls would be ruined if they read them to themselves. A reviewer who ought to have known better scolded Bernard Malamud because there are a couple of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables in *The Fixer.* Malamud simply used the words that the people about whom he was writing would have used. A few years ago his publisher would have insisted on his substituting euphemisms, but every reader would have known what was meant. In our present period of candor such subterfuges have become ridiculous, and anyone who can't bear to let his eyes rest on "foul" words is going to miss a lot of important writing.

I think I know what our correspondent has in mind when he speaks of "foul language," but I am far from sure about "prurient sex." What is prurient to one man is innocent to another and vice versa. To take extreme examples, I shouldn't want to teach D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park* to high school seniors, but perhaps I'd be protecting myself rather than the students. At any rate, there are scores of books that wouldn't bother me but might give pain to somebody else; many communities objected to the assignment of *The Catcher in the Rye.*

But these are minor problems; anyone can think of good English novels that would give pain to no one. What this man is asking for, however, is a list of novels that "the students will *want* to read."

How I wish I could answer that one! It's hard enough for me to find books to recommend to boys and girls I know well. Sometimes a kid comes into our local library with a long mimeographed list that has been given him by his English teacher. "I've got to read one of these books and write a report on it by Monday," he says resentfully. Some of the books on the list are way beyond this boy's grasp; others are quite unrelated to his life. He doesn't want to read a book anyway; he has a dozen things he'd rather do. Knowing a little about his interests, I may be able to suggest something he won't find completely boring, but that's the most I can hope. I couldn't be even as hopeful as that if I were dealing with strangers.

Things were simpler, if not better, in my day. The teacher was given a list of books she had to teach, and she taught them, even when she was convinced that they were utterly unsuitable. If she was a good teacher, she interested the bright students; if she was a bad teacher, she bored everybody. Those who couldn't or wouldn't read the books well enough to pass examinations were flunked; and if they didn't get into college, that wasn't regarded as the teacher's fault.

For some time, however, most teachers of high school English have made some effort to find books that would interest their students, and by and large the results have been good. If you are trying to convince teen-agers that reading can be both a pleasant and a profitable activity, *Rascal* is a better bet than *Silas Marner.*

On the other hand, there are many ways in which the difficulties of teaching English to high school students have increased. In the first place, since the end of World War II there has been a strong and understandable and perhaps necessary emphasis on the physical sciences, which have raised their standards and demanded more and more of the students' time. In the second place, at least in suburban communities, there have been more and more organized extracurricular activities. And there is an

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even more pressing problem. In the past most of the boys and girls who did well in high school English came from homes in which the reading of books was a common practice. Today there are, in proportion to the population, fewer such homes. Most of today's juniors and seniors grew up with television, which has often been a distraction for their parents as well as for them.

A friend of mine, who has just returned to the teaching of college English after a long spell in journalism, writes: "It's getting to be a question of whether we should teach them to read at all; right now it's a question of *what* we should teach them to read. The language is expanding so fast and the children are going so speedily through the field of general information to the proliferating fields of specialization that they are picking up far too little in the liberal arts field; at the same time we can't teach them the vocabularies they are going to need—the words haven't been invented yet. . . . What should we enable them to read? What will they have time to read?"

Marshall McLuhan is telling us, I gather, that the ability to read will be of little importance in an age of electronic communication. It seems to me that the proportion of nonsense in McLuhan's writing is unpardonably high, and that his unintelligibility is the result of confusion rather than profundity, but at least he calls attention to the magnitude of the crisis. I don't believe that the crisis began with the invention of television; it has been building up through decades, if not centuries, of scientific and technological development. But it has come to a head, and it compels us to think of high school English in larger and more radical terms than we have been in the habit of using.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1236

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1236 will be found in the next issue.

GWP RTGPUURQPTG JNT XRTYB NUJIBG PFPHKGWRTQ HRYROA-UIAB, GWP BPTBRZUP JNT WNHYUK NTKGWRTQ.

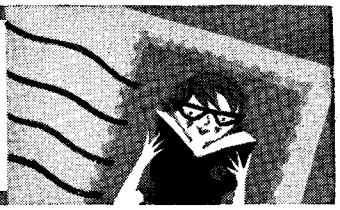
—QIPGWP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1235

In the contest between ease and liberty, the first hath generally prevailed.

—Halifax.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor



Substantial Agreement

I was baffled to find Mr. Albert H. Friedlander taking issue with me on points where his views are substantially in agreement with views expressed in my book, *Judaism and the Christian Predicament* [*SR*, Apr. 1]. He argues that modern criticism has placed Jesus and the Gospels well within the rabbinic tradition. This is the very point made in the chapter entitled "Jesus—Jew or Christian?" After a detailed study of the position taken by Jesus on the Sabbath, divorce, the belief in the resurrection, the Sermon on the Mount, I concluded that "the teachings of Jesus, insofar as it is possible to reconstruct them from layers of later New Testament reinterpretations, are expressive of the method and substance of the Oral Torah. . . . The historical Jesus, to the extent that we can envision him from the reinterpreted versions left by his followers, represents a point of development running unbroken from the Hebrew Bible and linked to it through an interpretive supplement that is characteristic of the great literary creation of the Rabbis, the Oral Torah."

Mr. Friedlander also argues that I "cannot force the daughter religion into the Jewish structure." The burden of my first chapter was to explain the Christian predicament as deriving in part from Christianity's own insistence in deriving its legitimacy from biblical Judaism, by presenting itself as the completion or perfection of the religion of the Hebrew Bible. One factor in Jewish-Christian tensions has derived precisely from Christianity's preoccupation with forcing itself "into the Jewish structure." The point of my plea for a philosophy of religious co-existence based on the recognition of the legitimacy of diverse paths to God is that Christianity take its own path to "the gate of righteous action," and that Jews be left to walk by their own way to the same golden gate. In the book I expressed it thus: "The tensions between Judaism and Christianity will remain essentially unresolved until there is adopted a philosophy of religious co-existence and Christians desist from the preoccupation with converting Jews, even as Jews desist from the effort to convert Christians."

Ben Zion Bokser.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

A Phoney Ring to 't?

J. H. Plumb starts his March 25 Perspective off with a bang. First, he titilates us with his discovery of a book that will surely destroy our Image with the Russkies, a book so loaded with horrors, he is reluctant to tell us aught but the title, School and College Catalog. . . . Finally, after six paragraphs of purple fulmination, Mr. Plumb reveals the source of this Baedeker of Gothic lechery—Grove Press! . . . All he infers from this catalog may have validity independent of Grove Press's lists, but his affected fears for the psyche of the young are poorly grounded if they have no better foundation than the lists of a publisher dedicated to publishing material too "hot" for other houses to handle. Nor can I really believe Mr. Plumb to be so innocent as to not know the repute of Grove Press full well, in view of which his shocked amaze hath a phoney ring to 't.

Mr. Plumb has a cute gimmick for animating an otherwise dull and pointless column, the bulk of which is easily construed as a free plug for Grove Press, but his critical faculties leave much to be desired. His final evaluation—that it is we who have perverted sex by repression of "normal" sexual expression—has some claim to respect, but his evidence is so vacuous that his argument dissolves into a dew. If he is seriously worried about the Grove Press books "corrupting the young," he is flogging the wrong horse; the "young" are much too interested in one another (*viz*: the statistics on teen-age pregnancies) to be concerned with the Perils of Justine, or Henry Miller's travails with the Cosmodemonic Telegraph Co. Nor is the situation really much different from that in former ages; all the Platonic and Sapphic and other Greek paeans to homosexuality did not keep the Athenians from reproducing their kind and enjoying the doing thereof.

Thomas J. Cummins.

Oakland, Calif.

In the third paragraph of J. H. Plumb's remarkable commentary there appears a word with which I'm totally unfamiliar: unequivocably. Is this a neologism, or is it merely a misspelling of unequivocally?

I find Mr. Plumb's contributions to your pages distinctive and distinguished.

James O. Tate.

Milledgeville, Ga.

Editor's note: *"Unequivocably" was unequivocally a typographical error.*

Welcome Papers

I take it that your review editor must have been hoping that Charles Neider would expose himself in his review of the first three volumes of the Mark Twain Papers [*SR*, Mar. 25] . . . since she must have known of Neider's complete lack of any competence to judge scholarship. The Berkeley volumes are welcome to all who have a serious interest in Twain and their support by the National Foundation for the Humanities is richly deserved.

As to Neider, his thoroughly undistinguished career as a scissors-and-paste maker of Mark Twain books would have made a superb subject for a satire by the great man himself.

Robert E. Burke.

Seattle, Wash.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casey at the Bat

WEATHER permitting, what certain memory-ridden ancients still call the race for the old gonfalon—i.e., the major league baseball season—gets under way next week for twenty teams around the nation. But here in New York something will be missing, this year as last. A gnarled, stoop-shouldered old gent will not be limping from the dugout to the mound in about the second inning to suggest to some hapless Mets pitcher that he would do well to retire to the showers and ponder there on his inadequacies. It still doesn't seem quite real, the absence of Charles Dillon Stengel from the field, though he likely will be somewhere in the vicinity, taking bows, making speeches in the one-man doubletalk known as Stengelese, and demonstrating for the cameras that the era of great acting is not entirely gone.

He was the last of the managerial titans, and I trust that nobody is going to write a letter to the editor disputing *that*. As is the way with legendary, improbable figures, even his birth date is tucked away in time's mists. *Who's Who in America* gives it as 1891, the *Official Encyclopedia of Baseball* as 1889, and now *Casey: The Life and Times of Charles Dillon Stengel*, by Joseph Durso (Prentice-Hall, $5.95), places the great day in 1890. But it doesn't really matter, because we are dealing here with an immortal, and who cares when an immortal was born? What matters on the immortality circuit is to have been around approximately forever, and to keep staying around.

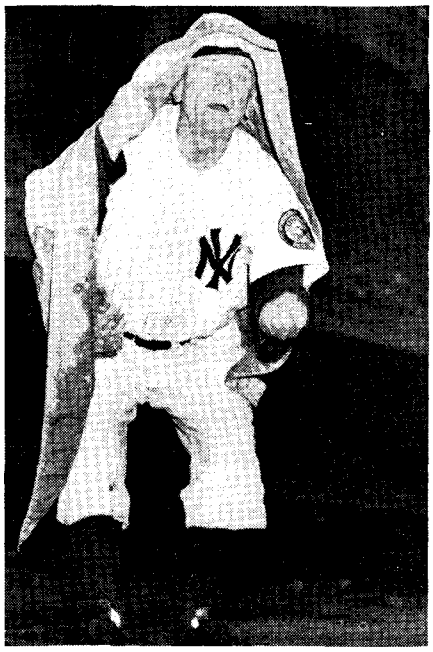
Possibly a challenger to Casey's eminence is lurking somewhere in the wings—for instance, a Mr. Durocher, out in Chicago or someplace—but he will need a lot of years to get there, and a good deal besides just years.

All that it took to bring Casey to where he is—or, anyhow, all that the eye of a mere human is capable of seeing—would seem to have been caught by Joseph Durso, a *New York Times* sports writer. And a fine time he must have had digging it up, from the day in 1910 when a kid outfielder from Kansas City broke in with Kankakee in the Northern Association to his induction into the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown last summer. As if it weren't enough to have been the only sometime left-handed dentist who ever got to Cooperstown, he played, managed, or coached for seventeen professional teams, managing four clubs in the majors, winning ten pennants and seven World Series with one of them, the New York Yankees, whose gratitude for this peerless feat was his elaborately public dismissal. We need not feel too sorry for him, though, says Mr. Durso in effect, because as manager of the ridiculous, perennially last-place Mets he then proceeded to win his way into the heart of New York fans as even he could never quite do when presiding over the lordly Yankees.

Casey always was one to make the best of disconcerting circumstances, as when he saw to it that he was paid for not managing a club (Brooklyn) that had fired him, and otherwise adapting himself to hopeless situations. This is, of course, a gift in the great tradition of the *McGuffey Reader* maxims urging patience under extreme duress.

I must have seen him as a player, although I can't honestly say that I remember him on the field; nor, I find, do many other average baseball buffs, because save on rare occasions—like the 1923 World Series in which he won two games with homers—he was more competent than spectacular, a good base runner and outfielder with a lifetime major league batting average of .284. It was not until Casey went to Boston, after the Brooklyn misadventure, that one fan—this one—came to appreciate an aspect of the Stengel technique, apparently modeled on that of magicians who successfully misdirect their audiences' attention. His team was the Braves (or the Bees, as they were briefly called), a tawdry collection of castoffs and misfits whom the customers turned out to see only because the Boston Red Sox were on the road. A crowd of 500, dozing through a hot summer afternoon at the stingless Bee's ramshackle old park, was deemed a goodly assemblage, most of whom must have been on hand to see a visiting star, Mel Ott of the Giants or Bucky Walters of the Reds.

But some of them, like myself, surely were present on the chance that Casey would be having one of his better days as a performer. This might be a time when, bowing formally and sardonically to the umpire, he would remove his cap and release a sparrow; or, if the umpire ejected him from a game and pulled out a watch to time Casey's exit, Casey might suggest loudly that he should be careful about doing this in public lest the owner of the watch recognize it. The somnolent fans would look up long enough to cheer.



—*From the book.*

Casey Stengel—"licensed genius."

And it was in Boston that I first became a devotee of Stengelese. As reported by such sharp-eared if puzzled sports reporters as Harold Kaese of the *Transcript* and Austin Lake of the *American*, it was bound to draw a few customers to the park if only to see with their own eyes one who possibly was making the most interesting contribution to the English language since Shakespeare. As Mr. Durso describes it, Stengelese is "a kind of rambling semi-doubletalk laced with ambiguous, assumed or unknown antecedents, a liberal use of 'which' instead of 'who' or 'that,' a roundabout narrative-framed in great generalities and dangling modifiers."

THUS Casey on a player with a particular problem: "That feller runs splendid but he needs help at the plate, which coming from the country chasing rabbits all winter give him strong legs, although he broke one falling out of a tree, which shows you can't tell, and when a curve ball comes he waves at it and if pitchers don't throw curves you have no pitching staff, so how is a manager going to know whether to tell boys to fall out of trees and break legs so he can run fast even if he can't hit a curve ball?"

A manager who can talk like that—and there was only one such manager—makes good copy for sportswriters even if they don't pretend to be able to translate him; good copy makes for publicity; publicity means money at the box office. But it was not quite as simple as all that, Mr. Durso makes clear. Casey was also a superb field general, given the players he never had until he took over as the

(*Continued on page* 43)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

November 22, 1963

The Death of a President: November 20–November 25, 1963, *by William Manchester (Harper & Row. 710 pp. $10), evokes the impact that the assassination of John F. Kennedy had on the people around him, in the country, and in the world. Margaret L. Coit of the Fairleigh Dickinson University faculty is the author of an "authorized" life of Bernard Baruch which was disavowed by its subject.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

WHATEVER else it is or is not, William Manchester's *The Death of a President* is an obsessive book. It presses upon you with its infinity of detail, its trivia and tragedy; reading it is an act of compulsion, no less than the death watch of the American people, their eyes fixed on their television sets through four incredible days. Not quite history, more reportage than literature, the book nevertheless is a stupendous achievement. From the chaos of the assassination to the majesty of the burial in Arlington Cemetery, moment by moment, place by place, person by person, *The Death of a President* reconstructs "the greatest simultaneous experience this nation . . . ever shared" since the funeral train of Abraham Lincoln moved across the states from Washington to Illinois.

To many Americans the death of President Kennedy was the most traumatic event in a lifetime that had already included the Great Depression, Pearl Harbor, and the dropping of the atomic bomb. For this was not only the death of a man; the bright promise of an era was eclipsed and a whole nation tumbled into darkness. "We'll laugh again," Patrick Moynihan said. "But we'll never be young again."

Manchester leads off with a glittering White House party in the East Room, Jacqueline's "camellia beauty," music from *Camelot,* and a throbbing and ominous undertone: Humphrey, Fulbright, even Governor Connally had warned Kennedy to stay away from Dallas, but to JFK it was unthinkable that the President of the United States could not go anywhere. He was no man to hide. Manchester's Kennedy, the gallant "Lancer" of the Civil Service codes, with "an air of high drama about the man," is already legend, "clothed in romance." In the red daze of high noon at Dallas, Manchester sees "the ritualistic murder of the folk hero." In America the first sacrifice was Lincoln, and–like Arthur in Britain, Siegfried in Germany, Jeanne d'Arc in France–the myth he became bears little resemblance to the man that he was.

Of a folk hero it is only asked that he have been heroic, have been loved and cruelly lost, and Kennedy filled that need. The half dollars would disappear, the letters become collectors' items, the politician vanish, the martyr become the myth, and the widow huddled over her husband's mutilated body, a national institution. So the legend was born.

The theme of this book, however, is not so much what happened to John F. Kennedy as how it happened and the people to whom it happened. Continuously and sometimes confusingly, Manchester moves his camera: from U.S. Attorney Barefoot Sanders in Texas to Lee Radziwill in London to the "sealed tube" of the Cabinet plane over the Pacific–the stunned occupants whiling away the hours in a grim poker game; from the Dallas Trade Mart to the hospital to the White House and back again.

Often the participants in the tragedy did not know as much as those who watched their television sets through the four harrowing days. Even Lyndon Johnson tuned in Walter Cronkite to find out what was going on. Seventy-five million people knew before the Kennedy party knew it that priests, the harbingers of death, were on their way to Parkland. The Kennedys did not realize that hundreds of millions were grieving with them, that flags were falling all over the world, that the House of Commons had adjourned, and services were being held at Westminster and St. Paul's, that the Russian radio was playing dirges, that all Ireland was bowed in prayer, that the youth of Berlin was moving through the streets, their torches blazing against the night.

We all know what we were doing as spectators the hour and the day of the assassination. Now, we too are participants, caught up in the Kennedys' own agony. We see the "brutal functionalism" of the trauma room at Parkland and Jacqueline battling a nurse to enter; we participate in the "dreadful time" of waiting. We live through the ghoulish, near-violent scenes in the corridors as the Kennedy team literally snatched the body of their dead leader away from the clutches of Dallas law. We are

—Karsh, Ottawa.

John F. Kennedy—"the gallant 'Lancer' of the Civil Service codes."

caught in the "vast chaos" of the inaugural in the sick and bitter Presidential plane and watch the Kennedy men making pilgrimages to kneel before the young widow, "thin and straight as a spire of smoke," and already aware that she had become a mystic symbol.

We enter the clean, grim morgue and look on the hideous autopsy table at Bethesda. We wait out the long, long night as the sleepless Jacqueline, "poised, unreal," talks and talks, somehow bracing the others as Robert Kennedy braced her. We see Reardon, Powers, and O'Donnell slip away to pick out a coffin for their President. We are at the White House, where Sargent Shriver coordinates the planning for "Jack's last campaign," and in the East Room, which William Walton is decorating with "exquisitely folded crepe." We are at the State Department, where the last copy of the funeral services for FDR is exhumed. We are on the hushed trip of the dead President back to the White House, the cars following silently; we see the flame-lit drive, the eerie crowds standing in "haunting silence," and hear the faint roll of drums and whisper of music. We see Senator Margaret Chase Smith laying a red rose on John Kennedy's old Senate desk, and are with MacNamara in the rain at Arlington, where he finds the grave site that Kennedy had said offered the most beautiful view in Washington.

What Manchester invokes is the impact upon the great majority of Americans, who felt the loss of someone very

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near and dear: the telephones going dead and the cars swerving drunkenly, McCormack nearly collapsing at a rumor that Johnson too had been shot; the Joint Chiefs working on stolidly, wondering if a new war was about to burst over them; Sergeant Bob Duggan of Dallas, "a great long gallows of a man," weeping when Jacqueline thanked him for opening the hearse door; Sergeant Barney Ross of PT Boat 109 deep in stupor; the East Room and Jacqueline's face as Caroline patted her hand; "the heartbreakingly slow salute" as the Death Watch changed; Harry Truman and the dying Senator Clair Engels in his wheelchair going through the line; little John asking his nurse of his departed father, "Did he take his big plane?"

And Fulbright bursting out, "Goddamn it! I *told* him not to go to Dallas"; Joseph Kennedy struggling with his wheelchair in an attempt to go to Washington; Robert Kennedy muttering, "There's been so much hate"; General Maxwell Taylor alerting the troops; Justice White's daughter asking, "Daddy, when are we going to be happy again?"

And "Hail to the Chief" played as a dirge; and the cruel eloquence of Mike Mansfield, who, Jacqueline commented, alone "said what had happened"; Jacqueline's post-funeral reception during which de Valera recited poetry and Mikoyan trembled and wept, and she greeted Prince Philip with a smile "like a dim lost leaf."

IT is the majestic figure of Jacqueline that dominates the book. It was she who made the final decisions: that the burial place be at Arlington and the coffin closed, that there be an eternal flame; she, along with Robert, who decided upon the Irish drill team and the Black Watch and the riderless horse. "Her expression of ineffable tragedy [as she awaited the procession] was, in that flicker of a moment, indelibly etched upon the national conscience."

The people responded. They lined the road to Andrews Air Force Base; they were waiting in Lafayette Park; they surged as when Lincoln lay there towards the bronze doors of the Capitol. And it took five hours to pass the coffin. It was veneration, and it was real. Some had waited since midnight; some came by chartered bus; some had walked thirty-five miles for a moment to circle the coffin, to kneel. Jacqueline and Robert saw them, 200,000 of them five abreast: parents with children, nuns, Negroes, foreign statesmen, crewmen from the PT boat—no pushing, no shoving, all in the line.

Manchester's heroes are, of course, the Kennedys. But the surprise of the book is his generally sympathetic picture of Lyndon B. Johnson, whom he portrays as "a man of tact and sensitivity," resentfully pushed aside by those mourning the late President. "Far from taking over too quickly," Johnson, in Manchester's opinion, "did not take over quickly enough." LBJ had thought it "presumptuous" to move into the White House, even for his own safety. He had demurred at taking the Presidential plane, but was overborne by the Secret Service, to whom staying at Parkland with the "conspiracy" unsolved was "an insane risk." The government had to go on regardless of the Kennedys' grief.

The strains between the Kennedy and Johnson people dated back to Los Angeles; now the struggle between the "realists" and the "loyalists" ripped the official family, the military, and even the Secret Service apart. Johnson was the victim. Here, basically, was the origin of his feud with Robert Kennedy, the symbol of the past he had to overcome. For the loyalists nothing would ever be the same, although some like Bundy, MacNamara, and Shriver shifted allegiance, as did Secret Service agent Emory Roberts, who saw the last bullet strike. He knew his duty was "to protect the President," and gave the order: "They got him . . . take over Johnson." It is Manchester's judgment that history may award the realists "the highest grade."

Manchester sees no conspiracy in the death of Kennedy: Oswald is the murderer. "The evidence pointing to his guilt is far more incriminating than that against Booth . . ." He may be overimaginative when he blames the "minx" Marina's rejection of her husband's advances as triggering off the "firestorm" in Oswald's head and the assassination. But he can hardly exaggerate the atmosphere in Dallas, with its "Jewish stores . . . smeared with crude swastikas"; its "fun" game, "Which Kennedy do you hate the most?"; the bumper stickers, "K.O. the Kennedys"; the incredible hatred displayed by the Dallas *News*, and the handbills of JFK, "WANTED FOR TREASON." Manchester writes that every man's act "is conditioned by his time and his society." John Wilkes Booth, for instance, committed murder "in a city swarming with Southern sympathizers and . . . seditious talk."

The Death of a President shows the strain under which it was written, as a host of people relived "the most dreadful hours of their lives" with the author. Had the Kennedy family merely wanted to set the record straight, they should have approached some cut-and-dried academician who would have marshaled the facts with cold objectivity. Instead, their choice fell upon a highly emotional and subjective writer who identified himself with John F. Kennedy, his time, and his generation. They should have foreseen that the facts would not remain inert under his fingers, that the whole horror would blaze forth again with compounded intensity.

Mercifully, there are long and sometimes tedious stretches between the high peaks of emotion. In general, the book is in good taste, with few lapses; however, it is occasionally confusing in its overdramatic use of the Civil Service code names and marred here and there by slang, which should have been eliminated by the editors. At times an artist with words, Manchester in other instances stumbles through them.

The advantages of recording history while the participants are alive are diminished by the possibility of error as the facts must be drawn, not from the unchanging record, but from that most undependable of recording instruments the human memory. It would be interesting to speculate whether those Kennedy partisans who so vehemently attack William Manchester for that "distortion" or this would have criticized anything at all if *The Death of a President* had remained the officially sanctioned "Kennedy book."

D.O.M., A.D. 2167

By John Frederick Nims

WHEN I've outlived three plastic hearts, or four,
Another's kidneys, corneas (*beep!*), with more
Unmentionable rubber, nylon, such—
And when (*beep!*) in a steel drawer (DO NOT TOUCH!),
Mere brain cells in a saline wash, I thrive
With thousands, taped to quaver out, "Alive!"—
God grant that steel two wee (*beep!*) eyes of glass
To glitter wicked when the nurses pass.

A.D. 2267

Once on the gritty moon (burnt earth hung far
In the black, rhinestone sky—lopsided star),
Two gadgets, with great fishbowls for a head,
Feet clubbed, hips loaded, shoulders bent. She said,
"Fantasies haunt me. A green garden. Two
Lovers aglow in flesh. The pools so blue!"
He whirrs with masculine pity, "Can't forget
Old superstitions? The earth-legend yet?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hunters Become the Hunted

The Murderers Among Us: The Simon Wiesenthal Memoirs, *edited by Joseph Wechsberg (McGraw-Hill. 340 pp. $6.95), tells how single-handedly and almost without funds a private Jewish detective bureau has brought to justice some 900 of the more than 160,000 Nazis wanted for war crimes. Alexander Donat, author of "The Holocaust Kingdom," has written on the catastrophe of European Jewry in Dissent, Judaism, and Commentary.*

By ALEXANDER DONAT

SIMON WIESENTHAL was liberated in May 1945 from Mauthausen Concentration Camp in Upper Austria, at the age of thirty-six. Before the war an architect in Lvov, Poland, he had spent four terrible years behind barbed wires, and lost ninety members of his family. By a succession of miracles, he and his wife survived.

His career as a Nazi hunter began shortly after his liberation.

> It was ten o'clock on the morning of May 5, 1945 [his narrative begins], when I saw a big gray tank with a white star on its side and the American flag waving from the turret. . . . I wanted to touch the star, but I was too weak. I had survived to see this day, but I couldn't make the last hundred yards. . . . My knees gave way and I fell on my face. . . . The next day my friends accompanied me to an office in the building that had formerly been the camp headquarters. A handwritten sign WAR CRIMES was on the door. . . .
>
> I saw American officers behind desks who interrogated SS men who stood at attention in front of them. . . . An SS man was brought into the room. Instinctively I turned my head sideward so he wouldn't see me. He had been a brutal guard; . . . [he] would whip the prisoner's face with the riding crop he always carried. The sight of this man had always brought cold sweat to the back of my neck.
>
> Now I stared; I couldn't believe it. The SS man was trembling, just as we had trembled before him. . . . He was no longer a superman; he made me think of a trapped animal. . . . I saw the trembling SS man—a contemptible, frightened coward in his black uniform. . . .
>
> I went to the War Crimes office and offered my services.

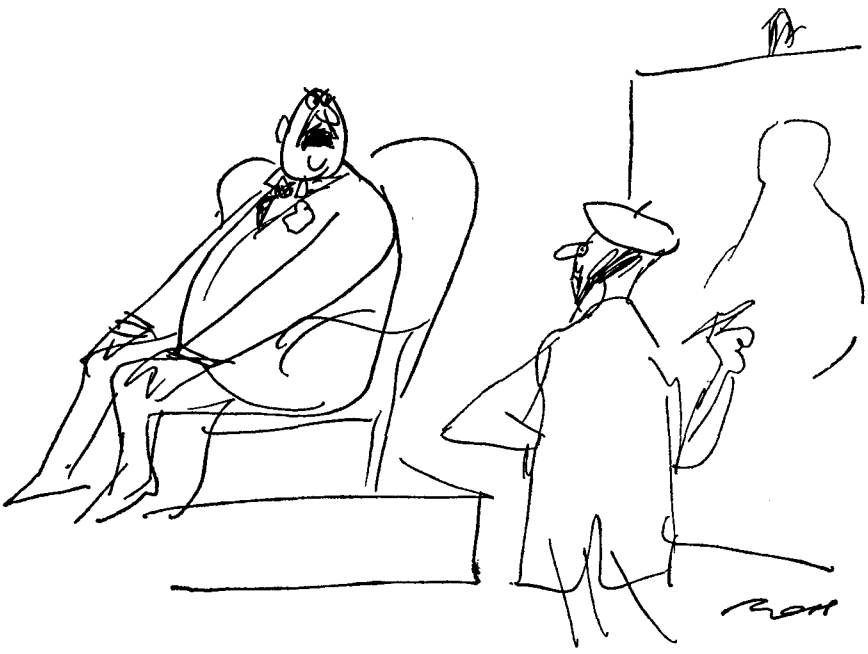
Wiesenthal was subsequently employed by the War Crimes Commission, the United States Office of Stragetic Services and the Counter-Intelligence Corps. In 1947 he set up a small Documentation Center on his own in Linz, Austria, and continued it later in Vienna, where he gathered more documents, photographs, and affidavits. His card index of Nazi criminals now contains 22,500 names.

Among his most spectacular successes were, naturally, his contribution to the detection of Eichmann's whereabouts, which he describes in detail; the location of the Viennese police inspector Karl Silberbauer, the Gestapo man who arrested Anne Frank; Franz Murer, the Wilna Gestapo chief responsible for the deaths of 80,000 Jews; and—recently—the arrest of the notorious murderer Franz Stangl, the former commandant of Treblinka and Sobibor death camps, where at least 700,000 Jews were annihilated. In addition to these famous cases, he describes his unsuccessful search for Josef Mengele, the murderous Auschwitz doctor. And he relates the story of Alex, the *Halbjude* (half-Jew) who became an SS man, then after the war was one of Wiesenthal's closest collaborators. He tells of Frau Keller, the *gemütlich* German housewife who suddenly discovered that her husband had been a cold-blooded mass murderer; and Ruth, the Jewish bride-to-be of the half-crazed selection doctor, Babor; and Frau C., the Jewish wife of a former Nazi general, and many others.

A special chapter is devoted to ODESSA, which stands for "Organisation der SS-Angehörigen" (Organization of SS Members), a secret escape structure of the SS underground after 1945. Even before the collapse of the Third Reich tremendous amounts of money (estimated by experts at between $750 million and $1 billion) were put aside and hidden by the Nazis in various parts of the world. With this fund an underground railway was set up, a thorough and efficient network of hostels, hideouts, document forgers, and professional smugglers that channeled fleeing Nazis to the secure havens of Italy, Spain, South America, and Near East. Among its most prominent clients were the *Führer's* deputy Martin Bormann, Adolf Eichmann, and hundreds of others.

The Murderers Among Us reads like a fascinating detective thriller. Sickening at times, it eventually provides the warm satisfaction of following a righteous job well done. You just can't lay the book down until it is finished.

Of the 22,500 names on his list, Wiesenthal has managed to bring to justice some 900 in the past twenty years—a fantastic record for an individual, but a drop in the bucket compared with the enormity of the task. The master list of the official Central Agency for the Prosecution of Nazi Crimes in Ludwigsburg (West Germany) includes 160,000 names. The very existence of a private Jewish detective bureau which



"Paint me with bold strokes, or don't paint me at all!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unabetted and almost without funds, but with incredible tenacity and devotion, has done a government's job proves the dismal failure of the Germans in cleaning their own house. Had the postwar Germans (and Austrians) devoted to the Nazi search one hundredth of the energy the Gestapo had used in order to locate and send to death one single hidden Jewish child, a Wiesenthal would have no *raison d'être*. His very existence is Germany's shame. And viewed against this background his book and his activity acquire an entirely different dimension. It mirrors the depth of the German tragedy, which is also the tragedy of Europe.

Since the end of the war through 1964, 80,000 sentences against Nazi criminals have been passed, of which only 6,115 were handed down by West German courts; all the others were imposed by Allied Powers, formerly occupied countries (the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia), and East Germany.

Austria, by Mr. Wiesenthal's appraisal, turns out to be the most vicious and incorrigible of all German lands. Every tenth Austrian was a member of the Nazi party, a higher percentage than in Germany. "Although the Austrians accounted for only 8 per cent of the population of the Third Reich, about one-third of all people working for the SS extermination machinery were Austrians." Besides Hitler himself and Adolf Eichmann, among the hangmen were the the following Austrians: Odilo Globocn in charge of the extermination camps in Poland and chief of the *Einsatz Reinhard*; Franz Stangl, commandant of Treblinka and Sobibor; the dreaded Gestapo chief Ernst Kaltenbrunner; Franz Murer, the butcher of the Wilna ghetto; Eduard Roschmann in Riga; Arthur Seyss-Inquart and Walter Rauter, responsible for the deportation of 110,000 Dutch Jews. Of the 5,000 names on the list of war criminals active in Yugoslavia, where two million people were killed, half are Austrians.

The trembling SS man who so deeply impressed Wiesenthal in 1945, belongs —alas—to ancient history now. After the first shock of Nuremberg and the twelve subsequent trials, which most Germans resented anyway as the "victors' vengeance," after the many zigzags and inconsistencies of the Allies' denazification policy, came the Cold War, and with it a virtual amnesty. The job was handed over to the Germans themselves, and the results are at hand. The Germans soon made peace with the idea that "it is our German fate to live with the murderers," and Nazis were readmitted to all walks of life. The state offices, the judiciary, the police force, industry and army, legal and medical professions were flooded by ex-Nazis, unrepentant but forgiven. The Chancellor himself is an erstwhile Nazi, and even the chief official Nazi hunter, Erwin Schüle, turned out to be an old party member.

In 1951 three SS generals founded an organization of former armed SS known as HIAG, which stands for "Hilfsgemeinschaft auf Gegenseitigkeit der Soldaten der ehemaligen Waffen-SS" (Mutual Aid Society of former Waffen-SS Soldiers), and became the spokesman for the 400,000 Waffen-SS veterans. They are no longer trembling and afraid. "No other unit sought God so much" is their slogan now. They enjoy pensions, all civil rights, and are part of the largest voters' group in Germany.

No wonder the historian Golo Mann, Thomas Mann's son, asserts, "If we are to be exact about the guilt . . . one-half of our nation would have to sit as judges of the other half. We have to accept the insolubility of the whole problem. . . . The guilty generations will get old and die. Never can a clean table be made with them."

So let's get used to the idea that the streetcar conductor or, for that matter, the postman, or milkman, or bank teller may have been a child murderer, and the lovely saleslady or waitress a former concentration camp overseer. Mass murderers look at you, shake your hands, and you are reconciled to the "German fate": to live with murderers. No wonder Nazi trials are more and more often a miserable travesty of justice, and the sentences are sheer mockery or outright acquittals. Documentation of cases grows more and more difficult, complains Wiesenthal. Procurement of witnesses, after twenty-odd years, becomes an impossibility. Skilled, unscrupulous lawyers take advantage of the many intricate loopholes to confuse and entrap the highly emotional witnesses with a legal code and procedure entirely inadequate for the unprecedented crime of genocide—witnesses forlorn in a hostile atmosphere, in courts where often the judges, the prosecutors, the defendants, their lawyers, and the audience are former Nazis.

The untiring efforts of Wiesenthal and the few "other Germans" are increasingly getting to be a labor of Sisyphus in a Germany that has never known the real shock of guilt, the profound sense of atonement, the moral crisis of true repentance. More and more, to our deep distress, we are reinforced in our pessimistic, but not unexpected, conclusion that the "other Germany" is not necessarily the genuine one.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

CHARACTER SKETCHES

The quoted lines from Shakespeare are what a character in the first column said about another in the third column. Lydia Mayfield of Halstead, Kansas, wants you to figure out who said what about whom. All ends well on page 45.

Antony ( )	1. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in.	A. Brutus
Enobarbus ( )	2. A thing divine; for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.	B. Claudius
Hamlet ( )	3. She began to scold and raise up such a storm That mortal ears might hardly endure the din.	C. Cleopatra
Helena ( )	4. One that loved not wisely but too well.	D. Coriolanus
Katharine ( )	5. Other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry Where most she satisfies.	E. Ferdinand
Malcolm ( )	6. A king of shreds and patches.	F. Hermia
Menenius ( )	7. His life was gentle and the elements So mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, "This was a man"	G. Katharina
Miranda ( )	8. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes.	H. Macbeth
Othello ( )	9. She was a vixen when she went to school, And though she be but little, she is fierce.	I. Othello
Tranio ( )	10. I grant him bloody, Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin.	J. Wolsey

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diverted by Infanticide

On Iniquity: Some Personal Reflections Arising Out of the Moors Murder Trial, *by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Scribners. 142 pp. $3.95), poses questions but postulates no answers concerning what in contemporary society causes sane people to do "pointless" wrong. Daniel Lyons teaches social philosophy at Colorado State University in Fort Collins.*

By DANIEL LYONS

A YOUNG man who read de Sade and a young woman he dominated murdered several children with sadistic flourishes. The flourishes were apparently so considerable that Pamela Hansford Johnson (novelist wife of C. P. Snow) has written this little book partly to exorcise the horror she felt at hearing about them during Britain's sensational "Moors Murder Trial." She talks around these horrors without detailing them, declining to add to the violence pornography available. The title embodies her conviction that "psychosis" is not the automatic excuse for "pointless" murder. Sane people do "pointless" wrong just for the thrill of it—this is her definition of iniquity—and she suggests that Ian Brady and Myra Hindley may have murdered simply for the excitement of doing a great wrong. She also suggests that perhaps one root of these strange deeds might be a lack of empathy, an "affectlessness," possibly caused by reading some of the violence pornography that has flooded England in the last decade.

Miss Johnson says that she is not proposing answers but questions. She questions the contemporary Pop psychological dogma of "catharsis": the belief that fantasy-violence always substitutes for real violence, instead of inciting readers to it. If the spate of sadistic books were known to have incited even one wretched reader, she asks, would absolute freedom of expression be worth the price of one child's torture? Not that Miss Johnson asks for any extension of legal censorship, being pessimistic about its feasibility; she calls instead for voluntary self-censorship by publishers. (She does remark, however, that one could argue the need for new ideas to make legal censorship feasible, rather than reject its very possibility.)

Miss Johnson's concern here seems to be to take the glamorous edge off the notion of total freedom of expression. For instance, she questions the customary Leftist defense of the right to publish cheap sadistic fantasies. In the first place, this freedom seems closer to certain Right-wing freedoms, such as the right of free enterprise to pollute the air in the process of making money, and the right to buy guns by mail order, so treasured by American Minutemen. She also points out that an overactive fantasy-sex life usually makes a person completely passive as a citizen, a political castrate.

These are good points, decent and thoughtful. Nevertheless much of Miss Johnson's analysis is frustrating. For instance, she contrasts her "iniquity" hypothesis about such deeds of horror with the determinist hypothesis: "They couldn't help it." But perhaps Brady and Hindley *couldn't* help killing just for the thrill of doing wrong. (Miss Johnson plays with this possibility herself when she asks if murderers like poets may not be born rather than made.) Again, she believes the defendants when they describe their own coldness during the dreadful deeds, and yet she finds incredible their claim that they killed because they were bored. However, in view of the common preference for being thought wicked rather than crazy, one could guess that such torturers may have yelled and salivated considerably during the act, then posed as cold and affectless just from embarrassment. As for boredom, I myself have seen bored factory workers drive a colleague to suicide, showing no emotion when the results of their teasing became known; real boredom can be a frantic, capital agony.

And these factory workers never read de Sade. An analysis that traces such callousness to pornography rather than to the frustrations of industrial life and the era of impersonal war seems implausible to me. Miss Johnson sensibly notes that the horrors of Dresden, Coventry, and Hiroshima do not diminish at all the evil of a single child's screams. But this misses the main point: to keep functioning at all in this age of cool incineration, a man *must* make himself affectless.

Like the tortures, the pornography is most likely a symptom rather than a cause; both could be attempts to cope with a life of tedious horror, the norm of our day. What is more, sadists may account for much less pain and death and callousness today than do normal good men. Miss Johnson disapproves of monster movies, but exonerates Westerns, where the blood is shed under the rubric of morality. Vampires, however, are satiable—while good men never tire of killing for freedom or justice or peace. One clean young pilot right out of Steve Canyon can easily perpetrate carnage that would awe a whole monster assembly. Here Miss Johnson is a staunch representative of the old Left, believers in the doctrine that good political intentions purify torture, rather than unleash it.

One can't fault her book if the answers suggested are weak, since she claims only to put forth questions, and many of the questions are interesting. A reader can complain though that the questions themselves are neither well-ordered nor precisely put.

"Dinner . . . !"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soul-Searching Under the Sea

***Go to the Widow-Maker,** by James Jones (Delacorte. 618 pp. $7.50), concerns a successful playwright who pursues dangerous undersea adventures in a search for meaningful experience. Chester E. Eisinger, professor of English at Purdue University, wrote "Fiction of the Forties."*

By CHESTER E. EISINGER

THE FAIREST appraisal of *Go to the Widow-Maker* might well be expressed in a series of antitheses. James Jones's ambitious new novel is by no means an unqualified success, but it is surely his best novel since *From Here to Eternity*. Although the book reveals considerable growth in Jones as a writer, it also makes apparent the pains that accompany growth as Jones deals uncertainly with areas of experience new to him—the realm of ideas and of the sophisticated and successful élite.

The new frontiers that Jones confronts are the undersea world and the sexual revolution, subjects that give the book an existential dimension. Out of his characteristic rebelliousness and out of his deep dissatisfaction with the conditions of life in this country, Jones has sought in this novel an intensification and expansion of experience. The hero of his book (and it is old-fashioned in that it has a hero) goes to Jamaica to learn skindiving. He wishes to search out a reality in the as yet uncharted world beneath the sea that will enable him to discover and affirm his manhood. He is aware that he needs more meaningful experiences than any he has had in the last six or eight years in New York as the most successful playwright of his generation. Following a compulsive urge to put himself in jeopardy, he performs a series of increasingly difficult underwater feats, from skindiving with and without aqualung to the hunting of sharks in a ritualized imitation of primitive man; all of these are designed to demonstrate his virility. His ideal is Hemingway as the manly writer and athlete combined.

The second frontier is sex, where Hemingway's influence may also be felt. But Jones carries the sexual revolution well beyond Hemingway into the territory that Norman Mailer has lately been exploring with his existential hipsterism. One of the characters says that sex repression is the principal sickness in the United States. In rebellion against the sexual inhibitions and moralistic standards of the middle class, Jones embraces total candor, describing in detail the virtuoso sexual performances of his characters. The assertion of freedom in the language and action of sex is made in the name of individual fulfillment.

But, as in Mailer, the free-wheeling sexual life brings Jones into the world of fantasy, and his heroine is an unutterably beautiful adventuress of the bed, with a master's degree in political science, who boasts of having had four hundred men. Such freedom and license as she enjoys in the pursuit of her pleasure are no suitable prelude to the marriage she contracts. Jones insists on the conditions of the sexual revolution, but he discovers tensions within it; his heroine is insecure in the marriage relation, ashamed of her past, and fearful that her husband and others will call her a whore. Jones seems to want both marriage and freedom, but he does not face the altogether serious question as to whether they are compatible.

One of Jones's genuine achievements is to make the exploration of new territory mesh with the varied themes of liberation with which he deals. The two are held together by the search for individual freedom carried on by the rebel in action. The least satisfactory expression of this search is the criticism of the restraints placed upon men by society. In his attack on Madison Avenue and on the corporate organization of our lives Jones shows no originality and no sign of a social-political vision that might be dramatized by the fictional imagination. He is uncomfortable even with shopworn ideas. All he knows is that he is for the individual, non-team man.

He does considerably better in dealing with the Oedipal relationship of the playwright to his aging mistress. Some readers will see a close resemblance in these portions of the novel to Jones's own relationship to Lowney Handy, the Robinson, Illinois, matron who took him in, supported and encouraged him in his early writing years, and started the Handy Artists Group. In the novel the playwright is cast in the role of an ungrateful son and unfaithful lover, who is seeking to free himself from the psychological bondage imposed by a woman who has both helped and dominated him. She generates feelings of guilt in him in order to hold him as protégé and lover. But he tears loose because he feels that his dependence on her unmans him; and he marries the beautiful girl with the enormous sexual appetite.

THE book polarizes the male and female worlds, just as Kipling does in the "Harp Song of the Dane Women," the poem that gave Jones his title. The world of men is the sea, which offers adventure in the performance of manly deeds and opens the possibility of new truth. The world of women is the safe world of the land. Men love each other for their shared dangers in their own world, and are thus unable to establish anything more than a physical relationship with women.

But the playwright's bride thinks that the males' unceasing pursuit of virility is like a kid's game, and he himself comes to feel that he is condemned to demonstrating his manhood in daring exploit after exploit. As still another test of his courage he exposes himself deliberately to a physical beating, then undergoes a kind of epiphany: he sees that men act like small boys and take refuge in bravery because they hope to substitute it for the assumption of adult responsibilities.

The reader may be somewhat unnerved by this rejection of virility, because it has not been carefully prepared for in the novel. Coming only after the playwright has repeatedly certified his own courage, it is, moreover, difficult to accept. Jones presents us with a reversal in character and values that we are not convinced that he feels. Yet what he perceives here is a larger vision of experience than anything found in his previous books. Jones is leaving his old ideals, but with reluctance; and his imaginative powers are not yet fully prepared to cope with this new, extended range of sensibility and idea.

Despite this genuine advance, much of the same old Jones remains. He is still the writer from the lower depths, still contemptuous of the middle class. He still bulls his way through his own prose, indifferent to the niceties of art. He is, then, a writer suffering from tensions he has not previously felt. Out of his newly divided self James Jones has written a complex and in some ways satisfying novel.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fruits of Holocaust

***The 28th Day of Elul,** by Richard M. Elman (Scribners. 279 pp. $4.95), and **Nightmare of the Dark,** by Edwin Silberstang (Knopf. 338 pp. $5.95), represent sharply contrasting additions to the holocaust literature, the first pivoted on an "obscene bequest," the second on a bestial experience. "How the Fishes Live," by Joel Lieber, a free-lance journalist and short-story writer, will be published later this month.*

By JOEL LIEBER

IN RICHARD ELMAN'S novel, *The 28th Day of Elul,* an Israeli observes, "Everybody here thinks they have a story worth telling. The only trouble is, my friend, they are all remarkably alike."

Well, maybe. It does seem that there is no end to the stories about the holocaust, the curiously biblical, extraterrestrial name the Jews who survived have applied to the terror of their brothers who did not. Nor can one reasonably expect people—much less writers—to forget and go on to new subjects. The unimaginable events that befell the Jews of Europe provide, like war in general, an apparently unending amount of material for authors.

But whereas distance allows some to write funny books about men at war, no such liberty is possible for the holocaust subject. What now begins to vary, as these two novels demonstrate, is the telling, and in this there is a conscious attempt to find an individual method of narration, to find a unique style, a fresh framework, since otherwise the subject might appear belabored and overexploited.

Both these novels are the products of research and imagination, not personal experience. In Mr. Elman's book a New York lawyer informs Alex Yagodah, an Israeli, that his Uncle Bela's will can provide him with $40,000—*if* he can attest that he is a professing Jew and that he intends to raise his descendants in the ways of the Jewish law. What Uncle Bela was, and what befell Alex Yagodah, are unfolded in the anguished, soul-searching letters the latter composes to the lawyer. The letters blend into flashbacks, smoothly punctuated by Yagodah's present life on a settlement.

This is surely a device, a construction—and yet it works beautifully. *The 28th Day of Elul* comes off as an unequivocally honest book in the way that most recent novels are not honest books. Elman's Yagodah is aggressive, angry, bitter, and his words and ideas spit out at you. Primed by an ironic, stinging intelligence, sections in *Elul* are nothing short of masterly. It is among the few novels that one could read five years from now and still be moved and instructed by it.

Many will not like what Yagodah has to say about how Jews treated each other, both in the Hungary of the war years and in the Israel of today. But from the tremendous, painstaking detail that the author injects into his storyline, one senses the truth; one feels real flesh-and-blood people. Nor has Elman a chip on his shoulder: he takes Jews to task for nothing more than having the normal amount of failings.

Uncle Bela was an "old miser, who never once tried to help his dear ones when they really needed him, who pushed and cheated and stole" yet now, Yagodah complains, he "wants to know if my wife goes to the baths?" The narrator's father, who "had a high respect for the German mind and German progress," believed "all of Eastern Europe cries out for discipline." His mother concurred, and she could worry about a stain on her best tablecloth the night before their deportation. They were prosperous, small-town Hungarians who had little to do with the Jews who were not their kind (the neighboring peasant Jews and the Hasidim), and they had heard too many rumors to believe in any of them. The portrait of the town and its inhabitants and what happens when the Nazis arrive is as believable as the picture presented in the film *The Shop on Main Street.*

Nightmare of the Dark picks up where the Elman book never ventured—inside the death camp, to which a young German Jewish boy has been brought. The telling of it is starkly different from Elman's. Edwin Silberstang employs a flat, emotionless tone reminiscent of a technically competent translation. He catalogues the horrors: perverted guards, sadistic SS men, dogs who feed on genitals, the work at the ovens, an escape and a perils-of-Pauline train ride and boat chase. We have heard it before, but rarely in such graphic terms, and rarely told so quietly. In fact, it is too quiet.

ONE wonders whether the short staccato sentences are supposed to reflect a teen-ager's retelling of the events. Or is it just that the author does not care to get involved any further than his spare prose permits? There is no unifying viewpoint, and it all becomes too pat. The effect makes one uncomfortable. Somehow the subject does not lend itself to such understatement.

Lapses in the peculiar style occur on almost any page, lapses that work against believability. For example: " 'Do you know what freedom is, Robert? Do you know what it is to walk where you wish, to eat again, to sleep in beds with sheets and blankets, and to be away from death?' 'I know,' I said. 'I have dreamed of all these things.' 'Dream no more, Robert. We shall make your dreams a reality. That is my

"Now he shows up . . . Where was he in the tourist season?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise to you.' And we went to sleep. The next morning I awoke with hope in my heart."

Not that the Elman novel is without fault. Why must the narrator be saddled with his nasty cow of a wife? In terms of what he has already been through, are not the confessions of pederasty and various vices a bit gratuitous? (There are quite a few intriguing ambiguities in the novel, but these two don't add; they detract.) And not only does Uncle Bela disappear from the book, but his question is never answered. Yet, both are forgivable, for the Bela device becomes the platform for Mr. Elman's brilliant exposition—and, really, who is the author that he would dare to answer the questions raised by Bela's "obscene bequest"?

Tragic Transvestite: What twenty-year-old Roy Clark, the narrator and central figure of *I Want What I Want*, by Geoff Brown (Putnam, $4.95), wants is to be a woman. His conventional, lower-middle-class father beats him up, and Roy spends some time in an asylum for stealing a neighbor's panties from her washline. But he does not wish to change, and the stay in the asylum does not help him.

When, at twenty-one, he inherits £500 from his long-dead mother, Roy sees a chance to break away from his unsympathetic background and make his dreams come true—at least for a while. Although this sum is not enough to pay for the operation he longs for, it will allow him to masquerade as Wendy Ross, a pretty girl with long hair and lots of lovely dresses, living alone. And as long as womanhood for Roy consists only of this, he gets away with his disguise with amazing success. At first the idea of homosexuality repels him. Inevitably, however, he discovers that he has feelings, and then his story becomes tragic.

Mr. Brown has explored with honesty the thinking and emotions of a transvestite. A young man gloating over female underwear can easily be made to seem absurd or obscene, but Roy is neither. By telling the story in the first person the author avoids giving much explanation of why Roy became abnormal. With the tragic ending, however, he paints himself into a corner of technical difficulties.

Readers may doubt that "Wendy" could have appeared as convincingly female as Mr. Brown would have us believe. Roy, as Wendy, becomes close friends with two normal women. His sister, who comes looking for him knowing where he is living as a woman, does not recognize him. And finally he enjoys at least one passionate embrace with the normal man he comes to love. It seems unlikely that none of these people would have suspected the truth. Nevertheless, although he strains the reader's credulity, Mr. Brown has treated a difficult subject with insight and compassion.

—Elizabeth Easton.

Witches Next Door: Suppose you moved into a new apartment and gradually suspected your neighbors of witchcraft? Suppose the truth were revealed so slowly (though it's a badly kept secret) that before you were convinced, you were pregnant and using their obstetrician, drinking "vitamins" they prepared? And what if you suspected not only the doctor of being in the covine, but also your husband, a vain and ambitious actor who may, since he worships only his career, have sold his soul—or, worse, your unborn child?

When these hellish things happen to the heroine—a lapsed Catholic—of *Rosemary's Baby*, by Ira Levin (Random House, $4.95), she tries in vain to escape. To compound the chaos on earth and bad will to men, the newborn child disappears. Are they saving it for a Black Mass? Using a secret panel (planted on page 10), she sneaks next door. And what she finds—if you're still reading—is a revelation. Notice her name: Rose*mary*. Get it?

Of course, one is reluctant to give the book up as a dull and shallow mystery, so let's try a deeper reading. Suppose all this witches' brew is boiling inside Rosemary's gradually disordered mind. Rosemary, psychotic, hallucinates the ending, an inverted Gospel, in which her baby of June 25 is proclaimed the only begotten son of Satan. Is this Mr. Levin's way of saying that all mothers desire or will their sons' divinity, but that in a world where God is dead the devil's offspring replaces Jesus?

I think not. Rosemary Woodhouse, however sympathetic, is both too normal and too undeveloped a character to be mad. Neither psychology nor religion functions here as anything but plot device. The "profound" reading is tempting, although it makes the book terribly pretentious considering its trivial surface; but I'm not sure Mr. Levin intends the book to be read that way. No, *Rosemary's Baby* is just devilish fun and games, just plain bad news.

—Joan Joffe Hall.

Our Daily Gall and Wormwood: Like other Dutch writers of his generation, Jan Wolkers portrays a world that is at once senseless and significant. For him, as for others, the absurdity of life does not reduce it to mere triviality: the very pain it exacts invests it with sufficient meaning to justify the writer's efforts. Wolkers does not approach the subject with the bold playfulness of Gerard Kornelis van het Reve, nor with the philosophic interest of Willem Hermans. He is distinguished rather by his objectivity, his disinterested purpose, his honesty. The novels of these writers, now all in their forties, chronicle the failure of their protagonists, sensitive sons of insensitive doctrinaire fathers (Christian or Communist, it does not matter), who struggle to claim a freedom which will finally be useless to them, and who at last become as arid in spirit as the fathers before them.

In Wolkers's *A Rose of Flesh*, translated from the Dutch by John Scott (Braziller, $4.50), the hero, Daniel, and his father differ less in their hostility toward life than in what they hate about it. Both men live in wary expectation of evil; his father fears sin whereas Daniel is sickened by the daily horror of existing in a world where "everyone who dies is murdered," wantonly killed by the hostility of nature to life. The fear of death lies at the center of Daniel's anxiety, his self-absorption, his very being. It is so ordinary a woe that Wolkers clearly establishes Daniel as a sufferer from an endemic modern disease.

All the symptoms are disquietingly familiar: the broken marriage, the attempts at suicide, the desolate urban loneliness. With no recourse but the private life, and no belief in the reality of anything beyond his own states of consciousness, Daniel must live out his agony according to self-imposed rules which permit him neither escape nor alternative. And his experience itself, since he is so absolutely vulnerable to its effects on him, at once defines and threatens his precarious identity.

The accidental death of his small daughter is to Daniel the representative event of his life, and of all life. That his own responsibility in the accident is ambiguous only exacerbates his feeling of helplessness, his sense of man's inability to determine events, his despair over the breach that widens between our intentions and acts and their consequences.

Wolkers has contributed to our understanding of the alienated personality; but his novel is finally not satisfying, for the senselessness and pain it records—as well as the passivity and lust for apocalyptic violence it reveals in its hero—are too monotonously reiterated, and frequently seem less a condition of the character than a message from the author. By insisting that there is no more than despair Wolkers weakens the effect his main character can have. And despair itself, when examined from so fixed a position, at such stiflingly close quarters, becomes all too often merely oppressive and dreary.

—Manfred Wolf.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clairvoyant with Soap Box

Mrs. Satan: The Incredible Saga of Victoria C. Woodhull, *by Johanna Johnston (Putnam. 319 pp. $5.95), and* ***Vicky: A Biography of Victoria C. Woodhull,*** *by M. M. Marberry (Funk & Wagnalls. 344 pp. $5.95), describe a beautiful, fiery iconoclast who espoused, among other causes, woman suffrage and free love. Lillian Gilkes is the author of "Cora Crane: A Biography of Mrs. Stephen Crane."*

By LILLIAN GILKES

WHEN a biographer takes for subject a figure who has long passed from public memory and been written about by others, there must be at least one good reason for the choice. The reason may lie in a fresh interpretation, or in the addition of material that casts new light on the life, personality, and achievements of the subject in relation to his time.

Johanna Johnston and M. M. Marberry assumed their task with several strikes against them: Emanie Sachs's earlier biography of Victoria Woodhull, an exceedingly good one; Paxton Hibben's magnificent study of Henry Ward Beecher, which reads as well today as ever it did forty years ago and remains, for its careful documentation, the criterion by which later undertakings must be judged; and, by no means least, Gerald W. Johnson's pungently delightful sketch of Victoria—that "splinter of the indestructible," as one reporter called her—in *The Lunatic Fringe*. Both authors have extended their probings into contemporary newspaper coverage of "the Woodhull's" sallies into Wall Street, free love, women's rights, and social reform; and they have dug more deeply into the files of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, the lively journal founded by Victoria and her sister Tennessee, than Hibben, his interest centered on Beecher, had occasion to do. Miss Johnston, in her very readable book—which gets its title from a cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* by Thomas Nast—provides also emphatic insight.

A prolific author of juveniles and textbooks for children, Miss Johnston became interested in Victoria Woodhull while working on a study of Harriet Beecher Stowe, her first large undertaking. The capacity of these two for causing public commotions on a nationwide scale, though poles apart in the social hierarchy, was for her the key to their fascination.

Mr. Marberry begins his story with the opening of the brokerage firm of Woodhull & Claflin amid the sporty elegance of New York's Hoffman House—a development aided by the financial backing of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who had taken a shine to Tennessee and often consulted both sisters, clairvoyants, in matters spiritualistic. The book suffers from too much foreshortening. Character depth is constantly sacrificed to the sensational reporting of events. Which is a pity, for Mr. Marberry's bibliography is impressive, and he writes with wit and considerable skill.

There are regrettable inaccuracies, most notably his referring to Henry James's *The Siege of London* as "The Siege of Paris"—though the title is given correctly in the index. James scholars will get a shock from the categorical statement that "Vicky," who by this time had moved on to England and married the handsome, wealthy, aristocratic head of the oldest banking house, was the prototype of Mrs. Headway in that story. Miss Johnston, more cautious, allows that James probably had in mind a composite from the large number of American women with a "past" who strove indefatigably to breach London society.

"Incredible" is the word for Victoria, but Miss Johnston is more successful than Mr. Marberry in making her believable; she takes her with her passionately held iconoclastic views seriously. If anything, too seriously. Miss Johnston shows that this beautiful, fiery, conservatively dressed woman who spoke from a platform with the tongue of seraphs and charmed audiences with supernal magnetism was briefly a power in the woman suffrage movement. Her friendship with Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who, to be sure, did not always agree with her, rested on unshakable belief in her integrity. Many of Victoria's reformist ideas seem mild enough today: She stood for equal rights in marriage, divorce, the holding of property. She maintained that the prostitution evil would remain so long as it put money into the pockets of those profiting by it; therefore, houses of prostitution should, she said, be licensed as a protection against police graft, and periodic health examinations be made to eradicate venereal disease.

THE sordidness of Victoria and Tennessee's childhood, described by Miss Johnston, recalls that of Marilyn Monroe; we see the two angelically beautiful girls dragged about the country in a wagon, exhibited, exploited by ignorant, shiftless parents as fortune-tellers and quack healers. By these dubious means they supported the awful Claflin swarm, long after Victoria's marriage at fifteen to the debauched alcoholic and drug addict, Canning Woodhull. So one understands and sympathizes with the psychological drives to escape from that environment which brought Victoria to her burning espousal of, among other causes, free love and, finally, to public repudiation of her adulterous past.

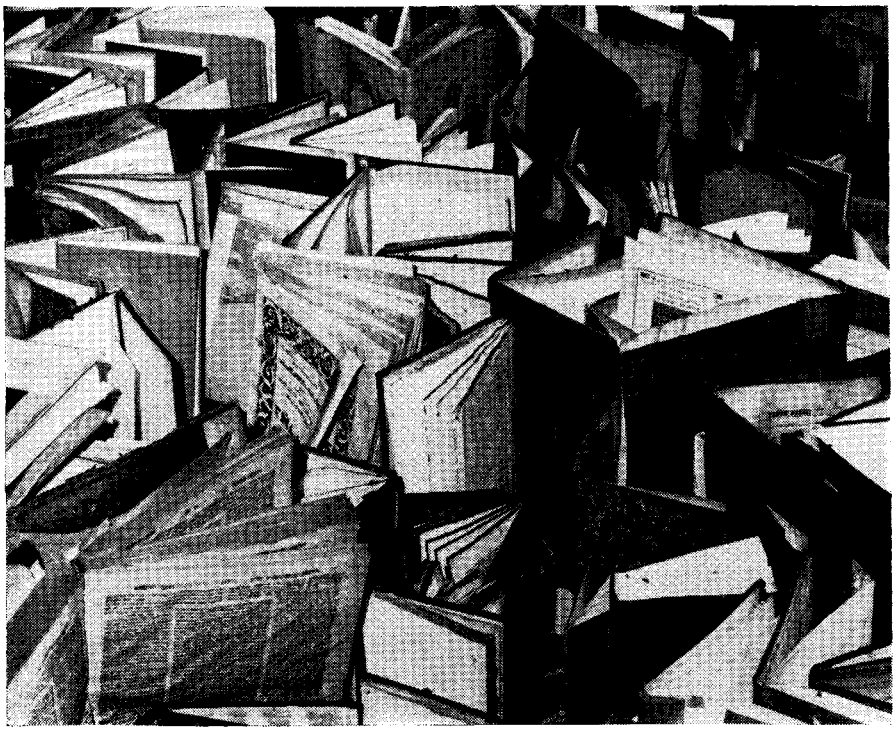
Without wishing to sound captious, it must be said that Miss Johnston takes Victoria too much at her own valuation. Her impact on her time was certainly terrific, but that she actually changed the thinking of America in regard to sex is going pretty far. It took Dr. Freud and a world war to do that.

Nevertheless, Miss Johnston may well become an important writer if she will pay a little more attention to the techniques of scholarship. One has no objection to fictionized biography so long as it is clearly indicated where factual reporting ends and fictionizing begins. The serious biographer, however, must keep a certain distance from his subject, a vantage point allowing him to sift his material so that he may be interpreter as well as narrator. Although Miss Johnston rather scants her job as interpreter, *Mrs. Satan* is an absorbing and entertaining book.

—Cartoon by Thomas Nast in Harper's Weekly.

"Mrs. Satan"—"supernal magnetism."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Arnold Katz, Jewish Theological Seminary.*

Seventy thousand volumes were beyond salvage.

Operation Booklift

JUST a year ago this week, on Monday April 18, 1966, the quiet mid-morning routine of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America was broken by a cry of "Fire!" A maintenance man, entering the ten-story stack tower that houses the Seminary's 200,000 books, smelled smoke. An alarm was sounded, bringing the first of thirty-five fire companies to the campus at 122nd Street and Broadway in New York City. For the next five hours, working from the balcony at the top of the tower, firemen fed water into the upper three floors of the stacks. By early evening the choking clouds of smoke had cleared sufficiently so that some idea of the damage could be grasped: three levels completely gutted, everything below them drenched with water. The largest library of its kind—a treasury of Judaic and Hebraic culture—had apparently been destroyed. Preliminary estimates put the loss at two million dollars.

The shock this unintentional book-burning gave to Seminary officials is difficult to describe. A destructive fire is the main dread of any educational institution, and its library is the most vulnerable of its resources. New equipment can be purchased, buildings rebuilt; but books may be irreplaceable, especially when they are long out-of-print, include incunabula and rare manuscripts, and speak for a specialized field of knowledge. This was substantially the case at the Seminary. "It was somewhat like the sinking of the *Titanic*," a staff member declared ruefully. "No one believed it could happen—at least not to us."

The fire itself was unique and, like the aftermath of the *Titanic* disaster, provided lessons that hopefully will prevent similar catastrophes in the future. The library tower, constructed in 1929, was a model of efficient book-stacking—and an almost perfect incinerator. The tall structure had few windows or side-wall vents; metal shelves formed a continuous scaffolding from bottom to top, and the "floors" were actually catwalks, leaving the inner core of the tower an open silo. Once the fire had started, a more effective chimney could hardly be imagined.

Fortunately, the flames began at the eighth level and worked up, or the entire library might have disappeared. As it was, when Dr. Menahem Schmelczer, the head librarian, was permitted to inspect the damage, he saw at once that some 70,000 volumes were beyond salvage. These were part of twenty-six distinct collections, including liturgical manuscripts, the Jacob Schiff papers, a group of Torah scrolls from the Danzig Jewish community dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; an unusual file of notes for the *Thesaurus of Medieval Hebrew Poetry*; a collection of 8,000 scholarly volumes rich in the liturgy and history of Judaism.

Dr. Schmelczer and his staff immediately turned to the seven floors of water-logged books—about 150,000 volumes that form the Seminary's working library. Not a collection of their really "rare" books in the strict sense—the Seminary housed these in a separate division, which was not affected by the fire—the library nevertheless comprises the most complete record of Judaic culture in existence. It is especially rich in primary sources for research in the Bible, Jewish philosophy, liturgy, Semitic philology, Biblical commentaries, and medieval Hebrew poetry. Dr. Schmelczer recalls that when the fire was first discovered he ordered everyone out of the reading room. A research scholar was so deeply immersed in an early illuminated manuscript that he went right on reading, oblivious of the fact that the library was in danger of burning down over his head. "It was with some difficulty that I persuaded him to leave," Dr. Schmelczer said.

The realization that a collection of such magnitude and value might not be readily, if ever, reassembled led the staff to an immediate decision. In spite of the popular dictum that "water-damaged books could not be saved," they proceeded to save them. Until the flooding of the Arno in Florence seven months later, probably nothing in the book world has equalled the salvage that began on April 19. On this date, a Tuesday, the Seminary's faculty and students began to remove 150,000 waterlogged books from their shelves.

As word of this rescue effort spread, the volunteers were joined by students from Union Theological Seminary, Columbia, Barnard, and Yeshiva. A human chain, winding its way up the staircase inside the tower, passed the books from hand to hand down to the reading room, or "evacuation center," as Dr. Schmelczer likes to think of it. Swollen, warped, in some cases falling apart, the volumes were hastily examined by teams of scholars stationed at strategic intervals, and the most valuable put aside for immediate attention. The remainder were carried into the auditorium, the gym, classrooms, offices, even bathrooms, and, when these were filled, to the basements of nearby apartment houses. "Operation Booklift" lasted until April 26.

Now the real work in Phase I of the recovery had just begun. While speed was essential in removing the volumes,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

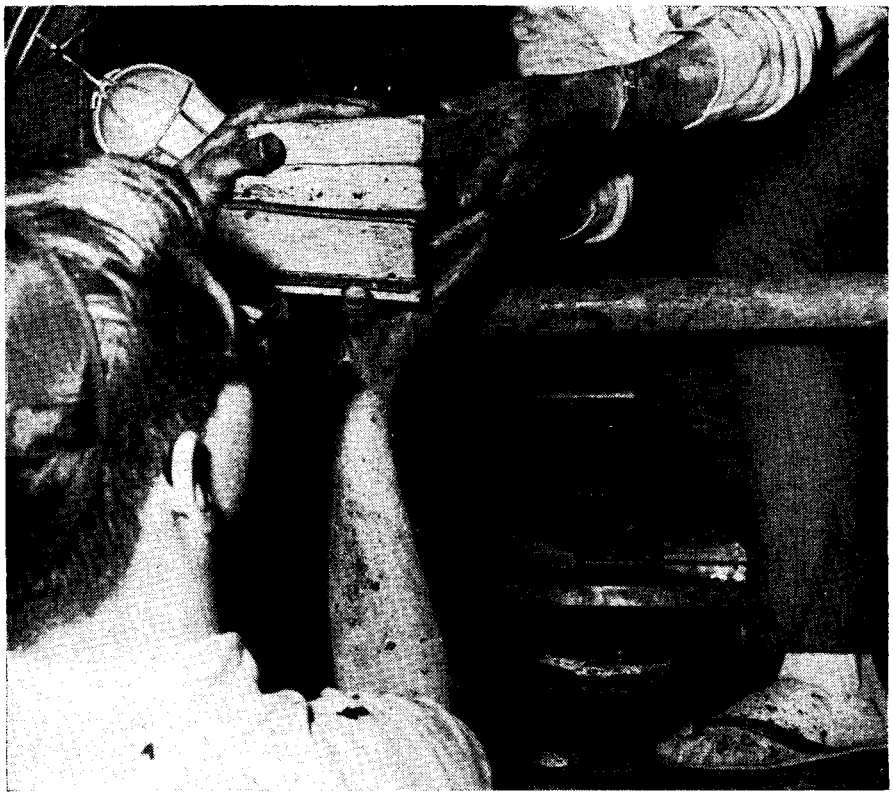
it was equally necessary in drying them out. Mildew was the threat; as an experiment, a quick-freezing process was tried at the Evans Research and Development Laboratory in midtown Manhattan. Books were "frozen" at minus 60 degrees Fahrenheit, then "thawed" dry. At the same time, four microwave ovens were brought into the Seminary and damp books were "baked" until the moisture had evaporated. Unfortunately, both methods were so slow that not more than 150 books a week could have been handled. Another process had to be found.

Already rescue personnel, working around the clock, had been applying first aid. Books were opened and placed on end; sometimes they were hung on clotheslines while fans circulated warm air through the room, and dehumidifiers absorbed the moisture. But none of this pried apart any stuck pages or removed melted glue. Mass drying would not do the job. At this point someone suggested inserting paper towels between each pair of pages in every damaged book. A formidable prospect, but it promised to work.

The immediate result was to exhaust the supply of paper towels throughout the metropolitan area. Stores trucked over their entire stock; warehouses were depleted. The method was tedious and time-consuming; it involved an estimated two-and-a-half million separate operations, as volunteers patiently placed the sheets of toweling between the wet pages, pressed the book shut, and removed the paper twenty-four hours later. Literally a "bulking" operation beyond the wildest imagination of a publisher, it turned two-inch volumes into foot-thick tomes.

Students, friends, neighbors who heard of the emergency came every day; many could not read a word of the books they were drying (half of all the volumes were in Hebraic characters) and few of these outside volunteers would ever have occasion to use the Seminary's library. Yet they were aware that something precious was at stake. The resuscitation efforts transcended the mere salvage of physical property; next to a person, a book is something that lives.

The final treatment in Phase I was the application of an alcohol rub wherever residual dampness threatened to create mold. This meant re-examining the dried-out volumes, sorting those that needed more attention, and finding a place to store the books as they came off the critical list. Eventually, some 60,000 were moved to the Medical Library at Fifth Avenue and 102nd Street (although not for medical reasons) while the remainder were put into cartons and stacked in the Seminary gym. By September the de-molding operations had been completed. The 1966-67 academic year opened the following month. "We found ourselves with 150,000 books but no library," Dr. Schmelczer relates. He glumly surveyed the thoroughly jumbled volumes. They were stacked without reference to catalogue order; serial publications were incomplete; at least two-thirds of the books no longer had usable bindings.



—*Arnold Katz, Jewish Theological Seminary.*

"A human chain, winding its way up the staircase inside the tower, passed the books from hand to hand."

PHASE II of the project began at this point. The immediate need was for a nucleus library that would serve the minimal needs of the student body. Many of the required volumes were not available from the salvaged items, but by midsummer the Seminary had begun to receive several thousand gift books from among the duplicates in such institutions as the New York Public Library, Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, and the Brooklyn Jewish Center. Money, too, had been donated—$100,000 from the Ford Foundation alone—and gaps still remaining were filled by the purchase of special collections. One way or another, a working library of 10,000 volumes—housed in the periodical room—was ready for the opening of school.

With Phase III, convalescence began. It continues today. Like many disasters, the fire led to new opportunities. Burning down a library is not recommended as an excuse to recatalogue it, but once the damage had been done Seminary officials decided to adopt the more universally employed Library of Congress system, which includes additional subject categories and is decidedly more adaptable to special collections than the Dewey Decimal system. Equally important was the decision to put on microfilm all of the library's rare books and manuscripts, most of which could probably not be replaced in case of another fire. With the assistance of University Microfilms, this work was begun in July.

The major restoration effort, however, is devoted to getting the 150,000 salvaged books back on their shelves. Early in 1967 a large prefabricated structure was erected in the courtyard of the Seminary, and all activities were transferred to this location. A staff of eighteen librarians, library school students, Hebrew scholars, bibliographers, and clerks was hired to put Phase III on a continuing and professional basis. Here, books are examined for the condition of their binding and, when necessary, shipped to commercial binderies for new covers. Of an estimated 100,000 volumes that will require such repairs, 20,000 have been restored to date. Charred edges and water stains sometimes remain on the inside pages—survival scars that will remind future students of the great fire of 1966—but the books are whole and sturdy. When completed, this operation alone will cost at least $400,000.

But what of the volumes that were burned beyond repair? Assembled in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

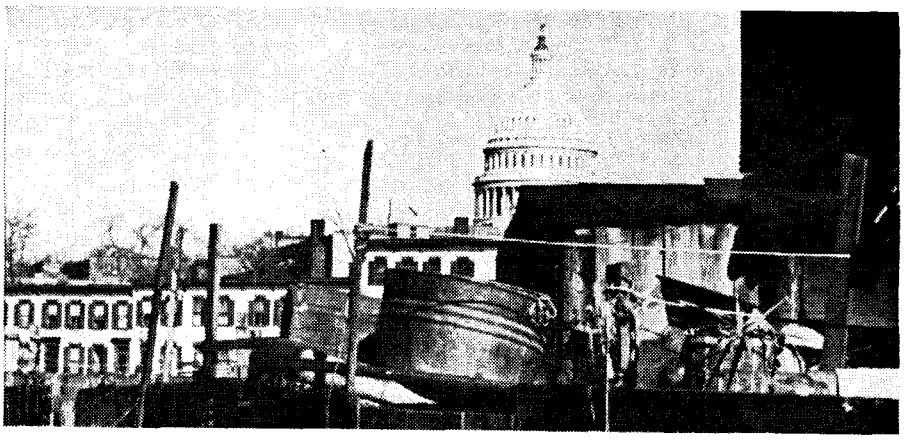
prefab building today are catalogues from all the great libraries in the world. Three bibliographers specializing in Hebrew search out books to replace those still required to fill out the seventy thousand lost items. At the same time, a catalogue of needed titles is being circulated to libraries and private sources. Gradually, duplicates of many of the missing books are being located; if these cannot be purchased, photocopies will be made and the new pages bound. Sometimes only a few pages are required to complete a book otherwise usable; these, too, will be copied and bound into the original volume.

THIS world-wide search is just getting into full swing. The thrill of discovering an obscure title in the British Museum, the Bodleian in Oxford, the Sorbonne, or perhaps the Library of Congress is offset by numerous quests that refuse to yield a clue. If anyone knows of a copy of the *Liturgical Book According to the Rites of the Jews of India,* published in Amsterdam in 1684, please speak up. Where is F. Wustenfeld's *History of Arabic Physicians and Scientists* (Gottingen, 1840), or the *Sifte Jeshsenim,* a Hebrew scientific bibliography dating from the latter part of the seventeenth century?

Yet page by page, book by book, the library is, in more than just a figurative sense, rising from its ashes. New catalogue cards, supplied by the Library of Congress, are replacing the well-thumbed originals—a process that will take ten years to complete. Rebinding alone is expected to require four years. In a few cases burned books are being restored by photographing them with ultraviolet light on xerographic paper, but this is expensive and can be done only when the pages have not crumbled. For most of its missing volumes the library depends on gifts or the purchase of duplicates.

The lessons learned from the fire and its aftermath add up to what might be called a useful guide to library disasters. (Dr. Schmelczer, in fact, spent three weeks in Florence last November consulting with librarians there on the Seminary's experiences.) Speed in removing the damaged books is vital; immediate drying is imperative. There is no substitute for hand labor. Community good will is an intangible asset that cannot be overestimated. And, finally, restoration of all but the most hopelessly burned books is possible if the spirit as well as the hand is willing. Something of this spirit is found in an inscription on the façade of the library tower at the Jewish Theological Seminary; taken from Exodus, it is prophetic even beyond its reference to Moses: "And the bush was not consumed."

—DAVID DEMPSEY.



Black and White in Washington

THE SECRET CITY

A History of Race Relations in the Nation's Capital by the Pulitzer Prize winning author of Washington, Village and Capital, *Constance McLaughlin Green.*

Now, a full study of what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., called "the most original part of Mrs. Green's work" —the history of the relationship between Washington's two communities: its dominant white population and its sizable—and secret—Negro community. The efforts of the white and Negro communities to understand each other and to work together make a fascinating but often frustrating history.

Also by Constance McLaughlin Green

Washington: Village and Capital, 1800-1878 $8.50
Washington: Capital City, 1879-1950 $9.50

At all bookstores, $8.50

Princeton University Press
PRINCETON, N. J.

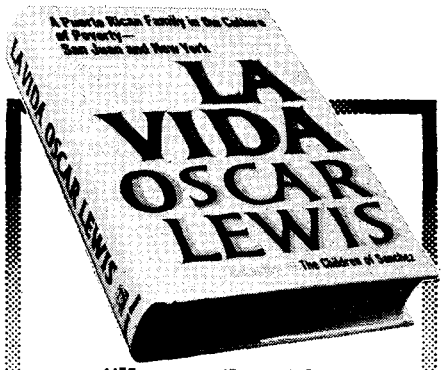
"This magnificent biography...rescues 'Dizzy' at last from the clutches of the storytellers." —EDWIN M. YODER, JR., *Saturday Review*

"A signal contribution to our understanding of that brilliant and mysterious figure....A serious reassessment has been long overdue....One comes away with reinforced respect for the toughness and resilience he showed in the political arena, and with a sense almost of awe for the versatility of his talents...a wit so devastating and elegant that only Oscar Wilde's can be put in the same class." —JOHN CLIVE, *New York Times Book Review*

With cartoons and photographs • 819 pages • $12.50

DISRAELI
by ROBERT BLAKE
ST. MARTIN'S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Unquestionably one of the most important books published in the United States this year...

A shattering account of three generations of the Rios family in the slums of San Juan and the Puerto Rican enclaves of New York."—MICHAEL HARRINGTON, front page, N.Y. Times Book Review

Winner of the 1967 National Book Award for Science, Philosophy and Religion. $10, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

Just 5 drops in ½ glass of water adds up to 8 gallons of great tasting mouthwash. Binaca®

HOME SIZE

Very concentrated Golden Breath Drops.

MR. ZIP SAYS:

Zip Code is for everyone. Use it for both business and personal letters.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Collections

LOVE AND LAUGHTER. By Marjorie Holmes. Doubleday. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

JOHNNY GOES WEST. By Desmond Cory. Walker. $3.95.

LIGHT CAVALRY ACTION. By John Harris. Morrow. $4.95.

THE MAN WITH 3 JAGUARS. By Delano Ames. Regnery. $3.95.

THE SABRE SQUADRON. By Simon Raven. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET. By George Baxt. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE TWILIGHT MAN. By Frank Gruber. Dutton. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE POLITICS OF THE THIRD WORLD. By J. D. B. Miller. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.75.

RHODESIA: Background to Conflict. By Vulindlela Mtshali. Hawthorn. $5.95.

SOUTH AFRICA: An Imperial Dilemma. By Benjamin Sacks. Univ. of New Mexico Press. $8.95.

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military Analysis. By Bernard B. Fall. Praeger. $7.95. (Second revised edition.)

Economics

NATIONAL ECONOMIC PLANNING. By the National Bureau of Economic Research. Columbia Univ. Press. $10.

PLANNING U.S.A. By George Soule. Viking. $4.95.

Fiction

BEAM OF MALICE: Fifteen Short, Dark Stories. By Alex Hamilton. McKay. $4.50.

DANGER SONG. By Bryant Rollins. Doubleday. $4.95.

DELINQUENT CHACHA. By Ved Mehta. Harper & Row. $3.95.

IN THE FOG. By E. W. Nash. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE LAST OF THE LEVANOS. By Maurits Wertheim. Yoseloff. $4.95.

LORD OF THE MOUNTAIN. By Walter Macken. Macmillan. $5.95.

A MEETING BY THE RIVER. By Christopher Isherwood. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

MIRACLEJACK. By Michael Baldwin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

THE PASTE-POT MAN. By Edwin Lanham. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

IN PIOUS MEMORY. By Margery Sharp. Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE RENNLAUFER. By Nina Galen. Dutton. $4.95.

A ROMAN MARRIAGE. By Brian Glanville. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

THE SEA WALL. By Marguerite Duras. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.25. (Reissue.)

SLADD's EVIL. By Philip McCutchan. John Day. $4.50.

THOU WORM JACOB. By Mark Mirsky. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE VENDOR OF SWEETS. By R. K. Narayan. Viking. $4.50.

THE WHOLE TRUTH. By Robert Daley. New American Library. $5.95.

Government, Politics

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY?: The Ins and Outs of New York City Politics. By Warren Moscow. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

History

SEERS, SHRINES AND SIRENS: The Greek Religious Revolution in the Sixth Century B.C. By John Pollard. Barnes. $5.

SEVEN MEDIEVAL KINGS. By Joseph Dahmus. Doubleday. $5.95.

Miscellany

ATTRACTING BIRDS: From the Prairies to the Atlantic. By Verne E. Davison. Crowell. $6.95.

A GUIDE TO LITERARY EUROPE. Edited by Margaret Crosland. Chilton. $9.95.

WOMEN AT WORK: Every Woman's Guide to Successful Employment. By Elmer Winter. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

Personal History

ALL OF WHICH I SAW, PART OF WHICH I WAS: The Autobiography of George K. Hunton. As told to Gary MacEoin. Doubleday. $4.95.

IT'S ALL NEWS TO ME: A Reporter's Deposition. By Bob Considine. Meredith. $6.95.

JONATHAN SWIFT: A Critical Biography. By John Middleton Murry. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.25.

JUSTICE—NOT CHARITY: A Biography of Harry Greenstein. By Louis L. Kaplan and Theodor Schuchat. Crown. $4.95.

PATHS OF DIPLOMACY: America's Secretaries of State. By Deane and David Heller. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE SHAPE OF A YEAR. By Jean Hersey. Scribners. $4.95.

SIXTY YEARS OF POWER: Some Memories of the Men Who Wielded It. By the Earl of Swinton with James D. Margach. Heineman. $7.25.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: The Man as I Knew Him. By Nicholas Roosevelt. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

A WALL AND THREE WILLOWS. By Najmeh Najafi and Helen Hinckley. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Poetry

BHARTRIHARI: Poems. Translated by Barbara Stoler Miller. Columbia Univ. Press. Hardbound. $6. Paperback, $2.25.

Psychology, Sociology

THE ANATOMY OF COURAGE. By Lord Moran. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

A GUIDE TO THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. Edited by Norman MacKenzie. New American Library. $6.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE ACTS. By R. P. C. Hanson. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

CREEDS IN COLLISION. By R. Benjamin Garrison. Abingdon. $2.50.

FRANK MASON NORTH. By Creighton Lacy. Abingdon. $6.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOD MEETS US WHERE WE ARE. By Harold Wiley Freer. Abingdon. $4.

PRIEST AND REVOLUTIONARY: Lamennais and the Dilemma of French Catholicism. By Peter N. Stearns. Harper & Row. $5.95.

REDISCOVERING THE TEACHING OF JESUS. By Norman Perrin. Harper & Row. $6.95.

RELIGION AND CONTEMPORARY WESTERN CULTURE. Edited by Edward Cell. Abingdon. $7.95.

A SURVEY OF CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Edward LeRoy Long, Jr. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50.

Science, Technology

FLESH OF STEEL: Literature and the Machine in American Culture. By Thomas Reed West. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $4.50.

SCIENTISTS AT WAR: The Impact of Science on Military and Civil Affairs. By Sir Solly Zuckerman. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE TECHNOCRATS: Prophets of Automation. By Henry Elsner, Jr. Syracuse Univ. Press. $7.

Travel

DIRECTION NORTH: A View of Finland. By John Sykes. Chilton. $5.50.

A GUIDE TO THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By Mary Sharp. Chilton. $5.95.

SMALL BOAT ON THE MEUSE. By Roger Pilkington. St. Martin's. $7.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

WIT TWISTER #3

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of acrostics:

Good landlord, fill the flowing ____
Until their ____ run over!
Tonight, we'll ____ upon this ____;
Tomorrow, ____ for Dover!

(Answers: *Pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

Did no shriek ___ the silent night,
When foes crept up to ___ the gate?
The sleeping city woke too late
To ___ against that savage might.

Casey at the Bat

Continued from page 29

Yankee skipper in 1949 and presently made himself the managerial equal of John McGraw, Connie Mack, Joe McCarthy. In the austere climate of Yankee Stadium the clowning that was so necessary on lesser teams, to distract the public and preserve his own sanity, subsided. If anything, he was too grim for some of the sensitive young men he sought to instruct. They whimpered about it in public after his departure from the Stadium, and it is true that he seemed to become more cantankerous with age. How long, you wonder, would his resentful students have lasted under the lash of McGraw, whose Giants included Stengel?

He himself was a spirited hell-raiser in his early playing days, with a reputation for barroom brawling, as Mr. Durso relates with relish. As a manager Casey was not inclined to put up with the type of screwball rookie he had been himself. He might even have questioned the propriety of a player thumbing his nose at the enemy dugout, as he had done after hitting one of his 1923 World Series homers. But once he left the Stadium he seemed to be more like his old self, showman as well as licensed genius. "Come see my amazin' Mets, which in some cases have played only semi-pro ball," he advertised. And when they lost the first nine games of their first season: "This sets up the possibility of losing 162 games, which would probably be a new record, in the National League, at least."

This was the self-defensive kidding of other days, but just the same, and characteristically, he was developing those young players who will be important to the Mets if they ever get anywhere, because down deep he is no clown at all, as his wonderful wife Edna has insisted all along, about which and much more Mr. Durso has written a very good book, which includes a lot about many famous people which Casey played for and against, that he has outlived most of and let us hope he lives forever.

You read enough Stengelese, it gets to you. —JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

The Brain-Injured Child in Home, School, and Community

William M. Cruickshank

The typical brain-injured child is a boy from a middle-to-upper-income family. Recent studies indicate as many as 7% of all children in the U.S. may be brain-injured.
Hyperactive, a frequent "disturber of the peace," a poor achiever however high his intelligence, the brain-injured child's future depends on accurate diagnosis and the special school and home programs that can help him.
Here at last is a book written to give the parents of these children the practical information they need on symptoms, diagnostic procedures, effective teaching methods and materials, and how to meet the child's needs at home. It is a book that parents will read again and again.

Profusely illustrated. $6.50

From your bookseller or
Syracuse University Press
Syracuse, New York 13210

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Staszek Jackowski

Continued from page 21

him and shouted, "Halt." He ran faster as the police shot wildly. Crawling through the weeds, he slipped home. He jumped into the bunker, safer among the people he was hiding than on the streets of Stanislav.

Two days later, drinking coffee in his kitchen with a young cousin and a girl friend, Francheska, Staszek saw three German field police enter the courtyard. Staszek and his cousin leaped into the bunkers. Francheska remained in the kitchen. "Where is your husband?" the German field police asked Francheska.

"My husband went to work."

"You can't fool us. There are three full cups of hot coffee on the table."

They searched the house, hammering down the door of a closet. In the cellar, Staszek and Saginur went to the arsenal and armed all the men. They had much to consider. If they killed these three police, the next patrol would surround the whole area and ultimately, perhaps, find the bunkers. If the policemen discovered the trapdoor, they decided, they would shoot them. But the searchers found nothing and left the house. Staszek again stored away the hand grenades and guns.

In March 1944, six Soviet tanks entered Stanislav from the Carpathian Mountains. The Soviet radio announced that the Russians were liberating the town. Staszek refused to let the people out of the bunker. "Not yet. We must be sure." From the mountains, from cellars and bunkers, Jews who had managed to hide came out on the streets. The Germans destroyed the Soviet tanks and killed the Jews.

On July 20, 1944, the Soviets reentered the town of Stanislav. Staszek walked cautiously out of his house. He offered the soldiers whiskey and then, casually, in Russian, asked them what the front looked like. "More soldiers are moving in from Russia," they told him. "The Germans are on the run. The only Germans left here are dead ones."

STASZEK returned to the bunkers to tell the people the news. "We're free!" he cried. "The Russians have liberated Stanislav! The Germans are gone!" A shout went up from the cellar. The people tried to embrace him. Max crushed him in his arms. "Upstairs!" someone shouted. "Let's go upstairs!"

Staszek shook his head. "First, we must make sure every German has left Stanislav."

For twenty-four hours, he checked the town. Then, convinced the Germans had been routed, Staszek knocked on the trapdoor for the last time.

"We're free. Really free."

For the first time, above ground, the people learned that Staszek had built still another bunker in which he hid Polish Catholics who had helped Jews.

With the war's end, however, Poland did not return to prewar normalcy. Staszek's life was hard. Recently, some of the people he had saved discovered this. They found him living in Warsaw with the woman he married after the war and their three teen-aged sons. These grateful friends then raised some $24,000 to bring the family to New York in 1965. Senator Robert Kennedy helped get them visas. U.S. Representative James H. Scheuer of New York introduced a bill to permit them to remain in the United States. Agencies of the United Jewish Appeal helped resettle them. Since then, the survivors, after furnishing a four-room apartment, have been giving Staszek $500 a month for support until he becomes self-supporting. For Christmas 1966, they presented him with an additional $10,000. Now Staszek Jackowski, too, is free.

OUTSTANDING UFO SIGHTING REPORTS

• 160 "hard core" cases *in full detail.* The best of the "classics", plus new USAF "unidentifieds". • Complete with dozens of maps and sketches, photos, reliability tables, USAF conclusions and helpful bibliographies. • Indexed by date, place and information source. • 8½ x 11 in heavy cover with plastic binding; opens flat!

$5.95 *At your bookstore or from*

UFO INFORMATION RETRIEVAL CENTER, INC.
P.O. BOX 57, RIDERWOOD, MARYLAND 21139

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue
Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

SAVINGS UP TO 35%

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.

The Oldest & Largest Overseas Delivery System
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles Tel. 272-0424

CAR (S) _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ SR-15

Chess Corner—No. 112

A PERENNIAL ever-recurring query in chess circles is "How would Morphy fare with Botvinnik?" Is the century-old genius of the maestro who topped the paladins of yore implicit in current practice?

At best, the answer could be a studied speculation. The refinements of modern opening patterns have shelved some of the ancient debuts and, to boot, some new ideas regarding control of the center, as expressed in hyper-modern openings, hold sway.

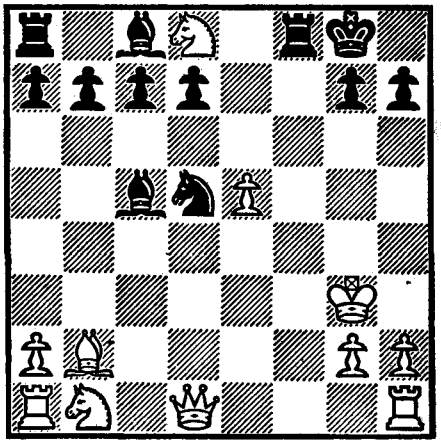
One thing, however, is certain. Middle-game combinations, to a large extent, originated a long, long time ago. In the following game, for example, played in 1844 between Hoffman and Petroff, both grand masters of the day, the idea of surrendering the Queen to bound the hostile King with the lesser pieces is a true triumph of mind over matter.

GIUOCO PIANO

Hoffman White	Petroff Black	Hoffman White	Petroff Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	8 KxN	PxPch
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	9 K-N3	PxP
3 B-B4	B-B4	10 BxP	N-K2
4 P-B3	N-B3	11 N-N5	NxB
5 P-Q4	PxP	12 NxBP	O-O!
6 P-K5	N-K5	13 NxQ	. . . .
7 B-Q5	NxKBP		

As a rule, whenever an opponent's Queen is *en prise* it is good policy to view the capture with suspicion. But here, it matters not how White proceeds. In any case, White's King is a fixed target.

Black Mates in Eleven Moves



13	B-B7ch	19 K-N4	R-B3ch
14 K-R3	P-Q3ch	20 K-R4	R-B5ch
15 P-K6	N-B5ch	21 K-N5	N-K3ch
16 K-N4	NxKP	22 K-R5	P-N3ch
17 P-N3	NxNch	23 K-R6	R-R5ch
18 K-N5	R-B4ch	24 PxR	B-K6 mate

—AL HOROWITZ.

Answer to Wit Twister page 43, mar, ram, arm.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Happy Producers Make Happy Movies

IN LAST WEEK's *SR*, Arthur Knight chronicled the dissatisfactions of a Hollywood producer whose products were subjected to elisions by executives of his studio, with the result that his medium lacked the messages he had hoped to inject. This is a fairly common complaint of producers, directors, and writers, but it is not the complaint or the problem of producer Ross Hunter, who has always been happy to make the kind of movies his executive superiors—in this case, at Universal Pictures—would approve of, which is to say that they are made in brightly hued Technicolor, that they employ well-known stars, and that never for a moment do they make their audiences think or feel anything that might be vaguely disturbing. Following this policy, Hunter has been hugely successful. He has taken old tear-jerking studio properties such as *Imitation of Life* and turned them into handsome, jewel-studded vehicles for such as Lana Turner. He has made slick comedies such as *Pillow Talk*, in which stars such as Rock Hudson and Doris Day gambol and frolic.

But he has never complained about the system under which he operates. He has always loved the system. He loves stars, and flowers, and jewels, and he despises dirty old kitchen sinks. And, ironically, he occasionally makes pictures that are entertaining, enjoyable, and reasonably cinematic. Actually, Ross Hunter is a man of intelligence and taste, but he has just made sure that these qualities are not allowed to interfere excessively with his commercial judgment. In his new film, *Thoroughly Modern Millie*, he has managed to combine commercial judgment with a considerable degree of taste and intelligence, and the product he has fashioned provides, on the whole, a lot of fun. No one is going to be made any wiser by this exercise in calculated camp; the film will not help in the slightest degree in alleviating poverty or ending the war in Vietnam, but audiences are going to know what they paid for and get value in return.

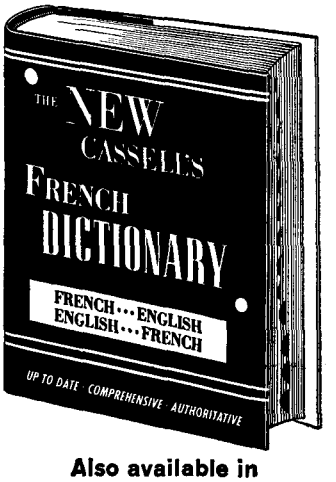
Under the guise of an affectionate satire of the Twenties, Hunter displays Julie Andrews in some leftovers from *The Boy Friend*, the musical in which she came to prominence; he recaps some of those old Harold Lloyd teetering episodes on office-building ledges thirty stories up; he brings back some Twenties songs and melodies; and he has a semblance of a plot involving a white slave ring menacing single girls who come to the big city. He has made it all seem reasonably fresh, and it is all done with a solid veneer of professionalism, as exemplified by the direction of George Roy Hill and the performing of Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and, most particularly, Beatrice Lillie, who is inveterately hilarious as a white slaver. No messages, just a musical romp, and,

since I expected no more from Ross Hunter, I was far more pleased than I was disappointed. Any disappointment I had came from the inclusion in the cast of Carol Channing—an all-too-obvious choice for a madcap stepmother. She seemed to me to be perspiring her way through the role,and I'm frankly bored by her never-varying style.

BUT WITH *Hombre* we are back to the medium used for messages (and not good McLuhanism, by the way), intermixed with a solid *Stagecoach*-type story. When the movie follows the formula—a robbery, a battle between the passengers and thieves—and while it rides the high country, so to speak, it's fast-moving and enjoyable, because these sequences are conceived with relative cinematic freshness by director Martin Ritt and screenwriters Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. But then comes the pill, and it's not easy to swallow. In great length we are allowed to ponder the moral responsibility to his fellows of a man who has lived with Apaches all his life and has been rejected by white society. Should he save the pretty snobbish hostage of the bandits even though it will mean his own death in the attempt? Absolutely, say the filmmakers, ponderously making a point that may or may not have validity. And my point is that the medium as used by Hollywood, with million-dollar stars and $5,000,000 budgets, is perhaps not really ripe for messages, and when we get them they all too often shine through with glittering insincerity.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Cassell's
the foremost name in foreign language dictionaries



Also available in
German
Spanish
Latin
Italian

Each $7.50, thumb-indexed $8.50
at all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS
A Division of Reader's Digest Books, Inc.
360 Lexington Ave., New York 10017

Fits any cabinet
4 months' supply only
3½ inches high
Binaca®
HOME SIZE

Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7A (*Julius Caesar*), 5C (*Antony and Cleopatra*), 6B, 9F (*Midsummer Night's Dream*), 8J (*Henry VIII*), 10H, 1D, 2E (*Tempest*), 4I, 3G (*Taming of the Shrew*).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll find something new to talk about in Surinam.

Talk about the luxurious Surinam-Torarica Hotel right next to a tropical jungle. It's air-conditioned, has great food, a magnificent casino, an olympic-size pool. Talk about the Bushnegro fire dancers, Jungle Safaris, Moslem Mosques, Dutch curio shops. Surinam (Old Dutch Guiana) is only a few jet hours away via Pan AM or KLM or BWIA. For more information ask your Travel Agent, or call (212) CO 5-1737, or use this coupon.

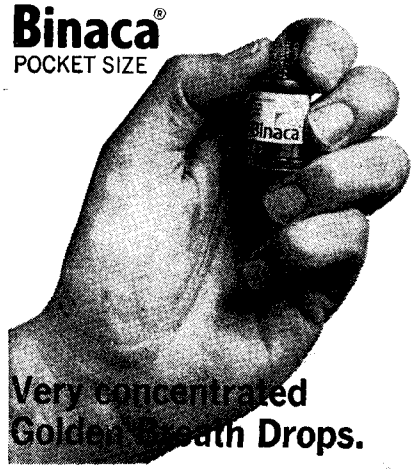
Executive House Hotels
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10020
Tell me all about Surinam

Name_____
Address_____
Phone No._____
City_____State_____Zip Code____

Surinam-Torarica Hotel/Casino.
Another Fine Executive House® Hotel. SR

So tiny you can freshen your breath without anyone knowing it.

Binaca®
POCKET SIZE



Very concentrated Golden Breath Drops.

Coming April 22

The Dawning Age of Mobilism

Celebrate the 20th anniversary of *SR*'s Travel Department, under the editorial guidance of Horace Sutton, with a look backward, a look at today, and a look into the future of the remarkable revolution in world travel.

Not-So-Cool Medium

HAD MARSHALL McLUHAN, the eminent grammarian of the media, been faithful to his elliptical insights recently when he appeared in a one-hour documentary, *The Medium Is the Massage*, on NBC's Experiment in Television, the program would have been a valuable extension of his electronic gospel to popular audiences. The Toronto guru violated his own rules, however, and the program, which was based on and took its name from a new Random House hardcover and Bantam paperback that he has co-authored with Quentin Fiore, to this viewer's sensory balance was "hot" McLuhan.

One of McLuhan's basic propositions is that we are crossing a technological frontier dividing the age of the collectivist from that of the individualist: We are being retribalized. The all-at-onceness of the "field approach" to problems is rapidly replacing the fixed, visual approach of applied or "resolute" knowledge. This explains the tension between "an overall awareness and a merely private point of view." The simultaneity of events "imploding" upon us via the newer media drum out of consciousness 500 years of the fixed perspective of print.

In his book *The Gutenberg Galaxy* McLuhan describes "the origin of lineal, fragmented analysis with its remorseless power of homogenization. . . ." It was homogenization that tripped up *The Medium is the Massage*. The show was meant to explain McLuhan. Bantam Books had granted the television rights to a producer; he had made a package deal with NBC, and after he had prepared a script, the author of *Understanding Media* agreed to appear. Two elements were involved: first, illustrations of McLuhan's themes shown in live footage, stills, trick photography, plus fragments of on-camera faces and voices of the Canadian's critics and admirers; and, second, the communications theorist himself presented in close-ups, explaining, "probing," prophesying, alerting all of us to the whirlpool dangers of a time of media turbulence.

The first element, the illustrations without McLuhan's corporeal presence, was at least well fitted to the field approach. It was in tune with his notion of a cool, mosaic presentation on television wherein the viewer is given merely an icon, an incomplete symbol as it were, made up of quick-scanned electronic dots on the tube. The viewer is required to complete the icon by himself, to fill in the gaps. This fluid process, in McLuhan's system, provides the magical participation or involvement of television. I can't recall a single shot of the illustrations; they added up to a cipher as they passed my literate-minded eye. But this, also, is genuine McLuhan—content is secondary, and the medium, per se, provides the thrill.

The live, in-person master, however, did not fit well in the cool montage: He was "hot," too highly defined, too complete, literal. He was in a frame. He tried to play it cool, of course—casual, elusive, understated, nonsequential; this is par for the role. This was indeed a steel trap, a fixed event in time and space; it dominated the entire hour and weighted the intended horizonless, boundless, tactile, oral mosaic with far too heavy a visual perspective.

A pity. McLuhan could have had his cool cake and conscience, too. Had he insisted on playing the game strictly according to his own roles, he could have easily saved the show by playing not Hamlet but the Ghost. Instead of the full head shot, filling the camera frame, or the shoulder shot, profile strongly sculptured against a flowing, changing tide of color, there could just as easily, and more imaginatively, have been McLuhan fragments—the lobe of an ear, the tilt of a chin, an eyelid afflicker. There could have been the edge of a shadow, hovering over our descent into the electric maelstrom, or a special television-effect negative, spectral image, or a superimposition of one camera's icon upon another. Such multidimensionality, imploding upon our involved sense ratios, would have cooled the heat of the private, personal individual on our vacuum tubes and saved the night for electric circuitry: the unified, the fused.

ONE suspects that McLuhan shared Hamlet's conflict of "conscience" (corporate responsibility and awareness) and "resolution" (the private peephole point of view), which he described in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*. One can also sympathize with the highly literate and individualistic mind resisting the pressure to become collectively oriented. The author is not yet a loosed happening. He is still, like all of us, somewhat prisoner of a dissolving world of print. He still feels print's "alternating flicker . . . the very mode of subjective doubt and peripheral groping." More power, then, to his probing.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flackery in the Levant

MY LOVE AFFAIR with Lebanon began in 1949. I was an Air Force officer placed on detached service with the United Nations, assigned as the American member of the Lebanese-Israeli Armistice Commission. Our headquarters were on the second floor of an old building on the poky main street of the Lebanese hill town of Marj 'Uyun. There were two French and two Belgian officers, Belgian and French enlisted men, and me. I was the senior officer, not by virtue of merit, as any foreign military officer will assure you, but because of the American way of deciding officer promotions by throwing darts at the eligibility lists.

A half hour's jeep ride from the village, an old stone house served as the garrison for the Arab troops guarding the border. Israeli soldiers walked patrol on the other side of the flimsy barricades. The roadblock was taken down for a few hours each day to permit through traffic. The whole setup looked to me like grown men playing house.

We took turns at the command post. I spent as much time out of doors as the weather permitted. The building was permeated with the odor of a subway station's untended men's room. Only the barbed wire, ill-fitting khaki uniforms, and long rifles argued with the peacefulness of the countryside.

We were in an area of the narrow strip that is Lebanon that the tourist seldom sees. This is a pity. Mountain peaks are dark blue against the sky. Valleys are folded green velvet. The blooms of fig trees are misty, purple smoke. Villages of red slate-roofed cottages cling to the mountainsides—villages which were there before the now-ruined castles were built on those mountaintops by the Crusaders. Black-faced lambs frolic in the sun and sleep in the shade of the gnarled trees. Women, swathed in black, stride regally down the winding paths with heavy jars balanced on their heads.

Every two weeks it would be my turn to go to Beirut. The ride was spectacular if you were man enough to keep your eyes open as the rattling car careened around tight turns on narrow roads whose sides dropped down into picturesque eternity. We passed shepherds and flocks looking like biblical illustrations. Arrogant, long-lashed, Chevalier-lipped camels undulated along the road, slapping up the dust with their platter feet.

I had friends on leave from the Berlin Airlift. For them Beirut was Dodge City; they were like cowboys in from six months of rounding up dogies. They had heard gossip of glorious carryings-on: houses where the girls were as clean as a surgeon's blade—every one of them a virgin as of Tuesday last—with faces of angels and talents so marvelously depraved your teeth were loosened. "There was this place where this dancer, see, with the candle *lighted*. . . ." From their immediate postwar years in Europe they naïvely assumed that here, too, they could get a twenty-four-place setting of Rosenthal china and a pair of Sèvres vases in exchange for a Hershey bar and a pack of Pall Mall cigarettes. They sauntered into those Beirut shops, played it cool, made what they thought were cracklingly sharp deals, and will go into retirement never realizing how they lost their shirts each time.

BEIRUT has changed since 1949. That headlong frenzy has disappeared. People are now confident that there will be another tryst, another day of sunlight, another deal to be made, and another bargain-hunting tourist rounding the bend—a patsy so ready for plucking that the shop owner will send his youngest son out to wait on him for the practice. The major difference, however, is in the city's skyline. Now the sun glints on the glass and polished stone of towers—spikes on a horizon that for centuries showed only the silhouettes of huts on worn hills.

In 1949 you waded against a surge of beggars. Today there are almost none. Bare-kneed boys offer Chiclets and Parker fountain pens. Cars too large for the narrow streets blare horns impatiently at vegetable carts drawn by drowsy donkeys. After lunch, laborers curl up on the spot for their naps in the shade. Old men in the traditional baggy pants flap by in heelless slippers, fingering their worry beads. The trousers are baggy because the next time Allah arrives he will be born of a man, supposedly entering the world with so little warning that the fortunate candidate for Moslem immortality will not have time to sit down and make a few arrangements for this momentous—and most likely frightfully painful—event.

That is Beirut. Mountains on three sides, the sea at its feet; to the east is Baghdad, to the south is Cairo, and over the Mediterranean lies Rome.

In June of 1961 the Phoenicia Inter-Continental was a hotel which had cried wolf too often. For years the world had

The Saturday Review Sampler of Wit and Wisdom

IT'S a plum pudding of a book, a Source of Elegant Merriment—crammed with delightful essays, anecdotes, reminiscences and sagacities by a galaxy of distinguished contributors to the *Saturday Review*, nuggets from such *SR* columns as *The Phoenix Nest, Manner of Speaking, Top of My Head.* Plus quizzes that test your literary IQ. Plus 30 engaging *SR* cartoons.

Among its many treasures:

- Bel Kaufman shows you the contents of a teacher's wastebasket
- Langston Hughes recalls the Harlem literati of the twenties
- Joseph Wechsberg's *Last Man on the Orient Express*
- Ogden Nash on the ball point pen invasion
- Goodman Ace's letter to a "Young Fresh" copywriter
- Melvin W. Lackey demonstrates the courteous art of Programmed Instruction
- Malcolm Cowley's *A Ghost Story of the Jazz Age*
- Horace Sutton's definitive monograph on the breakfast rites of Miami (and the Great Bagel Controversy that followed)
- Peter De Vries on how to be a Primitive Critic
- Mary Hemingway on Havana
- Brooks Atkinson on being a Night Worker
- And a lavish supply of table talk and travel talk, thrusts and riposts, intellectual nourishment and sundry diversions by Cleveland Amory, George S. Kaufman, H. Allen Smith, Jerome Beatty, Jr., Goddard Lieberson, Howard Lindsay, John Steinbeck, and many more

In sum: a book that's a joy to gobble up or nibble at, to keep and to give. It's edited by Martin Levin. $4.95 at all bookstores. The coupon below will bring it to your door.

— — *To your bookseller, or* — —

SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Send me .... copies of *The Saturday Review Sampler of Wit and Wisdom* Price $4.95 which is enclosed.

Name_____

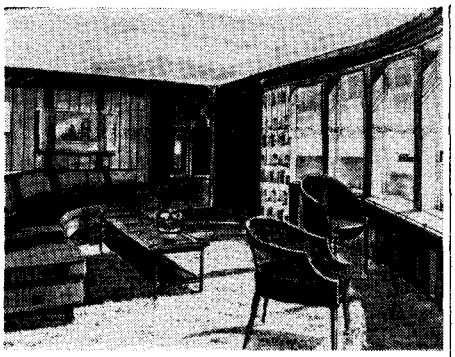
Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip____

(New York State residents, add applicable sales tax)

Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New luxury in Cargoliner Travel.

The SS PRESIDENT VAN BUREN—first of 5 new Seamaster Cargoliners—will soon join the American President Lines Cargoliner fleet. Twelve passengers will travel to the Far East and Southeast Asia, surrounded by antiques, art objects, and fine furniture. Among the new ships' unique features: sitting rooms adjoining the spacious staterooms. For more information about the luxurious new Seamasters, see your Travel Agent or write American President Lines.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
SHIPS OF U.S. REGISTRY

Dept. C-8, 601 California St., San Francisco 94108

5 drops in ½ glass of water give your breath a fresh start twice a day for 120 days.

Very concentrated Golden Breath Drops.

Coming April 29

***SR*'s Annual Report on Writers' Summer Conferences**

been receiving semiannual bulletins announcing the hotel's opening. It did not open. While Lebanese governments changed, and financial transactions fell through, the half-completed hotel became the most popular free latrine in the Middle East.

My first visit to the Phoenicia, which was being raced to completion for yet another announced opening date, was my initiation into what has become a familiar, punishing routine: puffing up stairs—elevators not yet operational—to what will be the rooftop cocktail lounge; balancing on planks over wet cement; trying to hear above the scream of power saws; standing patiently while a workman, murmuring in a strange language, brushes ineffectually at the paint he has spilled on my last clean pair of trousers; making a valiant attempt to comprehend as the architect and decorator describe the chic and glamour of the restaurant that will emerge from what is now a shambles reminiscent of a cluttered garage.

The Phoenicia emerged one of the magic ones. Somehow, enchantment became mixed with its cement and excitement was woven into its fabrics. In Beirut, factories had been built to manufacture the specially designed furniture for the hotel. In a nearby village each woman who could sew was put to work with her needle. From balconies, along stone walls, draped on branches of olive trees, rippling and billowing in the breeze, fell great lengths of the brilliant fabric that would hang at the windows of the new hotel. The line of those seeking interviews for employment doubled upon itself. The statistics on the increase in local employment and income when a first-class hotel is built are most gratifying to city fathers and government economists.

The doors of the Phoenicia were opened to the Beirut public shortly before Christmas, 1961. Those in the know spent that evening glancing apprehensively at the ceiling over the lobby. Four days before, half of that ceiling had come near to crashing to the lobby floor. A few repairs had been needed in the hotel's airconditioning system, and a small Arab, chosen not so much for ability as size, had been sent up into the crawl space above the suspended ceiling. He had been given explicit instructions as to which wires to cut and which not to touch at all. Once he was up there and confronted with a billion wires, those instructions vanished from his brain. He crept forward, cutting left and right as he crawled. Among all the wires he so blithely severed were several whose purpose was to hold up the ceiling. Before he was half through, those below were staring upward, fascinated as the ceiling dropped down at them. It was repaired in time—just in time. No one recalls seeing that tiny Arab again.

Here was a gorgeous hotel opened at last after so many years of being a giant comfort station. It needed something more—they were not sure what—but something!

We tried to think of a something which would appease them and not cost much. In New York I learned that celebrities were to be guests of a steamship line to inaugurate a new route to the Mediterranean. Beirut was on the itinerary. I arranged to have the celebrities leave the ship in Beirut and be the Phoenicia's guests for luncheon.

It was a gala. Outside the hotel, crowds pushed and shoved. Photographers hung from street lamps. The celebrities, most of whom could sense the presence of a cameraman under muddy water a quarter of a mile away, automatically flashed carefree smiles at the proper time. Profiles were offered freely.

Actress Joan Fontaine was Celebrity No. 1. She was most gracious. Another stunning blonde was Nancy Herarra. Dashing Hugh O'Brian was a bit out of it since the television stations in Lebanon had never carried the Wyatt Earp show, and the locals didn't know him from Calvin Coolidge. Also present were the late Zachary Scott and his wife Ruth Ford, *The New Yorker's* Charles Addams, author and photographer Jerome Zerbe, Joe Dever of the old New York *World-Telegram&Sun*, and a doll of an American who had gone to Italy and become the Marchesa Lily Gerini.

They were in the hotel, drinks in hand, when it was discovered that we had carelessly left Gloria Swanson behind. Back to the ship I went. She was in her stateroom with money spread out on the bed, figuring out her tipping. Miss Swanson, who adheres to a personal diet, explained that the ship's chef had been most understanding about her bringing meat aboard in New York. I fought not to brood over the vision of petite Miss Swanson trippling up the gangplank in New York, trailed by porters with her matched pieces of luggage, the last porter with a side of unique beef over one shoulder, and under the other arm, chops from lambs who, in their brief lives, had never tasted anything but buttermilk and chives.

The luncheon at the hotel was as sumptuous as promised. The crowd was a mob. One hundred thousand photographs were taken—all of them bad. This was a shame. Beirut is one of the most photogenic spots on earth, yet photography remains a mystery to most Lebanese with cameras. At hotel functions photographers, supposedly all professional, specialize in dark, grainy shots of the backs of heads; before shooting, they wait until the most important per-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son in the group has closed his eyes, opened his mouth, or turned away altogether. This can cause public relations personnel no little anguish. Photographs are an integral part of our answer to *show me!*

The plush Le Panache, the rooftop lounge, was to be officially opened that night. The television station promised to film it if one of the celebrities would appear. But the celebrities reacted to my request as if I had asked them to take off their clothes in the lobby. Without a hairdresser she knew! Without a makeup man who understood him! Without knowing who would be doing the lighting! Surely, I must be quite mad.

Miss Swanson, Miss Movie Queen of All Time—*she* would be delighted to appear. Superbly gowned and coiffed, looking all of forty, she sailed into that patch of hot white light carrying her traditional long-stemmed carnation, as though Cecil B. DeMille had been behind the camera instead of a local cameraman who was so overwhelmed that he concentrated on taking pictures of the floor.

Some of the celebrities abandoned ship in Beirut. Lebanon affects people that way. They visited the spectacular ruins in Baalbek and dined in Byblos. Sunburned and happily weary they returned to the Phoenicia to announce that they must, simply must, visit the Holy Land the next day. I wanted to tour the Old City of Jerusalem again as much as I wanted mumps. Nevertheless, I plodded down to the lobby early the next morning hoping the ungodly hour of departure had changed their minds. Not at all. Everyone who had wanted to go was there, dismayingly eager.

To Jordan we flew. Today, there are several male Arabs who still sigh wistfully, troubled in their breathing, as they recall that day when two beautiful American blonde ladies toured the Old City of Jerusalem on the Sabbath in stretch pants.

The party officially ended when we returned to Beirut that night. Lily Gerini joined me for dinner wearing emeralds the likes of which I never again expect to see. Hugh O'Brian was frustrated to the point of developing a nervous tic by his attempts at explaining to the Lebanese exactly what a Wyatt Earp was. Charles Addams was hoping one special photograph of Joan Fontaine would come out. It would be worth a million laughs. He had posed her in an empty, upright, waiting coffin. Miss Fontaine and I hugged one another when the time came to say good-bye. We shared a common, if fragile, bond. Both of us had colds bordering on pneumonia, and together we had all but papered the Old City with Kleenex.

I had been back in New York almost two weeks when there was a cable. Could I please return to Beirut? The hotel's board members wanted an honest-to-goodness opening after all. The cameras, the glamour, and the excitment brought on by the visit of that gaggle of glittery folk from the cruise ship had been too much for them. The visit had been as tempting as giving them a solitary peanut with their *arak*. They demanded more.

With little spring to my step, I returned. The simplest way there is Pan Am's New York - Paris - Rome - Beirut flight. Even so, Lebanon is not just up the road from New York. I pointed out to the board that there was no more budget for openings. So far as public attention was concerned, we had already opened the hotel three times. There was, after all, a limit as to how often a single hotel may be opened.

The Board members waved away my talk of money. They could always find money! The important thing, they said, cozily pulling up chairs, was that we must have an important entertainer. A real star. Frank Sinatra or Sammy Davis, Jr.

This world over, board members want one of those two men for their hotel openings. When you quote approximately what it would cost if one of them were to accept, they stare popeyed at you. They had built half the hotel for that much money, they gasp. In Beirut they were even more crestfallen when I reminded them that Mr. Davis had embraced the Jewish faith and so would not be permitted to enter Arab Lebanon. So *if* they could afford him and *if* he accepted, he would have to give his performance at the airport.

Once convinced Messrs. Sinatra and Davis were unavailable, they became magnanimous and agreed to accept Judy Garland, Mary Martin, Bob Hope, or the Bolshoi Ballet. It took hours to lead them through the gates of reason and get them to settle for slightly less; that is, local entertainers.

We were fortunate in having enough gold in the till to be able to afford to fly the late Dorothy Dandridge in from California. One look at that lovely singer, and the board could not have cared if she sang or did rope tricks. As opening night grew nearer, it seemed to Dorothy and me that all the weight was on our shoulders. Misery so loved company that we became great friends.

I was at the Beirut airport when the Pan Am plane carrying the American press arrived. Aboard was *House Beautiful*'s feature editor, Marion Gough. The Phoenicia was our first opening together. We have shared several since.

She arrived quite late for my cocktail party for the press. She had started out on time, but as she was leaving her room she glanced one more time in her bathroom mirror to pat a wayward curl. She spied an unfamiliar button on the bidet. Marion, as a good writer should, has a giant-sized curiosity. She poked the button. The resulting geyser was Old Faithful. Her delay was caused by having to redo makeup, hair, and clothes, all of which she gushed half-way to the ceiling.

The luncheon the next day was on so high a level that the guests, to play it safe, should have arrived by way of a decompression chamber. Wives made their entrance from the 90-degree heat swathed in mink, their coiffures restored since the night before, their Sunday jewels reflecting the light.

The next day the press and I went to Cairo. We crawled up into a reeking pyramid and rode foul-tempered camels who tried to bite but settled for spitting on us. (Marion's camel bolted. The

(*Continued on page* 84)

NUMBERS, PLEASE!

The numbers and letters on the label that brings Saturday Review your way each week may not mean much to you at first glance. But they are essential in helping our Subscription Department quickly identify your records. That is why it is important to include your address label whenever you write Saturday Review about your subscription.

ATTACH LABEL HERE

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Please let us know at *least four weeks before you plan to move.* For fastest service, clip or paste your current mailing address in space provided, fill in your name and address, and mail to Saturday Review's Subscriber Service Division.

NEW or RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTION

Check here to enter or extend your subscription:

☐ One year $8 ☐ Three years $18
☐ Two years $14 ☐ Four years $20

Outside U.S. and Canada, add $2 per year

☐ New subscription ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Renewal ☐ Bill me

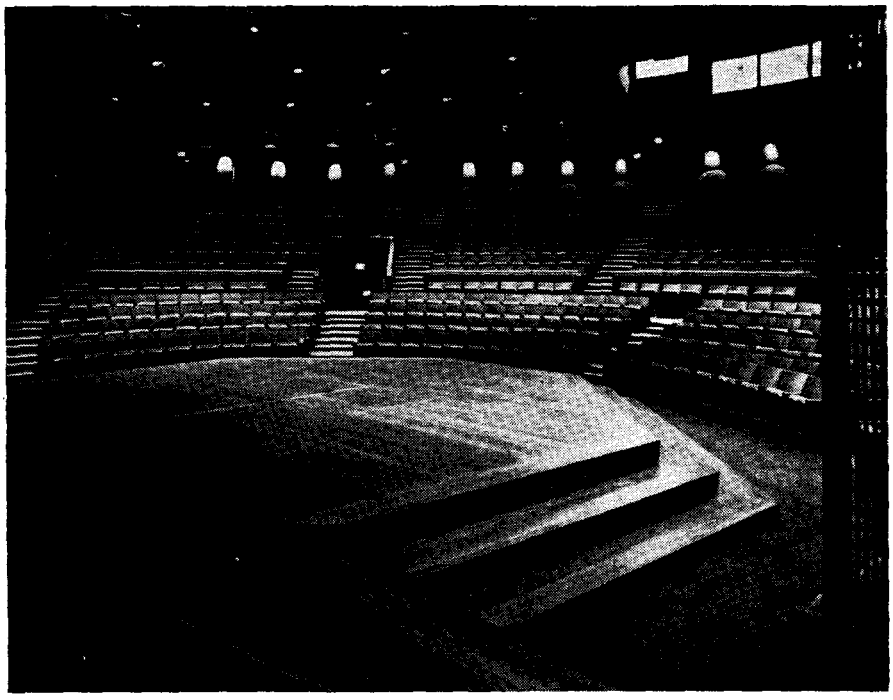
Name Address

City State ZIP

Saturday Review Subscriber Service Division
380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Incline of the West



America's newest theater, the Mark Taper Forum, opens in California.

Los Angeles.

IN LOS ANGELES's new Music Center complex the already operating 3,250-seat Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for symphony and opera is being joined by the 2,100-seat Ahmanson Theatre for legitimate drama and musical comedies, and the Mark Taper Forum, a 750-seat open stage theater for intimate drama and recitals, and the permanent home of Center Theatre Group, a continuation of Theatre Group, which for nine years has been the Los Angeles area's chief source of dramatic productions.

Man of La Mancha inaugurates the Ahmanson, and John Whiting's *The Devils* the Mark Taper Forum. An advance peek at a rehearsal of the Whiting play reveals that both it and the new playhouse will be distinguished and exciting. The Forum, designed by Welton Becket and Associates with the consultation of Jo Mielziner and others, has fourteen rows of seats rising steeply around a thrust stage. Behind the thrust stage is a long arc-shaped cyclorama wall against which scenic projection can be used. Ten feet in front of this wall are dark transparent screens that can be rearranged by remote control, and a moving-floor system functions between the screens and the back wall.

The new playhouse has one unfortunate aspect. Consultant Mielziner's original plans had stipulated tunnels at the front corners of the stage to provide instant and dynamic means of exit and entrance. However, because there had to be a garage under the theater, the tunnels would have necessitated an additional fifteen feet of height for the entire structure, and the architects therefore compromised by placing the tunnels higher up in the auditorium. This means that actors must walk twenty feet through the audience to reach the tunnels from the front of the stage.

Fortunately, *The Devils* has been designed by the extremely ingenious Peter Wexler, who has collaborated with director Gordon Davidson to minimize the problem. They have arranged it so that actors can appear and disappear quickly through black hangings at any point along the rear of the stage, and they have limited the use of tunnels to those occasions when graduality can be afforded. In addition, Wexler has placed a keystone-shaped floor of planks on top of the regular stage, and on top of this new floor he has put an improved version of the hexagonal folding platform which so contributed to making *War and Peace* the most splendid of all APA-Phoenix productions New York has seen to date. For *The Devils*, Wexler has inserted a flexible folding trapdoor device in the center of his hexagon, thereby creating not only a valuable means of exit, but also a multiform piece of furniture when needed.

The production is a visual delight, with everyone dressed in black and white except the voluptuary priest, Grandier, who wears contrastingly vivid colors. Cast as Grandier is that impressive and elegant young actor, Frank Langella, whose stage personality is better suited to the role than was that of Jason Robards, who played Grandier on Broadway. Joyce Ebert, so marvelous in the New York presentation of *The Trojan Women* two seasons ago, plays the deluded nun, and the supporting cast includes such outstanding talents as Ed Flanders, William Hickey, and Anthony Zerbe.

Whatever the critical response to *The Devils* may be, the Center Theatre Group is already a box-office success

PINTER'S "THE HOMECOMING"

"AN EXTRAORDINARILY IMPRESSIVE PLAY. ONE WHOSE EQUAL WE ARE NOT LIKELY TO SEE AT ALL SOON. NOT TO BE MISSED. A REMINDER OF HOW EXCITING THE THEATRE CAN STILL BE."
NEWSWEEK

THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY IN
THE HOMECOMING

PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $7.50; Front Mezz. $6.75, 5.75; Rear Mezz. $4.75, 3.75, 3.00. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: Orch. $5.75; Front Mezz. $5.25, 4.75; Rear Mezz. $4.25, 3.25, 2.50. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order. List several alternate dates.
MUSIC BOX THEATRE 239 W. 45 St., N.Y. 246-4636

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with 30,000 subscriptions sold to its four-play season of *The Devils*, Romulus Linney's *The Sorrows of Frederick*, Duerrenmatt's *The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi*, and William Murray's *Witnesses*.

SALT LAKE CITY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH'S Babcock Theatre has just presented the world premiere of Irwin Shaw's *A Choice of Wars*, which ties together by means of one narrator two short plays. The first, *A War Several Wars Ago*, seems also to be a play several plays ago in that it presents, through a personal story laid in Tel Aviv in 1943, the kind of concerns we felt about World War II. In it, a young Jewish widow falls unrequitedly in love with a married American Air Force officer who is suffering remorse about not dying with the rest of his bomber crew in the raid on Ploesti. She, in turn, is sought after unrequitedly by a British Military Police officer. While the play contains some good dramatic moments, its effect is mainly nostalgic and descriptive.

The second play, *By the Old Moulmein Pagoda*, attempts to deal with the kind of hopeless resignation and detachment Americans feel about a situation similar to the present mess in Vietnam, and seems fresher and more urgent. In the first half of the proceedings, a young American Air Force officer is captured by an Asian officer, who probes into the factors that could have led the American to fight in the Asian's country, in order to discover "at what price the Americans can be made to leave."

By means of flashbacks we see the American officer's father, mother, wife, and younger brother, each of whom contribute to a mosaic of American schizoid apathy. The mother calls it "a kind of luxurious supermarket hush," the father feels guilty that his generation failed to do better with the World War II victory, the wife is finding it hard to resist the temptation to separate love and sex, and the brother has an aimlessness of purpose that resigns him to being drafted.

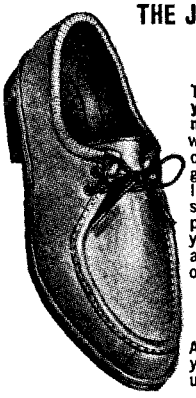
Then the same four actors change costumes and become an Asian family in a town about to be bombed by the Air Force officer's squadron. Shaw demonstrates that the Asian family is also in a hopeless situation between the opposing military forces. However, when the Asian officer asks the American to strangle one of them or be killed himself, the American (who was willing to *bomb* them) cannot. The Asian, it turns out, has no such compunctions.

Both plays were well performed by a student company augmented with a couple of more mature local actors, and the second one might well be expanded into a provocative full-length play dealing with the most important issue of the present day. —HENRY HEWES.

ESCAPE from the ordinary

NORM THOMPSON OUTFITTERS TO SPORTSMEN THE WORLD OVER brings you the finest sports clothing and equipment from the markets of the world. Each unique item is laboriously field tested to assure your complete satisfaction. Know the pleasure of having the best at real savings. Every quality item guaranteed, everything shipped postpaid.

SOLD ONLY BY MAIL



THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY
RIVIERA

The most comfortable shoe you have ever worn or your money back. This fine light weight is comfort-engineered of smooth supple elk tanned glove leather, fully leather lined with a foam insole for sheer walking pleasure. Ripple soles put a spring in your step. Color olive gray, also in rich jet black. 20 oz. of guaranteed comfort.

$18.00 per pair postpaid
2 pair **$35.00** postpaid

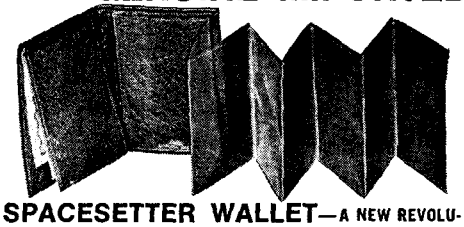
A perfect fit guaranteed or your money back. Just send us your regular shoe size.

Hand Knit SWEATERS

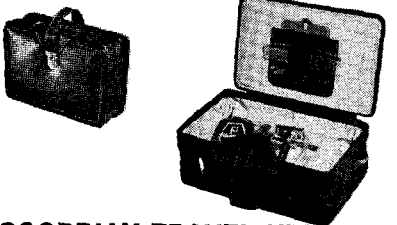
An Exclusive Import from the Outer Hebrides of Scotland.

We purchase the entire, production on these beautiful sweaters from a group of craftsmen located on the Isle of Lewis in the outer Hebrides. The rare natural yarn is dyed by hand and hand woven—**no two sweaters are exactly the same.** Their beauty is matched by their unusual comfort and warmth. **$39.00 postpaid.** Color Lovat Blue-green, women's also available in Cherry. Men's sizes 38-46. Women's sizes 36-42.

GENUINE IMPORTED WATER BUFFALO



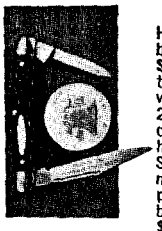
SPACESETTER WALLET—A NEW REVOLUTIONARY SLIM-TRIM WALLET SO CONVENIENT, SO COMPACT, YOU'LL NEVER CARRY THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND AGAIN. It measures just 2½" x 3½", and crammed full is only a half-inch thick. It features a 16- window slip-out cardholder and a sturdy clip for folding money. Made from genuine Water Buffalo hide, a rugged, beautiful leather that will give you years of handsome service. Available in black or brown. **$5.00** ea. postpaid. Order two for only $9.00 postpaid.



ACCORDIAN TRAVEL KIT — MADE OF GENUINE WATER BUFFALO HIDE. Its unique accordian feature lets it fold to less than two inches thick. It fits into your narrowest suitcase. The kit is lined with waterproof oil silk, fitted with an unbreakable mirror, comb and nail file. It expands to 3¼ inches to hold all your toilet articles.
COLOR: Olive Brown .....**$20.00** postpaid

Guaranteed the sharpest knife you have ever used or your money back!

THE MIGHTY MITE



Hand honed precision adjusted blades of ***Premium Razor Blade Stainless Steel*** give amazing cutting quality. The Mighty Mite weighs just ¾ ounce and is only 2¾" long making it a mighty comfortable knife to carry. The handle is made of unbreakable Stagalon. Schrade-Walden craftsmanship assures this knife's superiority. You have to use it to believe it.
$5.00 ppd. — two for **$9.00** ppd.

THE NEW
SHIKARI KIT BAG

As much at home on a jetliner as lashed to the back of a camel. Incredibly lightweight, this sturdy bag is made of the strongest water repellent canvas available, and reinfoced with leather bands. The Grip-lock handles, nameplate and end resters are of the finest cowhide. Jam-proof zippers seal the main compartment and side pocket. Web straps and nickel end loops for lashing down and securing equipment add to its versatility. Beige with brown leather trim, it's 30" long and weighs only 36 oz. **$17.50** postpaid.

SEND FOR OUR FREE 80 PAGE COLOR CATALOG. EXTRAORDINARY SAVINGS ON THE FINEST IMPORTED SPORTS CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT DIRECT FROM THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD. Each unique, quality item is fully guaranteed. Everything from sportcoats, down jackets, sweaters and slacks to knives, boots, luggage and hundreds of other exciting items are available... exclusively at NORM THOMPSON OUTFITTER TO SPORTSMEN THE WORLD OVER.

NORM THOMPSON
1805 N.W. THURMAN • PORTLAND, OREGON 97209 • DEPT. 99

Quantity	Item Name	Size	Price

☐ Please send free color catalog. ☐ Check enclosed for_____
Name_____
Address_____
_____Zip_____

Imported BRITISH TWEED HAT

The most comfortable hat of its kind made. Distinctively styled and flawlessly tailored of feather weight 100% wool Scottish Tweed. Roll this hat for packing and it springs back into shape the instant it is removed from your travel bag. Its soft quilted lining and smooth foam backed headband add to its unsurpassed comfort. The tweed is a neutral blend of blue, green, gray and tan that goes with everything. This great hat is made exclusively for Norm Thompson, you'll wear it for years with pleasure.

Sizes 6¾-7⅞.....Price **$12.50** postpaid

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guide to European Music Festivals—1967

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
March 25-June 18	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: *Maria Stuarda, L'elisir d'amore* (Donizetti), *Il Pirata* (Bellini), *Le avventure del Signor Brucek* (Janácek); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS. New Philharmonia of London, Berlin Philharmonic, Borodin Quartet; RECITALS; Isaac Stern, Leonid Kogan; BALLET.	Teatro Comunale, Corso Italia 16, Florence. Tel. 276 253
April 29-May 28	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: *Der Rosenkavalier, Aïda.*	State Theater, Wiesbaden. Tel. 3 93 31
May 12-June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	"Prague Spring" House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague I. Tel. 635 82
May 15-May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET.	Festival Ticket Office, Kongens Nytorv, 21, Copenhagen. Tel. Byen 648-5473
May 15-June 5	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	OPERA: *Orfeo* (Monteverdi), *Gloriana, War Requiem* (Britten); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. New Philharmonia Orchestra, Rubinstein, Casadesus, Ricci, Peter Pears.	Fundaçao Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon. Tel. 76 21 46
May 19-June 4	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET, DRAMA; Sadler's Wells Theatre, Hallé Orchestra, R.T.F. Orchestra. Schwarzkopf, et al.	Comissariat du Festival, 252 Fauburg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. 924 97 28
May 20-June 18	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	"Danube Neighbors" Festival. OPERA: Performances by Vienna State Opera, Vienna Volksoper, and operas of Budapest, Prague, Brno, Zagreb. Opening première: *Orfeo* (Haydn); CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA. Special Mahler cycle. Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, Radio Berlin Orchestra, Bavarian Broadcasting Orchestra.	Oesterreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichstrasse 7, Vienna. Tel. 57 23 15
May 21-July 31	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival Opera	OPERA: *Ormindo* (First production of Cavalli's opera since 17th century), *La Bohème* (new production), *Don Giovanni* (new production), *L'elisir d'amore.*	Glyndebourne Box Office, 23 Baker St., London W 1 or Lewes, Sussex
May 25-June 11	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	OPERA: *Infedeltà delusa* (Haydn), *Il Trovatore*; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Daily performances at Grieg's home, etc. Gewandhaus Orchestra, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Bergen Symphony, etc. Ashkenazy, de los Angeles, Søderstrøm, Igor Oistrakh, et al.	Festspillene I. Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 30 0 10
May (late)-July (early)	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA: World première of *Madame Bovary* (Sutermeister), new prod. of *Così* (Mozart); RECITALS; DRAMA; BALLET; ART EXHIBITS. Rubinstein, Fischer-Dieskau, et al., English, Italian.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach 8023, Zürich. Tel. 051 25 6700
June 2-June 18	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	Requiem (Berlioz). CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS: Arrau, Souzay, Zabaleta.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 1-June 25	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	Aldeburgh Festival	OPERA: Premières of *Bear* (Walton), *Punch and Judy* (Budwhistle), new prod. of *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Britten), *Fairy Queen* (Purcell), *Zéphire* (Rameau).	Box Office Manager, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk
June 7-June 18	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	OPERA: *Abduction from the Seraglio* (new production); CONCERTS; RECITALS. Bath Festival Orchestra, B.B.C. Symphony, London Symphony, Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, Francescatti, Fou Ts'ong. Nadia Boulanger, et al.	Bath Festival Linley House, Pierrepont Place, Bath. Tel. BAth 2531
June 15-July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: *Lulu* (Berg), *Orfeo* (Monteverdi), *Pique Dame* (Tchaikovsky), *Elegy for Young Lovers* (Henze), *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA.	Amsterdam: Honthorstraat 10. Tel. 723320 The Hague: Tel. 55 87 00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
June 23-July 16	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA: *Il furioso all'isola di San Domingo* (Donizetti—new prod.), *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); BALLET; DRAMA.	Festival Foundation 119 W. 57 St. New York, N.Y. Tel. JU 2-2746 Rome: Tel. 671 873
June 23-July 4	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS.	Direccion Bellas Artes, Alcalá 34, Madrid. Tel. 2 21 06 46
July 9-July 30	Aix-en-Provence, France	Open Air Festival	OPERA: *Abduction from the Seraglio, Così, Don Giovanni* (Mozart); *Barber of Seville* (Rossini); CONCERTS; RECITALS.	Festival International de Musique, 2 bis, Boulevard de la République, Aix-en-Provence. Tel. 26 30 33
July 10-August 24	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Ul. Od Sigurate, Dubrovnik. Tel. 2617-2339
July 15-August 16	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA: *Agrippina* (Handel); *Le Pescatrici* (Haydn); *Zauberflöte, Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni, Abduction, Così* (Mozart); *Meistersinger, Tristan, Rienzi* (Wagner); *Falstaff, Simon Boccanegra, Traviata* (Verdi); *Rosenkavalier, Arabella, Capriccio, Ariadne, Danae* (Strauss); *Lulu* (Berg); RECITALS.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P.O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 21851
July 21-August 20	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa), *Zar und Zimmermann* (Lortzing); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 444 Madison Ave. New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July 21-August 24	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	OPERA: *Lohengrin, Tannhäuser, Parsifal, Ring cycle.*	Ticket Office, P.O. Box 2148, 8580 Bayreuth 2. Tel. 57 22
July 26-August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: New productions of *Zauberflöte, Ascanio in Alba;* also *Abduction from the Seraglio, Marriage of Figaro, Carmen, Boris Godounov;* CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Dept., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July-August	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA: Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	4 Philhellinon Street, Athens. Tel. 230-049
August 1-August 25	Menton, France	International Festival of Chamber Music	CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS. Isaac Stern, Szeryng, Gilels, Rampal, Janis.	Bureau du Festival, 45 Rue la Boétie, Paris 8
August 4-September 3	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Jubilee Celebration	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Festival Ticket Office, Kongens Nytorv 21, Copenhagen. Tel. Byen 648; telex 5473
August 15-September 15	Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	OPERA: *Pelléas et Mélisande;* ORATORIO; CHAMBER MUSIC. Concertgebouw, R.T.F. Orchestras, Virtuosi di Roma, et al.	BRT Studio Ghent, St. Margrietstraat, Ghent.
August 16-September 7	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA: Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Cleveland Orchestra, Collegium Musicum Zürich, etc., Anda, Casadesus, Stern, Szeryng, Haefliger, Fischer-Dieskau, et al.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041-25222
August 20-September 9	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: *Orfeo* (Haydn), *I Capuletti ed I Montecchi* (Bellini), *The Rake's Progress* (Stravinsky). CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET; DRAMA. Berlin Philharmonic, Cleveland Orchestra, London Symphony, etc. New York City Ballet, Arrau, Fournier, Goldberg, Kogan, Souzay, Verrett, et al.	Festival Office. 11 Cambridge Street, Edinburgh. Tel. 031 FOU 1432
September 2-September 14	Besançon, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Syndicat d'Initiative, 19, Rue de la République, Besançon. Tel. 835235
September 4-September 20	Stockholm, Sweden	Stockholm Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Stockholm Festival, Norra Smedjegatan 13, Tel. 20 31 27

—HEDY D. JELLINEK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Charlie Barnet: *Big Band—1967.* Barnet, alto and soprano saxophones, with seventeen-piece band. Vault stereo, S-9004, $5.79; mono, 9004, $4.79.	Charlie Barnet's reappearance has been a welcome part of the current "big band revival," especially since he consistently surrounds himself with first-class, well-rehearsed musicians. This California group was not endowed with such striking jazz personalities as the one he fronted in New York before Christmas, but common to both was that great alto saxophonist, the late Willie Smith. Of several solos by Smith, the most typical is the intense, swooping thirty-two bars on Billy Strayhorn's "Upper Manhattan Medical Center." His superior tone and execution also contribute immeasurably to the sound of the saxophone section throughout, and most notably on Bill Holman's Basie-like "Introduction to an Ending."
George Benson: *The George Benson Cookbook.* Benson, guitar and vocal; Benny Green, trombone; Ronnie Cuber, baritone saxophone; Lonnie Smith, organ; Jimmy Lovelace, Marion Booker, drums. Columbia stereo, CS 9413, $4.79; mono, CL 2613, $3.79.	Very few small groups swing so infectiously today as this one. George Benson and his organist, Lonnie Smith, have a remarkable rhythmic rapport and on two tracks, with only a drummer in support, they show how well they are able to sustain interest. Ronnie Cuber adds a valuable dimension, however, and he and the leader perform unison passages with great verve. Benny Green makes a couple of appearances and the relaxed assurance of his trombone playing is very enjoyable. Intelligent programing and good recording also help make this a cookbook for the discerning.
Bill Dodge: *Swinging '34,* Vols. 1 and 2. Bunny Berigan, Mannie Klein, trumpets; Bill Jenney, trombone; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Art Rollini, tenor saxophone; Arthur Schutt, piano; Dick McDonough, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; Gene Krupa, Stan King, drums. Melodeon 7328 and 7329, mono only, $4.98 each. (Obtainable from Spottswood Music Co., Inc., 3323 14th Street N.E., Washington, D.C. 20017.)	The twenty-four performances on these records were made as radio transcriptions in 1934. Half the titles have appeared on Columbia with the same arrangements (the best being by Deane Kincaide) under Benny Goodman's name, but there are significant differences. The vocals on Columbia were by Jack Teagarden, Mildred Bailey, and Billie Holiday; here there are only four—by Red McKenzie. As compensation, there is the presence of Bunny Berigan, who takes several masterly solos and blows a forceful lead. To be able to hear him and Benny Goodman like this—young men in their mid-twenties, exciting and excited on such numbers as "Nobody's Sweetheart"—represents a valuable extension of jazz knowledge, and Melodeon is to be congratulated on its enterprise.
Chico Hamilton: *The Dealer.* Hamilton, drums; Arnie Lawrence, alto saxophone; Ernie Hayes, organ; Archie Shepp, piano (on one track); Larry Coryell, guitar; Richard Davis, bass. Impulse stereo, AS-9130, $5.98; mono, A-9130, $4.98.	The most interesting contributor to this album is Larry Coryell, a fugitive from rock 'n' roll. Like Mike Bloomfield of the Butterfield Blues Band, he is an example of the young musician who cannot be confined to the basic banalities demanded by teen-age taste. His ability to improvise freshly and imaginatively is well shown on "Larry of Arabia," a swinging blues. Archie Shepp, no less, plays the surprisingly barrelhouse piano on "For Mods Only." In comparison with Coryell, Gabor Szabo sounds somewhat self-conscious on *Jazz Raga* (Impulse A-9128), where he plays sitar as well as guitar. The present infatuation with the ragas may ultimately bring something of value to jazz, and Szabo does achieve some agreeable grooves, although his guitar sound is hard and unappealing.
Horace Silver: *The Jody Grind.* Silver, piano; Woody Shaw, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone and flute; Tyrone Washington, tenor saxophone; Larry Ridley, bass; Roger Humphries, drums. Blue Note stereo, 84250, $5.79; mono, 4250, $4.79.	Horace Silver's albums appear twice a year and always exhibit care and intelligence. Of the six new numbers he has written for this one, three are played at up-tempo with strenuous and aggressive blowing by the horns, much of the fire in these soloists' bellies being stoked by Silver's energetic accompaniment. His own piano choruses, as on "The Jody Grind," nevertheless provide the record's high spots. On "Blue Silver," a subdued lyrical composition with a pretty theme, unison passages frame and introduce his almost poetic piano statements. "Dimples," another catchy theme with effective presentation, is melodic and blues-related, and here Silver makes knowing use of ternary meter.
Omer Simeon: *Parker-Simeon.* Simeon, clarinet; Knocky Parker, piano; Arthur Herbert, drums. GHB 19, mono only, $4.98.	Eight of the selections originally appeared on a 10-inch LP, the additions being "Lorenzo's Blues," "High Society," "Grandpa's Spells," and "Shreveport Stomp." The live recording varies in quality and the tempos are not as constant as they ought to be, but Omer Simeon—Jelly Roll Morton's favorite clarinetist—emerges very creditably. His style has characteristics in common with the other great exponents of his instrument from New Orleans (Noone, Bechet, Bigard, Dodds, and Nicholas), but an often incisive tone, a melodic conception well adjusted to Morton's (which Parker reproduces), and a dramatic rhythmic sense give it a refreshing individuality.
Zoot Sims: *Waiting Game.* Sims, tenor saxophone and vocal, with Gary McFarland conducting a twenty-five-piece orchestra. Impulse stereo, AS-9131, $5.98; mono, A-9131, $4.98.	Zoot Sims is best known for uncompromising, hard-swinging improvisation but this album testifies to his eloquent way with a ballad. Although the phrasing generally reflects the wistful romanticism of Lester Young, his tone and expression are often more emphatic. As a singer, he represents no challenge to Frank Sinatra or Joe Williams, but his performance of "September Song" has some of the off-beat charm of Bunny Berigan's long-remembered "I Can't Get Started." The violins, violas, and cellos do well by Gary McFarland's rich and imaginative scores, which were recorded in London, but the rhythm section fails to provide the positive beat the session required.
Otis Spann: *Bluesmen of the Muddy Waters Chicago Band.* Spann, vocal, piano, and organ; George Smith, vocal and harmonica; Luther Johnson, vocal and guitar; Samuel Lawhorn, guitar; "Main Stream," guitar; Francis Clay, drums; Victoria Spivey, vocal. Spivey LP 1008, mono only, $5.00.	This is an unusual recording in that *three* members of the Waters band are featured individually as vocalists, not to mention the label's proprietress, Miss Victoria Spivey. Otis Spann sings with his customary primeval conviction and accompanies himself movingly at the organ. "Georgia Boy" Johnson's vocal debut is worth noting, for he sings effectively with a crying quality like B. B. King's. George Smith, who has recorded previously under his own name, has the same marked jazz feeling as a singer that he demonstrates on harmonica. Miss Spivey declaims some new lyrics in her drily humorous manner, and there are several quietly appropriate guitar solos by Samuel Lawhorn.
Kid Thomas Valentine: *Kid Thomas and His Creole Jazz Band.* Valentine, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Manuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Joe James, piano; Creole George Guesnon, banjo; Slow Drag Pavageau, bass; Sammy Penn, drums. Arhoolie 1016, mono only, $4.98.	That the New Orleans jazz tradition persisted after all the best musicians left the city is proved once again in this set. The music is "authentic" and of a sentimental interest but the antiquated techniques correspond with the age of the participants. Enthusiasts for this kind of music usually overstate their case, but what undeniably remains is a boisterous, rolling rhythm that is quite good for dancing. There is a spirit in the music, too, which still speaks of an era when joys were simpler, when it was more important to have a good time than to be hip or cool. —Stanley Dance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Eddie"

Eddie Condon—"The Leader."

EDDIE CONDON and I have been friends for more than twenty-five years, ever since the days when he was leading the band at the old Nick's in the Village—a paneled, moosehead-festooned saloon where the steaks and the jazz both were sizzling. Kenny Gibbs, a friend of mine in our home town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and I would take about $6 apiece and hitchhike to New York, where we would check into a Milner Hotel, usually on the uptown side, and ride the subway down to Nick's. One weekend we both took back bedbugs, to our mothers' dismay, but every weekend we took back memories of music so exciting that we scarcely could wait for our next excursion.

Bud Freeman was blowing tenor in the Condon band then, Bobby Hackett was leading on trumpet, Brad Gowans was playing valve trombone, Pee Wee Russell was on clarinet, Jack Lesberg usually was on bass, and the piano man was Joe Sullivan, Dave Bowman, or Charlie Queener. George Wettling, known as George The Wet, was in residence at the drums when Johnny Blowers was not there. Wettling, incidentally, was infinitely superior to Blowers and, in his own quiet way, flashier. To one side, the left, sat Condon, strumming his guitar—"the porkchop" (in recent years he has shortened the word to "the chop"). Wild Bill Davison sometimes replaced Hackett, as did Max Kaminsky, but the music that was most plunging and stimulating came out of the group when Hackett was playing lead. My pal Gibbs and I thought that Bobby Hackett, the former guitar player from Boston who unaccountably had switched to cornet, was the reincarnation of Bix Beiderbecke. "Boston?" we asked each other. "That's a hell of a long way from the levees," Gibbs said one night.

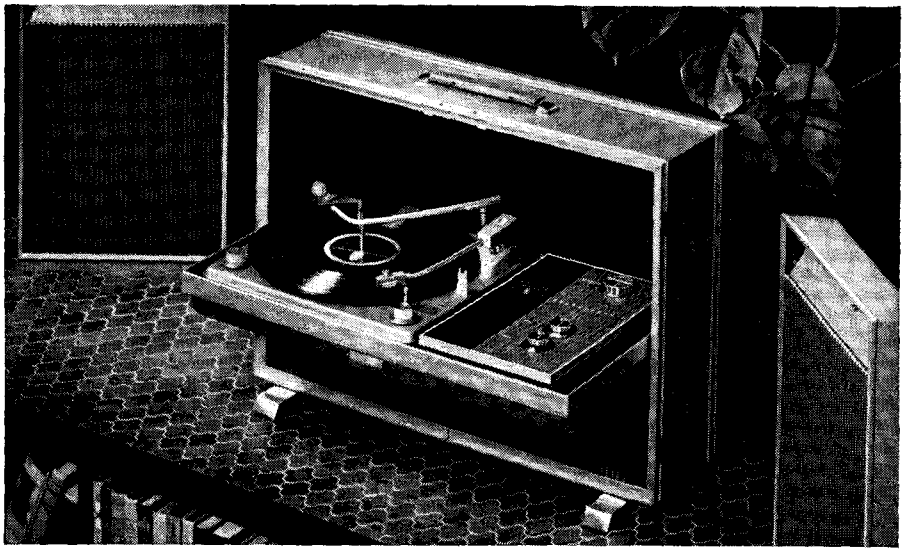
There were laughs as well as music. Sidney Bechet, that legend, had an intermission trio and as he played his soprano saxophone with a drummer and pianist, Nick Rongetti, the pianist-owner, would sit in. Not all the customers appreciated Nick's participation. Some of them had just been around the corner at Café Society Downtown to hear Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and other boogie-woogie masters and they felt that Nick, a former Fordham law student, was presuming slightly. Nick did not care what they thought. Jazz was his lifeblood and he let it course through him every night.

Old Bechet, already in his sixties then and veteran of so many bands, combinations, and whorehouse duos, he never could remember where he had been when, supplied much of the humor. One night Pee Wee Russell was coming off the stand. Pee Wee has a face that looks as though a bowling ball had begot a basset hound. It is as wrinkled as it is kindly. Bechet, adjusting the reed of his soprano, looked at him speculatively. "Pee Wee," he said, "some night I'd like to see you *make* a face."

Back of the main band was Condon, playing his four-string guitar, tuned like a banjo, calling tunes and making side-mouthed comments to the customers who were up front. At the close of a particularly exciting number he would say, "Nothing like a strolling group." This humor escaped most of those present, but they felt flattered to think that they had been addressed by The Leader. "Bobby has been taking his pills regularly, I see," Condon would say when Hackett completed an excellent solo. Brad Gowans often was tired on the job. "Brad, hadn't you better go up and see Dr. Peale?" Eddie would whisper. "It seems to me you need spiritual help."

At the close of each set the musicians all would head like a herd for Julius's down the street, where beers cost only

WHEN YOU BUY A PORTABLE STEREO...WHY NOT GET THE BEST



Enjoy dynamic stereo sound with Zenith's five-speaker, solid-state portable stereo

This Zenith Portable Stereo brings you fidelity you wouldn't expect in a unit so compact. Its solid-state amplifier channels 32 watts of peak music power to five Zenith quality speakers (two 5¼", two 3½", and one 14" oval in main unit.) And the exclusive Micro-Touch® 2G Tone Arm makes it impossible to accidentally ruin your records. See *the Metropolitan*, Model X562—only $169.95*—at your Zenith dealer's now.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

ZENITH®
The quality goes in before the name goes on

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dime (they were a quarter in Nick's). Many of the customers, to Nick's dismay, would follow them. Nick had a minimum charge of $1 which his maître d', Jack Russell, desperately (and vainly) tried to enforce. Russell always was trying to get the bar-standers to sit down so they could pay the minimum. They would not because for many years there was *no* minimum at the bar.

THOSE days, twenty-five to thirty years ago, were among the happiest of my life. I saw Eddie Condon the other night, and wish to report on him. Two years ago Eddie had prostate trouble and had to undergo a most serious operation. He had had two serious bouts with pancreatitis before and once had been the recipient of extreme unction. He is a frail man; that is, he appears frail. In actuality, he is as frail as the average suit of armor. The concert I helped give for him at Carnegie Hall was followed by a television show on which the music was superb and the business was managed badly. Condon did not come out of it with the money that should have been his. All sorts of musical geniuses – Woody Herman brought his whole band, for example– turned up to perform for Eddie and there was a decent box office score, but for some strange reason Condon did not benefit much from the event. It was embarrassing for me, because I had got him out of bed, virtually, to come.

His demeanor at the concert was a bit

short of what one would have desired. One critic later said something like, "He walked around the stage like an absent-minded floorwalker." Indeed, he did. Eddie is not a drunk but he is a hard drinker–and he had been drinking hard that night. But who could blame him? He has lived the life of the old-time jazz musician, a life that is involved with drinking, staying up late, deciding to play some music at 7 a.m., and deciding to finish at 11:30 a.m. His face may be seamed but it is not wrinkled. The very jauntiness of jazz keeps him looking, at sixty-odd, as though he were thirty-five. This barkeeper's son from Momence, Illinois, educated in Chicago Heights and reared in the early Chicago school, is an evergreen–as Armstrong is, as Red Allen is, as Pee Wee is, as Teagarden was until death finally came.

CONDON was in his saloon on West 56th Street when I saw him the other night. He was playing his guitar with that same stability and deadly dedication that always has characterized him, calling the tunes and exercising a firm control of his band. He was sober. He was authoritative and imaginative in his choice of numbers. Never in his life has he played a solo; he has never had to, for every chord he strikes is a small solo that sends his fellow players on to new achievements.

After his set was over, he came down to my table to talk. Condon is an uncontrollable coffee-houser. There have been thousands of nights during which he has become so involved in his between-set conversations that he has not felt it necessary to go up on the stand. All his life he has been–with the possible exception of John Hammond–the foremost, and the most articulate advocate of jazz, the only art form indigenous to America.

This night he looked extremely well. He had put on some weight. His spirit seemed to be soaring higher than it had ever been. The band just had played a marvelous set; young Bob Wilber on clarinet, young John Windhurst on trumpet, young Cutty Cutshall on trombone, and young Cliff Leeman on drums (none of these men are really young, but they *play* young)–all had been everything an old Nick's man could ask. They had taken me back to those teen-age days when Gibbs and I had hitchhiked to hear earlier Condon groups.

"How do you feel, Ed," I asked him.

"Pretty good, pretty good," he said. He spoke of his two daughters, Maggie and Liza–the first a model, the second still in college–and of his wife, Phyllis, and reported that that trio was pretty good, pretty good, as well.

"Any plans?" I asked.

"Sure, I have plans," he said. "I may take the band back to Australia again, or to Europe. I don't know. I wish we had a bass player, but I feel sure we can get one. We had one, but he didn't show up for work one night and Pete Pesci, my night manager, fired him. Wouldn't hire another one. I'm going to be making some records and I'll sure as hell have to have a bass player for those. Plans? *Certainly.* A man's got to have plans so he'll have something to cancel."

–RICHARD GEHMAN.

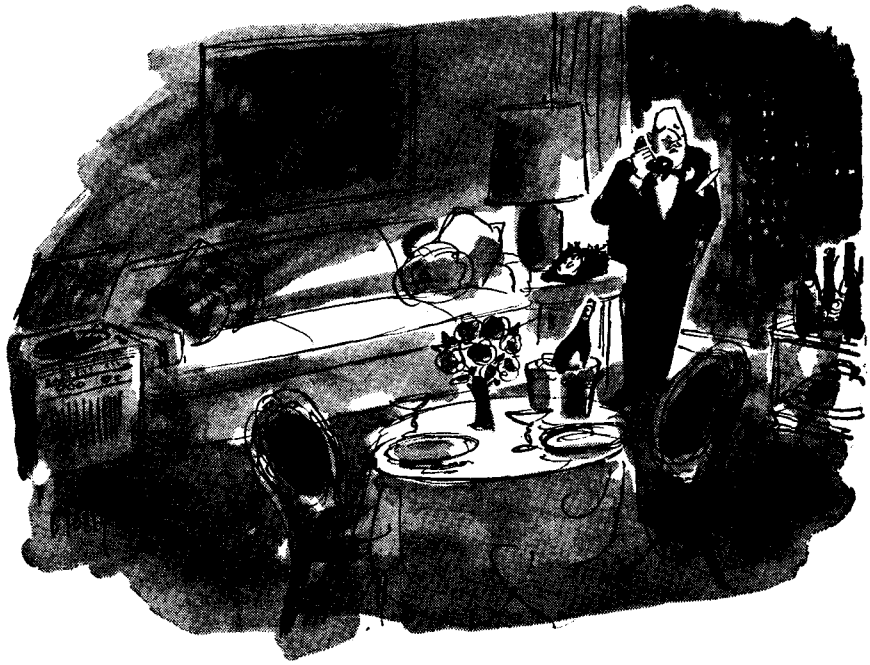
Effective immediately: the breath freshener that works as fast as you can draw a breath.

Binaca®

. . . on modern music

CALIBAN REBORN

By WILFRID MELLERS. How composers from Beethoven to Webern, Bartók, Varèse, Cage, the Beatles, Bob Dylan contrive to recover the energies of the unconscious. A volume in WORLD PERSPECTIVES, edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen. $6.50. At all bookstores. **HARPER & ROW**



"No, really, Miss Bailey, it's quite all right. I have some work to do tonight, anyway."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Granz Rides Again

WHEN *Jazz at the Philharmonic* returned to its native land at Carnegie Hall on March 26, after an interval of eleven years, it was speedily apparent that it had been away too long, and that jazz in the concert hall had missed the lavish hand and positive direction of Norman Granz.

The program was an *embarras de richesse*. Any one of its three sections contained talent enough to entertain for twice the time allotted. The roster, in fact, reflected Granz's good—and expensive—taste, for he now admits to presenting only those musicians whom he personally enjoys. The two packed houses showed that the artists he had chosen were well suited to the public's taste, too.

The fifty minutes devoted to Duke Ellington at the afternoon concert might well have seemed inadequate to his band's devotees had not all the material been astonishingly new. The opening selection, entitled "Swamp Goo," featured Russell Procope's clarinet in a *misterioso* setting slightly reminiscent of the famous "Mooche." Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet virtuosity provided an immediate contrast on the up-tempo "Hurdle Girdle." Cootie Williams preached eloquently with plunger and trumpet on "The Shepherd." Paul Gonsalves had an admirable vehicle in the serene "Mount Harissa" from *The Far East Suite*, and followed it with a fast "Up Jump." Lawrence Brown blew nonchalantly through "Rue Bleu." Harry Carney's musicianship and range were admirably displayed on "A Chromatic Love Affair." Cat Anderson played both trumpet and flugelhorn on a lively "Salome." Then it was Johnny Hodges's turn; with marvelous sensitivity he played a new and lyrical composition from the hospitalized Billy Strayhorn, while the bandleader held the music, ostensibly for him to read. Ellington did not announce its unlikely title but he subsequently revealed that it was "Blood Count."

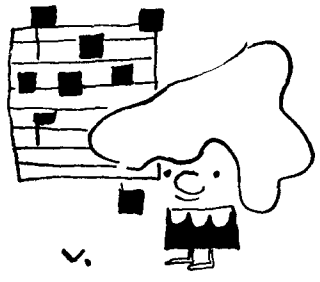
If this set was the concert's heart, the preceding music made a stimulating introduction to it. After several polished performances by the Oscar Peterson Trio (now very much a unit, with Sam Jones on bass and Louis Hayes on drums) there was a return to the jam-session atmosphere for which JATP was originally famous. Paul Gonsalves, Zoot Sims, and Clark Terry took the stage for a dashing interpretation of "Perdido" and then each played a ballad of his choice. Gonsalves chose "Gone with the Wind," and with it, and his other performances in the concert, this modest and unassuming musician seemed on the way to gaining the full public recognition he has so long deserved. He is not merely a master of his instrument (the tenor saxophone), but is also one of the most subtle and imaginative players in jazz, as his beautiful exposition of the ballad's possibilities proved.

Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, and Johnny Hodges came next with Hawkins playing a memorable chorus on "September Song" without accompaniment of any kind. The professionalism of these three stood them in good stead in this spontaneous context, and it also emphasized the basic premise behind Granz's entire concert planning, one which separates the men from the boys very satisfactorily.

At the evening performance there were further extemporaneous surprises. The full Ellington band provided the background to a tenor saxophone duel between Zoot Sims, Paul Gonsalves, and Jimmy Hamilton, and then Benny Carter came out to duet with Johnny Hodges in an irresistible interpretation of "Prelude to a Kiss."

Last but far from least was Ella Fitzgerald. Her regular accompanists—Jimmy Jones (piano), Bob Cranshaw (bass), and Sam Woodyard (drums)—took the place of their counterparts in the Ellington band, which was in attendance. She sang a typical program with vitality and her expected artistry, until Duke Ellington returned to the keyboard for a happy version of "Cottontail," on which she traded phrases with the fortunately ubiquitous Gonsalves.

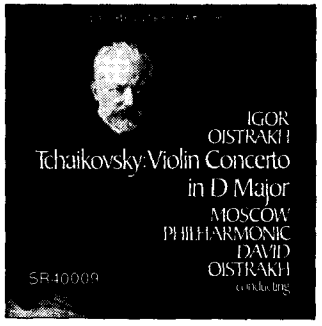
Jazz concerts often go on too long, but as this one ended the audience enthusiastically indicated that it could not have too much of this kind of good thing. —STANLEY DANCE.



A great Russian opera is recorded for the first time...

"Katerina Ismailova" (formerly "Lady Macbeth of Mtzensk") has finally been recorded. All the lyrical excitement of Shostakovich's best-known opera is dramatized by a powerful Russian cast, with "stereo staging" for theatrical realism.

...and a virtuoso violinist conducts a virtuoso violinist!



Igor Oistrakh plays Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto with his father, David, conducting the Moscow Philharmonic. Father and son achieve an empathy and a singing pace which lend a rare new aspect to this greatest of Russian violin concertos.

More Russian "firsts" from Melodiya/Angel!

МЕЛОДИЯ
USSR
MELODIYA | ANGEL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music Lovers?

Even a baseball player can be interested in music . . . but you have to give him a chance. It takes a new approach that outmodes the dull routine and force-feeding of the kind that we had. An exciting approach that builds on each pupil's natural curiosity and helps him explore and discover music for himself. Lets him *listen to music . . . play it . . . sing it . . . read about it . . . talk about it . . . see it as an interesting and natural part of his daily life.* The result? All children, regardless of background (or talent), learn to appreciate all music . . . good music . . . from Bach to the blues . . . from folk to fugue. Guided exploration and discovery—that's the exciting approach in the new Follett music program *Discovering Music Together*, for Kindergarten through eighth grade. It's something new in a music teaching program. Its promise? More young people with broadened and upgraded tastes in music and a deeper appreciation of their culture. Has your school investigated this new discovery approach to music yet?

For detailed brochure write Dept. D. M

FOLLETT

PUBLISHING COMPANY

1010 W. Washington Blvd. • Chicago, Ill. 60607

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Editor-at-Large: PAUL WOODRING

Education Editor: JAMES CASS
Associate Education Editor: PETER SCHRAG

EDITORIAL **59**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR **61**

GAMES IN THE CLASSROOM
By Elliot Carlson **62**

HAROLD LASSWELL: A MEMOIR
By Leo Rosten **65**

ON THE WAY TO 1984
By Henry Steele Commager **68**

THE TALE OF THE HEADMASTER
By Donald Barr **70**

WHAT TURNS KIDS ON?
By Terry Borton **72**

VOICES IN THE CLASSROOM: COMPETITION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
By Peter Schrag **75**

SCHOOLS MAKE NEWS **76**

BOOK REVIEW
"Universities: British, Indian, and African," by Eric Ashby, reviewed by William K. Selden **79**

This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Students and the Draft: When Not All Serve

IN A PERIOD of less than full mobilization there is no good way to choose that fraction of our draft-age youth we ask to fight our wars—but some ways are worse than others. It is well, therefore, that military draft procedures are currently subjected to wide public discussion and legislative review.

It is clear that any military draft, no matter how fairly conceived and administered, will produce inequities. The present law, which allows deferment of full-time students at institutions of higher learning, places an unequal burden on less fortunate youths (especially Negroes and other disadvantaged minorities) who lack either the financial or the intellectual capability for college study. For the deferred student, the draft seriously limits his options in selecting the best means to personal and intellectual development and places heavy pressure on him to retain his deferment at all costs. Critics have warned that many young people with little academic interest are attending college to avoid the draft, that once one is in college the quest for grades takes precedence over learning, that safe courses are substituted for studies that are more stimulating but more difficult, and that the teacher becomes the handmaiden of the military as he is forced to decide who shall be subject to the draft and who shall be deferred. Even if some of the more strident voices have overstated the case, there can be little doubt that external pressures are distorting the essential nature of the education process on our campuses.

It appears that, despite influential opposition in Congress, some helpful reforms will be instituted this spring. Early last month the White House released a comprehensive report prepared by President Johnson's National Advisory Commission on Selective Service called *In Pursuit of Equity: Who Serves When Not All Serve?* In this report a blue-ribbon citizens panel proposes a baker's dozen recommendations for radically overhauling the process by which youth are selected for service in the armed services. Three of these proposals are of special interest to students: First, the report recommends that "the 'oldest first' order of call should be reversed so that the youngest men, beginning at age nineteen, are taken first"; second, that with minor exceptions all student and occupational deferments be discontinued; third, that all men qualifying for service at age eighteen would, when they reach the age of nineteen, be included in a draft-eligible pool from which the Armed Services' manpower needs would be drawn, and the order of their induction would be determined through a system of impartial random selection—some form of lottery. Maximum vulnerability to the draft for nineteen-year-olds would endure for one year or less, and since manpower needs of the Armed Services now equal only one-third to one-half of this age group, it is unlikely that a man would be called once this period has passed.

There are a number of advantages to such a plan. The demands of the military services are spread equally among all segments of the population. Students whose educational careers are necessarily interrupted would be notified at an early age and would be able to plan accordingly. And stu-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents not called for service at age nineteen would, barring a dramatic change in national manpower needs, feel safe in planning their college careers to serve purely educational ends.

A fourth recommendation of the President's Commission has potential significance for students in the future, since it introduces an element of individual choice in determining when a student who is called shall be inducted. Specifically, the Commission proposed: "Study should begin now to determine the feasibility of a plan which would permit all men who are selected at eighteen for induction to decide themselves when, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three, to fulfill that obligation."

A few days after the Commission's report was released President Johnson, in a special message to Congress, took a similar though somewhat more cautious approach to selective service reform. (The President's principal request was for a four-year extension of the present law, which expires on June 30, since under its terms most of the changes he endorses can be made by executive order.) Specifically, among the President's proposals were these: that nineteen-year-olds, rather than older men, be the first to be called; that the order of their induction be determined by a system of random selection; that no further graduate school deferments be granted except for students in medicine and dentistry; that the question of undergraduate deferments be debated more thoroughly, both in and out of Congress, before a final decision is made.

Both the Commission and the President considered—and rejected— another dimension of reform that has aroused great interest among both students and their teachers: a system of Peace Corps-type national service as an alternative to military service. Prior to his election in 1960, President Kennedy proposed "a 'peace corps' of talented young men willing and able to serve their country . . . for three years as an alternative to peacetime selective service." Both President Johnson and Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz have raised the question of such a program in the course of the last year. And Defense Secretary McNamara, last May, suggested remedying inequities in the draft "by asking every young person in the United States to give two years of service to his country, whether in one of the military services, in the Peace Corps, or in some other volunteer developmental work at home or abroad."

THE concept of asking all youth to dedicate some of their early years to serving the nation and humanity is an appealing one that promises great rewards both to the nation and to the young people involved. It may be that the Commission is right in deciding that "no fair way exists, at least at present, to equate nonmilitary with military service." There are, certainly, many practical problems that remain to be solved. But it is possible that the basic problem in such an equation is one of perspective. Traditionally, we have conceived of military service as a duty that, because of its importance, took precedence over all others. Yet, if we were to make an objective reassessment of the respective importance of military and nonmilitary service in today's world, our perspective might change. Clearly, the military security of the nation must be protected. But equally demanding is the nation's great unfinished business of providing equal opportunity for all its citizens. And in the long run, solution of our human problems at home will prove just as crucial to the cause of freedom as meeting our military commitments abroad.

At the very least, we must make sure that the Commission's concluding suggestion—that we proceed actively with research and experimental programs to explore the possibilities of national service—becomes something more than a forgotten afterthought in a program for selective service reform. Just such an effort took place early last week at a National Service Conference in Washington, where many approaches to the subject were explored. We hope there will be more such discussions as a prelude to positive action. —J. C.

Dollars for Scholars

The CITIZENS' SCHOLARSHIP FOUNDATION OF AMERICA (CSFA) sponsors an unusual kind of do-it-yourself college scholarship program in local communities across the nation. In an age when massive federal, state, and private funds are available to high-achieving, academically talented youth, the CSFA (43 Leon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115) stimulates individual communities to provide aid to their own youth—including those who can benefit from education or training beyond high school, but are not able to compete successfully in academically oriented scholarship programs.

Founded in 1958 by Dr. Irving A. Fradkin, a Fall River, Massachusetts, optometrist, the CSFA is based on a simple idea: to get each local citizen to contribute a minimum of $1 annually to a community scholarship fund. Larger contributions are encouraged from local business and service organizations, and most member communities swell the total through a variety of fund-raising activities.

Starting with twenty-four Fall River scholarships the first year, the idea has spread rapidly. Last spring CSFA's 250 local chapters in thirty-five states awarded nearly 4,000 scholarships with an estimated value of $1,400,000. Of these a little less than three-quarters went to students attending four-year colleges and universities. But more than 25 per cent went to aid students who are attending business, nursing, vocational and technical schools, or to those seeking training in the arts or in such trades as barbering, photography, and beauty culture.

Although awards to students are gifts and not loans, recipients are encouraged to pay back—after graduation—the amount they received into a revolving fund for the use of other students. Many local CSFA units are so new that their first award-winners are still in school, but a total of some $30,000 in repayments is already reported by local chapters.

As the 1967 campaign for funds gathers momentum this month in 250 communities across the nation, leaders in the movement are calling attention to the by-product benefits that rival the value of the scholarships themselves. For instance, the program brings into the community-wide effort an entirely new segment of the population that would not ordinarily be concerned with higher education, but find a dollar contribution within their means. And Dr. Fradkin reports, "When students realize that their neighbors are willing to help them, and that there is hope for them to continue their education, many who might otherwise drop out of high school stay on for their diploma and make plans for advanced study." Although precise figures on dropouts have not been collected, school superintendents in CSFA communities attest to the movement's ability to increase the holding power of the schools.

All of our youth, potentially, have a contribution to make to society, and most of them need some education or training beyond high school in order to make their maximum contribution. CSFA and its local chapters are performing an important service in providing the means for young people of all kinds to develop their talents fully. —J.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Guide to McLuhan

JOHN M. CULKIN'S article, "A Schoolman's Guide to Marshall McLuhan" [*SR*, Mar. 18], makes the hottest comments about the Great Man I have read to date. "Everybody's hooked on content; pay attention to form, structure, framework, *medium*," is just what the abstract painters have been screaming since the 1913 Armory Show.

Fordham University is to be congratulated for snagging Marshall McLuhan—and so is *SR* for publishing Father Culkin's article.

EVE CUMMINGS.

New Haven, Conn.

IF CULKIN'S MESSAGE is McLuhan's message, they can keep it. Every intellectual and every creative artist struggles with the age-old problem of making form fit content and content fit form. Beneath both is meaning; and while art is the predominantly intuitive pursuit of meaning, science is the same pursuit under the austere discipline of rationality.

I detect no serious or new meaning, whether artistic or scientific, in McLuhan's message. Other than that we must all pay attention to TV, McLuhan says nothing to teachers about how to "help kids to learn stuff better." To me the McLuhan buildup sounds like a typical public relations snow job, perhaps to reflect glory on the hardware manufacturers and the professional "communicators."

IVOR KRAFT,
Western Reserve University.

Cleveland, O.

THE ARTICLE by Father Culkin welcoming to Fordham his new colleague, Dr. Marshall McLuhan, is full of suggestive messages—all expressed in the straight-line-of-words medium. Could they be expressed in any other medium? We live in a culture confused and dominated by many self-fulfilling prophecies and self-fulfilling prophets.

JOSEPH NEYER,
Department of Philosophy,
Rutgers University.

New Brunswick, N.J.

HAVING JUST READ "A Schoolman's Guide to Marshall McLuhan," I should like to suggest that Father Culkin, in his dual role as media researcher and mediator for Mr. McLuhan, has expressed himself in a hitherto unknown medium, which, although superficially resembling written English, seems to me to be very unpromising for any use other than the transmission of pseudo-intelligible nonsense. Admittedly Father Culkin was limited in his expression by the "abstract, linear, fragmented, sequential way of print," but I strongly suspect that a three-dimensional, stereophonic, electronic, full-color, olfactory, tactile, and kinetic presentation would be equally devoid of content. Then again, it may be that my sensorium needs a tune-up, or at least an oil change.

J. H. KUSMISS,
Assistant Professor of Physics,
Western Michigan University.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

JOHN CULKIN must indeed be a rare breed of man. To study and interpret Marshall McLuhan for over a decade and still be able to write a highly readable article is no mean accomplishment!

As one wades through the semantic underbrush that is McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, there are brief moments of insight. Culkin brings these moments into focus and, I suspect, adds a few bits of his own philosophy along the way. It was inspired and inspiring. John Culkin, and for that matter, Marshall McLuhan, make a poor country boy glad he chose educational media instead of used cars!

FRANK R. JAMISON,
Director of Radio and Television,
Colorado State College.

Greeley, Colo.

AS A TEACHER most deeply involved in the process of trying to communicate with nonlinear adapted students, a million thanks for Father Culkin's *linear* explanation of McLuhanism. The obvious conclusion (and most encouraging it is!) is that these nonlinear adapted students are *not* going to adapt to us; rather, we must adapt to them. And all this time many of us thought the problem was with *them*!

STEPHEN J. RUSNAK,
Executive Secretary,
Brooklyn-Queens Council of Teachers of English.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

On Foreign Evils

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER'S fine article, "On the Evils of a Foreign Education" [*SR*, Feb. 18], will no doubt stir up a variety of reactions among your readers. To me, it does much to explain my mother, born in 1878 into the educational climate represented by the consensus of top echelon thinking in American education.

If these were the views of men like President Eliot of Harvard, picture the educational diet of a farm kid attending a one-room country school in Macoupin County, Illinois.

My mother became a rural schoolteacher in her teens and taught for six years. She knew not one word of a foreign language. History was American history. Music was hymns, patriotic outpourings of Civil War vintage, and the bathos of Stephen Foster. Art was family photographs and Washington crossing the Delaware.

No, my mother was not stupid, but if she were alive today and had Dr. Commager's article called to her attention, she would probably fire off a blast at you for printing such attacks on the American education system, little red-schoolhouse style, that produced men like General Pershing who had to go over and clean up the mess that those crazy foreigners had made of things in Europe.

RALPH MERRILL.

Carmel, Calif.

More for Neill

IN HIS INTERESTING review of A. S. Neill's *Freedom—Not License!* [*SR*, Feb. 18], Paul Woodring says that adults should and must decide what children shall be made to learn in schools. He might have a case, if the adults deciding understood and respected children, and were themselves wise, humane, cultured, and disinterested. Unfortunately, there are not very many such people in education, certainly not enough, and where they exist they have little or nothing to say about curricula.

Mr. Woodring further weakens his case for compulsory learning by saying that good teachers can interest children in whatever they have to teach them. If this were true, what need for compulsion? The children would want to learn whatever the teachers were teaching. But of course this is not true. Far from being able to interest their pupils in what they are teaching them, most teachers cannot even interest themselves. And why should they be able to? They are told what to teach, when to teach it, and how to teach it, and their bosses are continually peering over their shoulders to be sure they are doing what they are told. For all their talk of being professionals, they are treated like factory labor, but without even having many of the protections and prerogatives that auto workers now take for granted.

When teachers realize that the compulsory learning on which schools are now based is as bad for them as for their students, as destructive of dignity, curiosity, independence, and initiative, they will begin to take steps to make themselves professionals, and their classrooms what they should be—a place for the free coming-together of the ignorant but curious and sensitive minds of children and the more knowing and experienced minds of adults. Then, and not before, true education may begin.

JOHN HOLT.

Boston, Mass.

I READ WITH INTEREST Mr. Woodring's review of A. S. Neill's *Freedom—Not License!* but I am dubious that he really touches the base of Neill's philosophy. While it is easy to make statements about a theory being untenable, it is less easy to disprove it on the basis of Neill's work at Summerhill. His philosophy is based on his forty years of dealing with children, and Woodring will be hard put to disprove his success—if measured in terms of Neill's goal: to produce people who work joyfully and find happiness. His students do not seem to have the difficulties Woodring suggests in adapting to civilized societies. Perhaps he ought to visit the school and see for himself.

MR. CLIFF COHN.

Overland Park, Kan.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Abt Associates.*

"Problem-solving games have found their way into the university and schools, and are being used for a bewildering array of purposes."

GAMES IN THE CLASSROOM

By ELLIOT CARLSON, *reporter for the Wall Street Journal.*

MORE THAN 200 high school students from twenty states will descend on Nova High School in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, this month for the school's second annual Olympic games. But the activities at Nova's sumptuous spread—part of the 545-acre South Florida Education Center — will have little to do with the usual athletic exertions conjured by the word Olympics. Instead, Olympic participants will shun the rigors of the track for the comforts of the classroom: They will play Equations, a mathematics game devised by a Yale law professor, in an experiment to determine whether a spate of newly developed strategy games can have an influence on the adolescent as pervasive as that of athletic programs.

Recognizing that high school athletes generally are accorded recognition and prestige by their peers while scholars are less "acceptable," Robert W. Allen, director of Nova's two-year-old Academic Games Project, declares that the Nova Olympics are aimed at restructuring this "value perspective." In time, through competitive use of a panoply of games, Mr. Allen hopes the school achievement of adolescents will be improved by "altering the structure of values and rewards evidenced in many schools."

Although Nova is the only school to make such games the focus of a national championship, it is by no means alone in discovering their educational possibilities. A growing number of schools—universities as well as secondary and elementary schools—are finding that various problem-solving games can be helpful in teaching everything from mathematics and business administration to international relations.

Hastening entry of the sometimes controversial games into secondary and elementary schools is mounting teacher dissatisfaction with old-fashioned textbook approaches to course material. Some Baltimore and San Diego high schools have found that games can help motivate slow learners. And grade schools in northern Westchester County, New York, working under a U.S. Office of Education grant, have designed games to teach sixth graders the economic problems of an emerging nation and the operation of a retail toy store.

On the university level, the same spirit of innovation is infecting a growing number of graduate schools of business, where some educators contend games may remedy a deficiency in those curriculums overlooking that decision-making occurs in a context of conflict. Four years ago, the University of Chicago's Graduate School of Business introduced a game reflecting the workings of the international trade system. About the same time the Harvard Business School introduced a game for first-year graduate students simulating a consumer goods industry. Last year the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce introduced a similar game. In all, some fifty university business schools make use of management games, about double the number in 1963, according to one estimate. Business schools by no means monopolize games, however. At Northwestern University, the University of Michigan, and a sprinkling of other colleges, political science students play a game called Inter-Nation Simulation, which supplements courses in international relations.

While it is all the rage in some schools, there is, to be sure, nothing new about gaming itself. War games are as old as gladiators and jousting knights, who used them to develop alternative tactics and strategies. Since the mid-seventeenth century, when a group of Prus-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sian generals adapted chess for an exercise called the King's Game, games played on table tops have provided a respectable means for the study of war and maneuver. But it wasn't until 1956 that a nonmilitary strategy game was devised. Spurred by the growing availability of computers, the American Management Association put together the first widely known management-training game. Soon afterward, games found their way into the university and business communities. Despite their modern complexity, which would have dazzled the Prussian generals, researchers concede that the value of educational games has yet to be established. Nevertheless, the exercises are being used for a bewildering array of purposes by firms, hospitals, labor unions, and even the State Department, which uses them to study counterinsurgency problems. It is in the schools, however, where the games are most varied and where their use may prove most rewarding.

Why are games considered effective learning aids? For one thing, "they spur motivation," claims Kalman J. Cohen, professor of economics and industrial administration at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, which began pioneering in games as early as 1958. "Students get very absorbed in the competitive aspects of the game. They try harder at games than in some courses." More important, he adds, the exercises "give students an opportunity to practice decision-making techniques or approaches studied in the classroom. They force students to live with the consequences of their decisions, an experience hard to get in the classroom."

TYPICAL of business games is Carnegie Tech's, developed to realistically mirror the problems of running a company. The purpose of the game, which involves about eighteen graduate student "executives" representing three competing firms in a fictional detergent industry, is almost breathtakingly ambitious. Dr. Cohen says it is aimed at providing guided experience in managerial decision-making under conditions of competition and uncertainty. At the same time, he says, the game seeks to advance student skills of analysis, advocacy, and negotiation in contacts with outside groups, such as boards of directors, bankers, and union representatives.

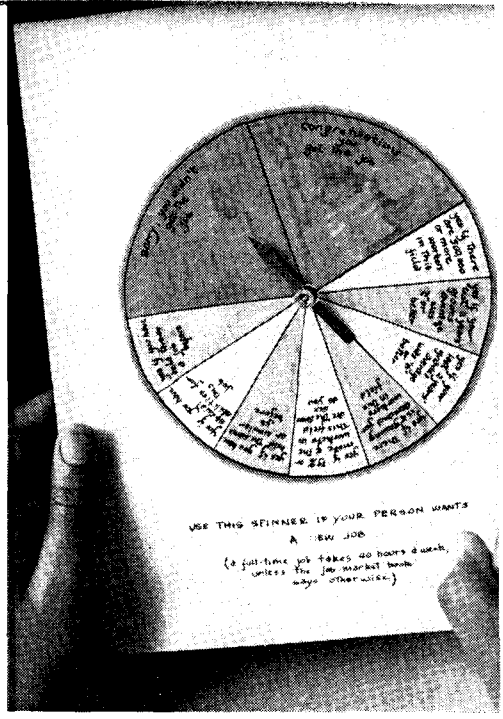
As the game gets underway, players huddle over charts and sheets containing background data on their fictional concerns. Then the team makes a decision, usually expressed in dollar terms, on the amount of money to be spent on production, marketing, research, or some other area of the concern's business. The impact of these decisions on a mythical market and, consequently, on the other "companies" in the market, is calculated by an umpire, usually a computer programed with certain cause-and-effect formulas. The umpire changes the situation in accordance with the players' decisions. Reports are issued and then the students, armed with new information, make a new set of decisions, a process that goes on for a predetermined set of "quarters."

Nor is this all. Spicing the game is the requirement that each student-businessman, when he sees that his firm could use a bank loan, travel into nearby Pittsburgh and actually try to talk a local bank out of some cash, fictional though it may be. There, in the plush chambers of bankers such as Francis S. McMichael, vice president of the Mellon National Bank and Trust Company, the young applicant haggles, bargains, and negotiates for the desired amount. Later the student is graded in part on how convincingly he made his case.

How complicated games can get, and how wrapped up students can get in them is illustrated by Inter-Nation Simulation, devised in 1958 by a research team headed by Harold Guetzkow, a professor of political science at Northwestern. Developed originally under the auspices of the Carnegie Corporation and the Air Force, the game places participants in the roles of decision-makers for make-believe nations. At the same time that the game is supplementing courses in about a dozen universities, Dr. Guetzkow is using it for research, on a $90,000 Defense Department grant.

Dr. Guetzkow explains that players, while working within the limitations of the countries they represent, must attempt to improve their strategic positions in the simulated world arena. Realism is built into the game by requiring the three to five decision-makers representing each "country" to concern themselves variously with foreign affairs, domestic economic matters, defense and military problems. One policymaker is vested with overall authority, although all of the players can be deposed from power if they fail to improve the country's standard of living or military strength. This is determined by a set of observers, called "validators," who decide the possible consequences for each nation of decisions made by participants.

Still, decision-makers remain free to opt for reduction of political pressures by resorting to international adventures. How the game works in practice was illustrated recently when a group of some thirty Northwestern students in the social sciences participated in sixteen three-hour sessions. Unlike students at the Air Force Academy and some other schools that simulate actual nations, the Northwestern participants divided themselves into five mythical lands with varying "histories" and "capabilities." They were Omne and Utro—two relatively



—*Richard Stacks (Baltimore Sunday Sun Magazine).*

"In the Life Career game, student teams play a hypothetical individual as he makes decisions about education, jobs, or marriage." This spinner introduces the role chance plays in life and career.

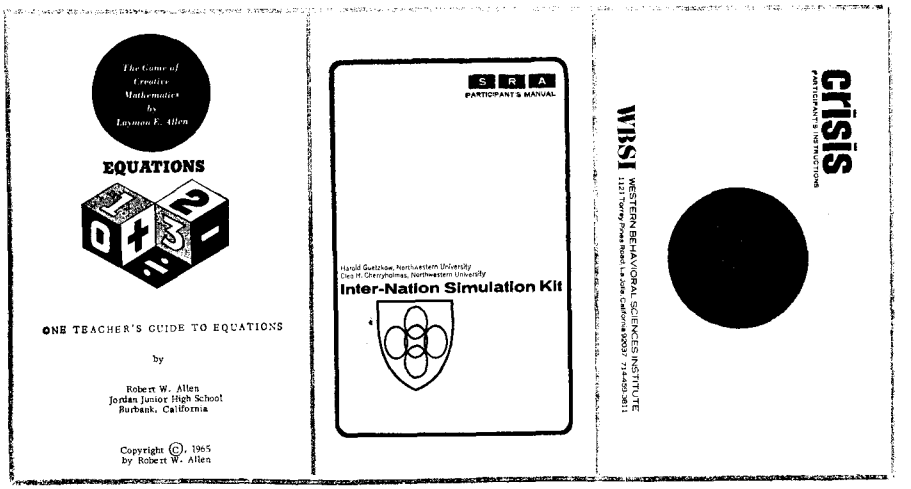
strong nations with high productivity rates—and Algo, Erga, and Engo—three weak nations with limited economic potential.

Professor Guetzkow recalls that the make-believe nations were soon snared in a maelstrom of international tensions. For one thing, both Omne and Utro, through various machinations, grew richer while the economies of the other countries faltered and sputtered. Fuel-

"Games spur enthusiasm, but there is no evidence that students learn anything from them that could not have been learned from conventional methods."

—*Western Behavioral Sciences Institute.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Instruction booklets—"Games can be helpful in teaching everything from mathematics to international relations."

ing the uneasiness was the growing military strength of Omne, which alarmed even Utro. Erga called an international conference, ostensibly to discuss economic problems, but in fact to deal with the threat posed by Omne. The poorer countries did glean from the two giants bilateral commitments of economic aid, but they were unable to agree on a strategy to check Omne.

Then Utro rapidly armed, which polarized the "world" system between Omne and Ingo on one side, and Utro and Erga on the other. The only nation without an alliance was Algo, the most impoverished of the five countries. Fearing attack and anxious to carve out a role for itself in the world arena, Algo's policymakers let slip into Ingo's hands a fabricated note, allegedly intercepted from an Erga-Utro courier, revealing plans for an attack on Ingo by the two countries. Ingo immediately called a peace conference, during which Algo offered to act as a mediator between the two blocs. But when tempers flared and tension mounted Algo was forced to admit its authorship of the note. Despite this brinkmanship, peace was maintained; the nations set up a security system that included even Algo. Not all games end so happily. A few, the professor ruefully adds, have ended in nuclear conflagration.

What do students learn from such exercises? Conceding that their value has yet to be proved, Dr. Guetzkow nevertheless insists they are an effective teaching tool. "We put individuals into decision-making posts so they can experience what its like to operate in an international system," he says. "In a simulated situation students get a sense of the reality of decision-making. They learn that it's not as simple as it seems in textbooks."

The students are enthusiastic. After the session, some said they had increased empathy for the plight of small nations in the world arena, while others felt they better understood the phenomenon of nationalism. "I feel like an Omnian," one student confided to an instructor. "In other words, I have developed a nationalist patriotism, pride in Omne's achievements and distress over its failures, which in many ways is just as strong as my American patriotism."

Said another student: "The awareness of the vast number and the complexity of the factors which must be considered by a nation could never have been as vivid from reading a book."

Despite these high marks by students, not all educators are sanguine about games. Indeed, some are downright critical. Discussing the simulation games used by some political scientists, Charles O. Lerche, dean of the school of international services at American University, observes they have "certain advantages in terms of conveying to the student an approximation of reality." But he cautions that the games have "certain

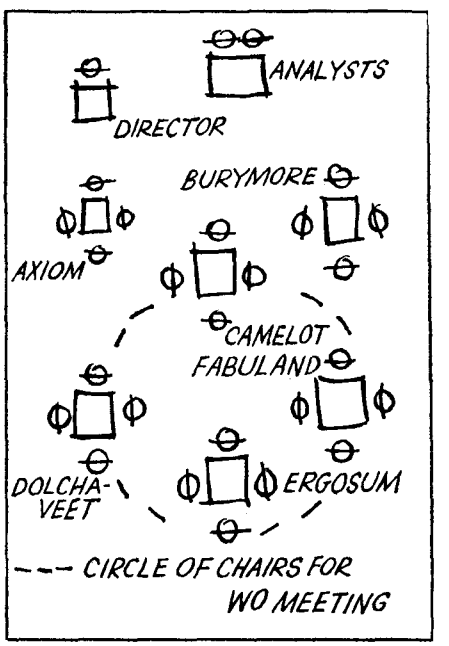


Diagram of a classroom setup for the international conflict game of "Crisis," developed by Western Behavioral Sciences Institute.

built-in limitations. The essence of gaming is that you artificially simplify the universe to single out a few variables. The trouble is that there are few situations in real life where there are only a few variables at work. Life situations are far more complex than these games can make them."

Even on the secondary level not all teachers are enthusiastic about games, which resemble, at least in principle, those played in universities. On both levels games may, but do not always, involve a computer. And even when requiring a computer some games used in high schools seem to border on the frivolous. At least one such game, for example, involves a child's spinning wheel, a pair of dice, and a game board familiar to Monopoly players. Thus the impression persists that games are simply toys, a view that led one Midwest high school last year to turn down a proposal to use in its history classes a seven-year-old politico-military game, called Diplomacy, on grounds that it was "simply entertainment."

Despite such misgivings, use of games on the secondary level is increasing even more rapidly than in the universities. At Johns Hopkins University, James S. Coleman and Sarane S. Boocock, working under a $200,000 Carnegie Corporation grant, are engaged in the development of games with simulated environments. To these academicians the value of games arises in their ability to "bring the future into the present, allowing the child to play roles in a large, differentiated society of which he otherwise gets hardly a glimpse." Also, they claim, games are peculiarly "self-disciplining" and, finally, "self-judging," meaning "a player knows that he has won or lost by his own actions."

Among the eight exercises so far devised at the school are the Game of Democracy, involving bargaining sessions in which players try to get passed or defeated those measures favored by a make-believe constituency; the Disaster Game, in which the winning player is the one who is most efficient in committing his own energies and most visibly cooperative in helping his neighbors overcome a simulated disaster; and the Consumer Game, involving allocation of income in the face of credit financing and other pressures, in which the player "must learn both economics and mathematics, as well as the necessity to defer gratifications."

One of Johns Hopkins's most widely distributed games is Life Career, in which student teams "play" a hypothetical individual as he moves through life and makes decisions about education, jobs, marriage, and other matters. The team that makes the most realistic decisions, given the qualities of the "individ-

(*Continued on page 82*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAROLD LASSWELL:

A Memoir

Harold D. Lasswell has been cited by the American Council of Learned Societies as "a master of all social sciences and a pioneer in each." Perhaps more than anyone else, he helped shape contemporary understanding of the psychology of public opinion and its impact on the democratic process. Now a professor of law and political science at Yale University Law School, Lasswell began his academic career in 1924 at the University of Chicago, served in various governmental advisory positions, and was president of the American Political Science Association in 1955-56. His greatest impact, however, probably came in direct confrontations with students who, like author Leo Rosten, were able to watch his mind work. Mr. Rosten, a graduate of the University of Chicago in 1930, is the creator of the Hyman Kaplan stories; his most recent book, "A Most Private Intrigue," was published last month by Atheneum.

Harold D. Lasswell

By LEO ROSTEN

I MET HIM at the University of Chicago, when I was a suffering sophomore, he a callow instructor. I thought him a bit of a freak: pedantic, verbose, and ill at ease. He wore his hair in a short, stiff, Prussian cut, and his knowledge in a high, stiff, abrasive manner. He lectured us desperately, with a glazed stare into outer space, conspicuously unaware of whether we understood him and visibly unconcerned with what we might be thinking.

He talked so fast, so frantically, tumbling idea upon idea in a torrent of excitation, that his nonstop monologues became a polysyllabic blur from which only startling words and phrases erupted to penetrate my dumbfoundedness: "Context . . . frame of reference . . . thanks to . . . anxiety . . . systematic . . . manipulate . . . symbols . . . insecurity . . . objectify . . . superego . . . rigorous . . . anxiety . . . quantify . . . dialectical . . . explicit . . . insecurity . . . participant-observer . . . world revolution of our time." He baffled—nay, he flabbergasted me. He did not lecture so much as smother. He seemed unable to leave a moment of time unoccupied by language. I even wondered if he did not suffer from some speech impediment, which he was trying to drown in a flood or throttle in a glut of words. I was not helped, of course, by his scrambling together of technical terms from a dozen unhomogenized disciplines: philosophy, sociology, economics, anthropology, political theory, psychiatry, statistics, pediatrics, linguistics, psychoanalysis, law, physiology, quantum physics (oh, yes).

The play of his nostrils as he monologized intrigued me. His globular cheeks puffed out like those of a chipmunk with a nut in each pouch, and from those two round protuberances sailed forth a surprisingly thin nose—with most mobile and expressive nostrils: They flared and narrowed and quivered in tune with his meaning, signaling disdain here, esteem there. He was in the grip, then as now, of a compulsion to be entirely objective. The goal was inhuman, to say nothing of inhumane.

Considerably miffed by this antiseptic pastor, and by a crushing chore he had assigned us, I mobilized my courage and my indignation and marched to Lasswell's office, where I gulped out my heartfelt complaints. He listened steely-eyed and silent. Thrown by his clinical stare, which made me feel like an incipient case-study, I even quavered that I sometimes did not understand what he was *talking* about. To this, at last, Harold Lasswell sniffed icily: "Communication is but the fortuitous parallelism of bio-psychic variables." I staggered out.

It took me years to discover why this phenomenally intelligent, prodigiously articulate man resorts to such lingo: He is entirely at home with it. It is his métier. Most men use language clumsily, to express their banal ideas and conceal their complex feelings; Lasswell uses words brilliantly—to conceal simple feelings and express complex ideas. I think he has a passion to be comprehended, and marmoreal defenses against being understood.

In those days, he always said, "We"—never, never "I." He also shunned the conventional exchange of pleasantries. He would proceed directly from an obligatory "Greetings!" (he eschewed all clichés, including "Hello") to his latest lucubrations on Ibn Khaldûn. Emphatically egalitarian, he was likely to enlighten dazed coeds about both Pareto and penis envy. His totem was ideas; his taboo, boredom. I once heard a harmless hostess ask him, "Isn't it wonderful weather we're having?" Only after Lasswell had recovered sufficiently to analyze her motivations, did he answer, "Yes." I was surprised that he did not diagnose the meteorological determinants of the weather we were having.

LASSWELL mystifies the uninitiated by his massive verbiage. What the Philistines do not see is that he thinks by listening to what he says, then mines it to separate gold from dross. To him, talking is a form of testing, of dropping plumb lines into the gigantic reservoir of his knowledge. He talks the way other men daydream. His monologues are symposiums, with invisible peers. Who has not heard him verbalize for hours without the faintest idea of what he was getting at, or even around, flitting from Peter the Great to projective mechanisms, from "equilibrium analysis" to "time-space manifolds," until—Bingo!—he hit upon some attractive hunch or slant

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or self-illumination, which he then seized with relief and extrapolated feverishly?

Lasswell is a fantasy system-builder, a thwarted cosmologist, an exuberant sucker for fanciful, *ad hoc* correlations, in which he revels: between the Gothic arch and, say, feudal ambivalence about copulation; German philanthropy and Oedipal guilt; bureaucracy and breast-feeding. Sometimes he sounds like a cross between Machiavelli and Freud, recorded by Veblen.

Early on, I was struck by the ballet of his hands. They are library hands, very pale, very soft, and when he talks, over drinks or food, they make small gyrations in the same ritual: the left hand is motionless, its thumb and forefinger forming an "O"; the right hand hovers over and dances around that "O." If, say, he is trying to illustrate Planck's Constant, or the dynamics of introjection, the right hand pulls an invisible thread within an invisible needle on a path horizontal to and away from the inert circle of the left hand "O." It is astounding how the man can hemstitch theoretical points into imaginary petit-point.

Lasswell is essentially self-oriented and exceptionally self-sufficient. He is the Compleat Intellectual, egocentric, not egotistic; he has not, I think, a shred of vanity. In language he might find more congenial, he is, *au fond*, narcissistic. I believe he is by all odds the most interesting man he has ever known.

The *callithump* (it pleases me to think he will have to look this up) of his ideas never stops, never flags, never pauses for rest or recuperation or revival. His inordinate erudition is fueled by the one passion that consumes him: the passion for omniscience. His mountainous knowledge, in my opinion, interferes with a very high capacity for original thinking, and sometimes sterilizes his most fecund insights. He overloads his works with references, citations, footnotes, bibliography, and learned digressions. I wish that loyal friends would join with me in helping to emancipate him from the stultifying standards of academe, perhaps by giving him a plaque that proclaims him our ambulatory Library of Congress.

Lasswell, who luxuriates in company, seems to need it less than anyone I ever knew. Not that he does not have friends. They come in legions—literally—and continental subdivisions. He has met, charmed, mesmerized (and offended) more people than anyone else I ever met. Strangers, uncued by any comment from me, have brought up his name in places as far removed as Sebastopol and Sausalito. He is a proficient socializer, but seems capable of spending unlimited hours and days alone, cheerfully reading, writing, conjecturing. He is a triumph of autogeny.

A warm, generous friend, he is, essentially, and oddly, *shy*. He gives unstintingly of his time, his encouragement, his expertise; yet in the almost four decades that I have known him, I have not once seen the knob on the door of any apartment he occupied. He is embarrassed by intimacy. No one is more parsimonious about the revelation of personal or familial data. Ask him a personal, a truly personal, question and he will hem and haw while his face swarms with as many hues of red as could be found in the American labor movement from 1932 to 1941. He is embarrassed not so much by affection as by the *display* thereof—on your part, surely, and more surely on his. He reminds me of a Calvinist who has learned how to laugh.

He is perennially youthful. His prevailing mood is ebullience. I have seen him distracted, but never depressed. And I have never known him to be frustrated. Even at sixty-five, he seems precocious. He is both exhausting and inexhaustible. This I attribute to his phenomenal capacity for enthusiasm. He has a ravenous, a ferocious, an insatiable appetite for every conceivable aspect of living. He is surely the most indefatigable talker, drinker, eater, traveler, conferee, researcher, collaborator, lecturer, bibliophile, and note-taker in the Western world.

I have heard him deliver three- to five-hour monologues that remain the most extraordinary exhibitions of brilliance and non-alcoholic inebriation I have ever heard. One started with China (he had just returned from a teaching stint in Peking) and from there made leaping gambadoes to British club mores in Shanghai, phallic artifacts in Cambodia, the paralysis of Marxist ideology, the latent homosexuality of geisha-loving Japanese, Jung on the *persona*, Freud on Jung, Lasswell on Jung and Freud and Adler (sniff), the journalism of Karl Radek, Mao Tse-tung as a poet, French foreign policy in the Far East, the puerility of Thomas Wolfe, Los Angeles as an architectural projection of masturbatory fantasies, George Lukacz as a literary critic, the vectors of L. L. Thurstone, the theories of Sherrington and Anton Carlson, the Bhagavad-Gita, the symbolism in Zuni dances, Sapir's illuminations of linguistics, R. H. Tawney and Max Weber, Oriental "face" as an exercise in stylized hostility, Heisenberg and Schrodinger on indeterminacy, leg fetichism in American high schools, Malaparte's variations on the *coup d'état*—plus assorted comments, appraisals, footnotes, and gibes at Sorel, Dicey, Sombart, Keynes, Whitehead, Lenin, Eddington, Boas, Roberto Michels, and Oswald Spengler, to say nothing of the Dolly Sisters and the Comte de Guiche. This too-brief résumé has, I regret to say, omitted those parenthetical flourishes with which Lasswell customarily garnishes one of his hypomanic seizures. I have seen strangers, during one of Lasswell's roaring improvisations, act as if they had fallen into an automatic washer with Immanuel Kant.

I consider him the most fertile catalyst and undismayable theorist in the socio-sexual sciences. After the surface forays of Graham Wallas and Walter Lippmann, Lasswell—armed with a mastery of psychoanalytic theory, field-work among its practitioners in Vienna, Berlin, Boston, and Washington, a spell as a lay analyst (he wrote a brilliant paper correlating word-patterns in free association with patients' heart-beats and skin tension), and acquaintanceship with Einstein's revolution—carried the corpus of political theory to the couch, there to be invigorated by his insights and imagination. His analyses of analysis are, to me, unsurpassed among the keepers of the flame. His pioneering contributions to propaganda analysis, "the pyramid of power," content analysis, and political symbols and psychology are indisputable.

He is, of course, neither omniscient nor flawless. Haunted by methodology, he often dallies in the arid provinces of method. And because he operates best with high abstractions, and adores the game of multivariable ping-pong, Lasswell will move heaven and earth to find the picayune meaningful, to say nothing of *significant*. His unreserved interest in everything long ago drove him to seek some all-inclusive frame or scheme, which is understandable; but just as some men have no eye for color, Lasswell has no gauge for proportion. He may devote as many words to chiropody, should it happen to get on the roller-coaster of his speculations, as to bank deposits. His work has remarkable range, pyrotechnic effects, profundity, brilliance, suggestibility, and insights galore—but haphazard proportion and uneven focus. This has always puzzled me, perhaps because I am a simple man who gets the bends when the rise and fall of the Papuan hemline pops up in the middle of a dissection of the class origins of Post Office employees in Vincennes, Indiana.

Lasswell shelters not the faintest prejudice against serendipity, which is, in fact, the closest thing to religion he observes. He is easily seduced by an idea—any idea. He is often excited by what interests no one else. His infatuation with objectivity drives him to adopt the stance of a surgeon and the style of an engineer, so that most conversation strikes him as "the production of propitiating noises," and a speech by a ward-heeler at a wake becomes "symbol manipulation." Much of this is meant to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

illuminate via irony, and is often both elegant and witty, but some of it uses cannons to swat flies.

Yet he can be as simple and clear as Jello. (Children, for instance, get along fine with him.) Under duress, given rigid word limits, he produces analytic gems: e.g., his articles in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (Bribery, Chauvinism, Feuds, Morale); his 1933 article on the rise of Hitler; his classic *Politics: Who Gets What, When, How*; parts of *World Politics and Personal Insecurity*; truly original and trenchant pieces on public opinion, symbols, and power, Marxist fallacies, international relations, the psychology of revolution, *et*, as they say, *cetera*.

Lasswell longed to be a "participant-observer" in every culture, society, revolution, and laboratory experiment of his time. This led him, years ago, into "world surveys" that were to be scooped up in regional dragnets labeled "focus of attention" studies. *Manibus pedibusque*, and hot as a pistol, he proceeded to correspond with brainwashed accomplices from Australia to Zagreb who fed his infatuation with the universal by shoving dubious nuggets of data into his inventory of critical factors in those political convulsions that he was the first, I think, to dub "the world revolution of our time." ("Rising expectations" and "the garrison state" are also his striking coinages.) Lasswell was often electrifying in his political predictions, but they bore little relation to the ragout of erratic guesses and peculiar *obiter dicta* he was receiving from excitable Serbs, Afrikaners, and Cretans whom he had conned into transcendental illusions. He is a most starry-eyed sophisticate.

Lasswell has never displayed noticeable anxiety about his health or possible demise. His equanimity vis-à-vis the Grim Reaper has a certain bounce to it. I once heard him console an embarrassed companion, who had imbibed too much: "One must, at times, defer to the banal demands of the soma." He can also remark on the passing of a colleague with the affect of a commuter who has missed the 6:10 to New Haven. Not that he is callous; he is just better at analyzing emotions than expressing them. He feels, I think, very deeply—but when no one is watching. Neutrality is his shield.

I have never heard him tell a joke, but no one is a better audience for the risible. His laughter is both Homeric and Falstaffian. He loves anecdotes but I have never heard him tell a story. He venerates the analytic, rather than the discursive. His desired image of himself is cerebral—a 100 per cent pure scientist who tries to maintain rigorous detachment in his work, and affectionate detachment in what he insists on calling "interpersonal relations." It is not surprising that people who do not know him consider him a mortician of ideas. They confuse their confusion with (allegedly) his.

Lasswell is a phenomenal generator of ideas, but an ineffective editor—of either his writings or the work of others. This long puzzled me, because he is a most acute critic. The trouble is, I suspect, his fear of confessing that something may not be relevant. Since *he* is always learning, rearranging, recording, storing, what possible facts, however "trivial," what speculations, however aberrant, *might* not—someday, somewhere, somehow—be decisive? Think of what Sigmund Freud discovered, after all. It was Freud, whom Lasswell consumed when he was in high school, who opened Lasswell's eyes to how important the picayune may be, and how common the bizarre. Freud also impressed him with the despotism of sex over most people.

ONE cannot give a true picture of this truly unique man without mentioning, however reluctantly, the vocal sputterings and hopscotch to which he is prone. ("The — uh — possible extrapolations —mmh—of these—hanhh—implicit categories may—er—be manipulated to—uh —expedite analytic—harumph—clarity.") I think Lasswell falls into overt incoherence because he blames himself for not automatically producing instant, definitive, historic formulae in answer to any question on any occasion. One never hears him say, "I don't know." I have heard him say, "*We* know little about this," but that meant that man's accumulated knowledge had not yet reached the point where an answer is possible; had it, Lasswell would, clearly, know it.

For 90 per cent of the students who dipped their intellectual toes in his raging waters, Lasswell was not a teacher but a tornado, to be resented, resisted, endured, and survived. They could no more understand him than they could understand the *Principia Mathematica* in Swahili. Easily bored in a classroom, the master often retreated into highfalutin' ambiguity, or reveries too offbeat to convey meaning to anyone but a psychiatric symbolist. He was impatient with mediocrity, and could become quite testy, clipping the wings of clumsy fledglings with sardonic rejoinders.

FOR another 5 per cent of his students, Lasswell was a galvanizing, unnerving, probably seditious comet who had roared in from some alien planet of the intellect (surely alien to the narcotic drone and tranquilizing platitudes of most college pedagogy). He required in students brain, discipline, fearful bibliography, and a determination to crack the stainless steel cover in which the superego is enclosed.

And to the final 5 per cent, Lasswell was an eye-opener, a mind-liberator, a horizon-lifter unlike anyone they would ever run into again, in this world or the next. He was original, disruptive, challenging, derisive. He hurdled the barriers that block most efforts to communicate: differences in age, culture, temperament, style, metabolism, repression, orality. He proceeded on the sanguine assumption that he *could* be understood; he was grateful to anyone who was interested in what he had to say, and excited by anyone who was fascinated by him. I was, unashamedly, in the latter group.

I learned, or was encouraged and jolted and inspired to learn, more from him than from anyone I ever met. One cannot easily measure, or hope to repay, such indebtedness.

"Try to get more than a passing salary."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE WAY TO 1984

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, *professor of history, Amherst College.*

GEORGE ORWELL'S Oceania had a vast and efficient information agency; its name was the Ministry of Truth and its purpose was to make every citizen of Oceania think the right thoughts. "The past is whatever the records agree upon," was its motto and it wrote, or rewrote, the records. Now the information agencies of our own State and Defense Departments, the USIA, and the CIA, seem bent on creating an American Ministry of Truth and imposing upon the American people a record of the past which they themselves write.

It is the CIA whose activities have been most insidious and are most notorious, but the CIA has no monopoly on brainwashing. Consider, for example, the film *Why Vietnam.* It is "one of our most popular films"; it is distributed free to high schools and colleges throughout the country, and to other groups who ask for it—as hundreds doubtless do. Its credentials are beyond reproach; it was produced by the Defense Department and sponsored by the State Department, and President Johnson, Secretary Rusk, and Secretary McNamara all pitch in to give it authenticity.

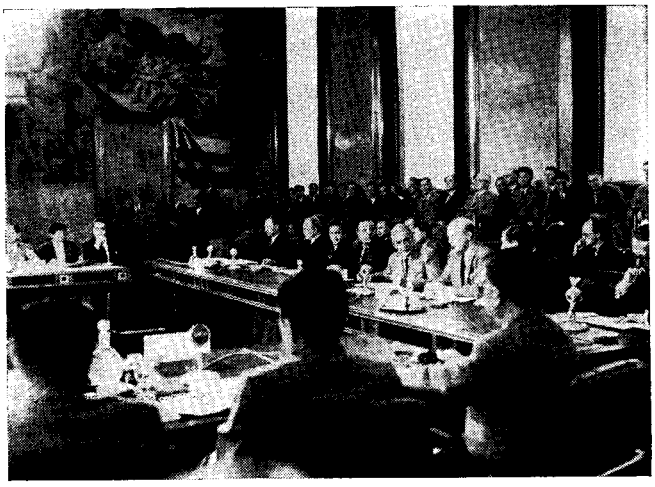
The USIA is not permitted to carry on propaganda within the United States, and the reason it is not is that the American people do not choose to give government authority to indoctrinate them. Government, they believe, already has every method of communication with the people that it can properly use. The President, members of the cabinet, the armed services—these can command attention for whatever they have to say, at any time. There is therefore no necessity, and no excuse, for government propaganda, no need for government to resort to subterfuge in its dealings with the people.

What we have always held objectionable is not overt publicity by government, but covert indoctrination. *Why Vietnam* is, in fact, both. It is overt enough, but while it is clear to the sophisticated that it is a government production and therefore an official argument, the film is presented not as an argument, but as history. Needless to say it is not history. It is not even journalism. It is propaganda, naked and unashamed. As the "fact sheet" which accompanies it states, it makes "four basic points," and makes them with the immense authority of the President: that the United States is in Vietnam "to fulfill a solemn pledge ," that "appeasement is an invitation to aggression," that "the United States will not surrender or retreat," and that we—but alas not the other side—are always "ready to negotiate a settlement."

Government, which represents all the people and presumably all points of view, should have higher standards than private enterprise in the presentation of news or history. But *Why Vietnam* is well below the standards of objectivity, accuracy, and impartiality which we are accustomed to in newspapers and on television; needless to say, as scholarship it is absurd. In simple, uncritical, and one-dimensional terms it presents the official view of the war in Vietnam with never a suggestion that there is or could be any other view. When Communists sponsor such propaganda, we call it "brainwashing."

Let us look briefly at this film, for it is doubtless a kind of dry run of what we will get increasingly in the future. It begins—we might have anticipated this—with a view of Hitler and Chamberlain at Munich, thus establishing at the very outset that "appeasement" is "a short cut to disaster." Because the free nations of the world failed to stop aggression in the Thirties, they almost lost their freedom and had to fight a gigantic war to survive; if we fail to stop "aggression" now we, too, may lose our freedom. For "we have learned at terrible cost that retreat does not bring safety and that weakness does not bring peace, and it is this lesson that has brought us to Vietnam."

Here, then, is the first distortion of history and it is a preview of what is to come throughout the film. The aggression of the great totalitarian powers in the Thirties in fact bears little analogy to the civil war in Vietnam, nor is the Geneva Agreement of 1954 to be equated with appeasement. The fact is almost precisely the opposite of that implied by *Why Vietnam.* One of President Roosevelt's objectives in the Second World War was to get the French out



—Photos by Wide World.

Meeting at Munich, 1938, and the Geneva Conference of 1954—"The aggression of the great totalitarian powers in the Thirties bears little analogy to the civil war in Vietnam, nor is the Geneva agreement of 1954 to be equated with appeasement."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

GEORGE A. CARVER, JR., student of political theory and Asian affairs, with degrees from Yale and Oxford; former officer in the U.S. aid mission in Saigon; author of "Aesthetics and the Problem of Meaning" • • • *JULIUS K. NYERERE*, President of Tanzania; formerly President of Tanganyika; Chancellor of the University of East Africa • • • *LUCIAN W. PYE*, Professor of Political Science, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Director of the China Studies Project of the Council on Foreign Relations; his article is based on a paper for the Princeton University Conference on the United States and Communist China • • • *DAVID ROCKEFELLER*, President, the Chase Manhattan Bank; Chairman, Council for Latin America • • • *J. ROBERT SCHAETZEL*, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Atlantic Affairs, Department of State

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

VOL. 44 APRIL 1966 No. 3

THE FACELESS VIET CONG

By George A. Carver, Jr.

The George A. Carver article on Vietnam in the April 1966 issue of *Foreign Affairs*—"Carver, an employee of the CIA, did not bother to make that connection known to the editors of that journal or the public."

of Indochina; the Eisenhower objective of the Fifties was to keep them there. The French are out now and we are in, playing the role that the French played before Dienbienphu—and still fighting Ho Chi Minh.

But now the scene shifts to Vietnam. In 1954, says our narrator, "the long war is over, and the victorious Communists are moving in." It is a statement which has only the most fortuitous relation to reality. The long war was indeed over—the war between the Vietnamese and the French. But to label the Vietnamese who fought against the French "Communists" and to assume that somehow they "moved in" (they were already there) is a distortion of history. Yet there is worse to come. For next the camera is turned on to the Geneva Conference. It was, so we learn, "a victory for the Communist world," and there is no hint that we ourselves accepted the results of the Conference. Vietnam, we are told, was "divided at the 17th parallel" and there is no suggestion that the division was to be a purely temporary one. Nor is there any reminder that the Geneva Agreement called for an election, that President Eisenhower himself said that in such an election 80 per cent of the vote would have gone to Ho Chi Minh, and that we were chiefly responsible for putting off the election. No, what school children and students are given here is a one-dimensional story of a Communist conspiracy to destroy the peace of 1954. Worse yet, they are presented with the spectacle of a "reign of terror" in which "children are killed in their sleep." Clearly only Communists kill children; we don't kill children.

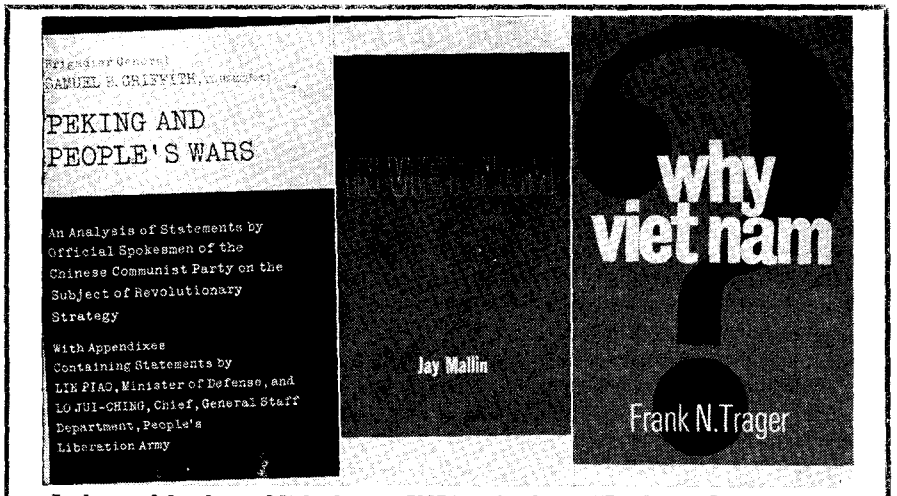
Now we are bemused by a scene of peace and plenty, liberty and reform, in South Vietnam. It is Eden before the fall. But staggered by the success of the South, the Communists launch "a furtive and remorseless war against the people," and Secretary Rusk is dragged in to denounce this "cruel and sustained attack." Attack by whom? Presumably by Ho Chi Minh, though this is left, safely enough, to the imagination. Nowhere is there any mention of the Vietcong, nowhere any suggestion of a civil war, and nowhere any hint that until we began a substantial military buildup in Vietnam—in violation of the Geneva Agreement—there was no invasion from the North. And, as part of that corruption of the vocabulary familiar to students of Newspeak, words like North Vietnamese and Vietcong give way to the generic word, "Communist."

But still worse is to come. What is it the "Communists" want? Shadowy hints conjure up terrors that even the narrator is reluctant to name. "The prize the Communists are after . . . South Vietnam . . . standing at the gateway to Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, East Pakistan." The imagination reels as it is, of course, meant to. For here, looming up before us, is the menace of China. Says our narrator, "Spurred by Communist China, North Vietnam's goal is to extend the Asiatic dominion of Communists." No wonder that in this phantasmagoric scene American "advisers" somehow become "fighting men," helping the outnumbered South Vietnamese resist Communist aggression. And if there are still any lingering doubts about the justice and the necessity of American participation, here are both President Johnson and Secretary McNamara to set the record straight.

Now we have a new theme: peace. "Fifteen times," no less (it is doubtless thirty by now), we have tried to open negotiations and each time we have been rebuffed. All we want—there is a note of plaintiveness here—is free elections; curiously enough, just what the Geneva Agreements called for back in 1954. All we want is to limit the war. And how do the recalcitrant Communists meet our appeals? They attack us with "high explosives aimed at American air bases." They kill little girls (picture of little girl cruelly destroyed). They even attack the United States Embassy, clearly the crowning infamy. There is a kind of inarticulate assumption that we don't do anything as unsporting as using "high explosives."

Now we are invited to take a more philosophical view of the war. Why are Americans risking life and limb in this distant jungle? That is easy. To keep American promises—indeed, "to fulfill one of the most solemn pledges" in our history, a pledge made by three Presidents, no less. Needless to say, this is

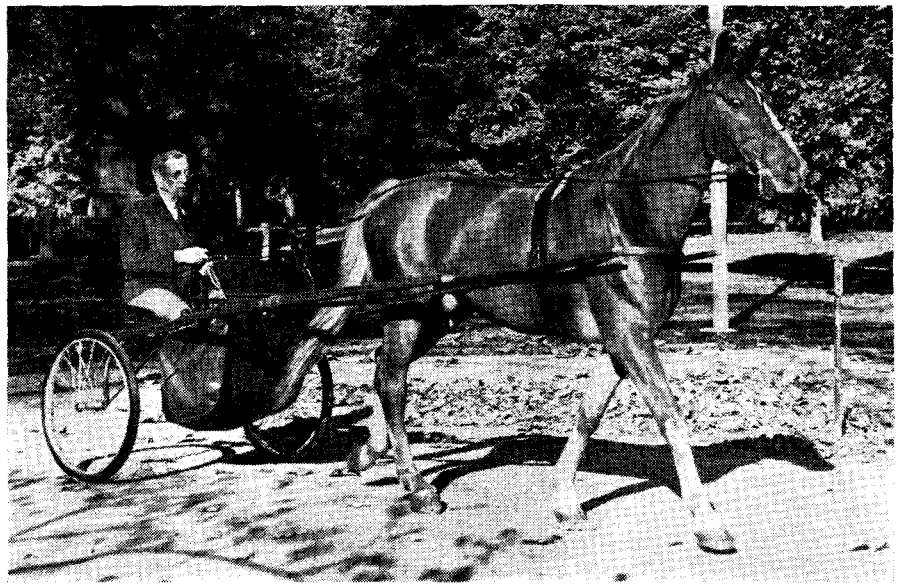
(*Continued on page* 80)


PEKING AND PEOPLE'S WARS
An Analysis of Statements by Official Spokesmen of the Chinese Communist Party on the Subject of Revolutionary Strategy
With Appendixes Containing Statements by LIN PIAO, Minister of Defense, and LO JUI-CHING, Chief, General Staff Department, People's Liberation Army
Jay Mallin
why vietnam
Frank N. Trager

Jackets of books published with USIA subsidies—"If the USIA and the CIA can sponsor books to fight Communism, they may, with equal justification, sponsor books to fight 'socialism' or the 'welfare state.'"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALE OF THE HEADMASTER



—*Deerfield Academy.*

Headmaster Frank Boyden driving his sulky on the Deerfield campus.

By DONALD BARR, *headmaster of the Dalton Schools in New York City.*

"READ NO HISTORY," said Disraeli; "read only biography, for it is life without theory." Writing in *The New Yorker* manner—abstractionless and evocative, evocative in the way that a jigsaw puzzle with half the pieces lost is evocative—and obviously feeling the affection we feel for gallant anachronisms of all kinds, John McPhee has confected a short biography of the redoubtable Frank Learoyd Boyden (*The Headmaster: Frank L. Boyden, of Deerfield,* by John McPhee; Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 149 pp., $4.50), a small, nearly abstractionless, somewhat arbitrary man who has been headmaster of Deerfield Academy for the last sixty-five years. Life without theory this biography certainly—one might say, inevitably—is, but not without significance.

In 1902, new-minted from Amherst College ten miles away, Boyden came to the Academy, a dying village school with fourteen rambunctious boys and girls in it. Slowly, slowly, recruiting the nearby farmers' sons as students, coaching, playing first base, quarterbacking, teaching, preaching, doubting his own vocation for running a school, and indefatigably wheedling money from the high and mighty (and from the low and mighty, too, when necessary, one imagines, though Mr. McPhee misses the chance of making his book uniquely valuable because he gives us no real picture of the arts of institutional mendicancy as practiced by a classic beggar), he built Deerfield into one of New England's most famous preparatory schools—so prestigious now that thousands of humble applicants regard it not as a WASP sanctuary, a haven for the socially acceptable, but as a place where social acceptability can be conferred on almost anyone. Whether Deerfield is really what an unpleasant wit has called a silk-purse factory is another matter; but the social success of an exclusive institution has assuredly come when popular envy changes to aspiration.

Boyden, Mr. McPhee observes, is the latest of a line of willful, creative men who, using their own personalities as moral floor-plans, so to speak, established or reconstructed great schools—Endicott Peabody of Groton, Horace Taft of Taft, George C. St. John of Choate, and others. He traces this line back to Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. He also implies, mainly by his tone, that Boyden may be not only the latest but almost the last of the line. And in one sense this is true. Styles have changed.

Consider the modern academic administrator, with his deputies and specialists among their Augean files and typewriters belching memos, with his faculty committees, with his inner office guarded by fierce ladies who shake their heads over the naughty way he spends time, like nannies clucking over a little boy who has wasted his allowance. This poor creature is a far cry from those old men whose dealings with students were so terribly direct. Keate of Eton summoned the entire school to watch him flog the entire sixth form; and Lytton Strachey's description of the "Long Chamber" where Eton boys lived, "badgered and overawed by the furious incursions of an irascible little old man carrying a bundle of birch-twigs," may seem to have as little to do with Boyden of Deerfield, who after all respects boys and whose methods are gentle, as with any in-box-to-out-box modern. Russell of Charterhouse, a great reformer before Arnold, raised discipline and responsibility so far above the usual howling chaos of the schools of his day that in 1821 only five masters were needed for 431 boys; and again, this may seem the antithesis of the well-staffed Deerfield.

Nonetheless, Boyden, with his desk placed in an embrasure in the main corridor of the main building of his school, is much closer to the old personal tradition than to the new system-grinding style. "His first-hand relationship with his boys has always been extraordinary," says Mr. McPhee, "and Deerfield students for sixty years have been characterized by the high degree of ethical sensitivity that he has been able to awaken in them." And: "All discipline ultimately becomes a private matter between each boy and the headmaster."

But though styles and techniques have changed since Boyden developed his style and technique, the essentials of running a school have not changed as much as Mr. McPhee may think. For all the bureaucratizing and scientizing of school administration, the head of a private school still is much like the Grand Duke of a petty German state in the eighteenth century, an implicitly feudal personage always trying to be enlightened. His business still is with power, quotidian and substantive power, though power of an anxious kind.

It is the headmaster who must decide in the long run what is to be taught, and by whom, and to whom. He may delegate, but he must not relinquish, this control. He may spend a good deal of time making his opinions come out of other men's mouths, but he does not want anyone to be seriously fooled by his ventriloquism. Like Boyden, he

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hires, he admits, he fires, he expels; unlike Boyden in his prime, he may have chairmen or directors or even whole councils of pompous folk to do these things in detail for him, but every decision which is not known to have been approved by him will be appealed to him. He may disguise a decision as a tradition or as a consensus; he may try to look flurried and reluctant, to seem compelled rather than compelling; but in naked fact he is the locus of authority in the school.

We must not romanticize authority. Being in command is not the same as giving commands. If the rich alumnus applies for his anxious, limited child, it is the headmaster who must call the father in and tell him how damaging the school would be to this youngster. If a boy is caught cheating or using "pot" or "speed," it is the headmaster who must decide whether to keep the boy and help him, or to dismiss him and protect the other boys. If half the math department obstinately wants to bore the students with interest and commission problems and the other half fanatically wants to bore them with set theory, it is the headmaster, mathematician or not, who must choose. Who else? The story of the Emperor's New Clothes is the story of modern authority—it is not just the happy story of a wise brat who will not be intimidated, but the sad story of an old man who must lead and inspire a community while always wondering if he is really naked and ludicrous. Not that we should feel sorry for the Emperor. We should feel sorry for any community where authority cuts a sorry figure.

Authority used to be easier. Coleridge tells how Busby of Westminster, when Charles II visited the school, "stalked before the King with his hat upon his head, while his most sacred majesty meekly followed him. In private Busby explained that his conduct was due to the fact that he could not allow, for discipline's sake, the boys to imagine there could be a greater man than himself alive." Such days—such men—are gone. But even today if the headmaster fussbudgets through the school like a comptroller, or if he bounds through acting like "Old Bob, a friend to all," the boys will think him the most ineffectual worm alive; and what good will this do the boys? It is tempting to think that just as new kinds of polity have appeared in politics, so they will appear in schools, but this is unlikely. The Grand Dukes disappeared, but headmasters will probably not disappear. Schools are not duchies. The difference is that in the political realm almost any scheme for distributing power—oligarchies, meritocracies, democracies, party theocracies—will work, so long as the distribution is clearly made and generally conceded; but in education, power is more than a practical arrangement; it is a lesson. The good teacher is an emblem, from whom the children learn not only about the war of 1812 and how to do long division, but about the arts and satisfactions of responsible mastery and how to be an adult.

THE good headmaster—and, in fact, any good principal in a public school—is the preeminent emblem. He is a laboratory specimen of the superego. Subordinating the headmaster to a committee or to a gaggle of experts would be like subordinating the teacher to a computer: The students would lose a lesson in responsibility; it would be like trying to learn botany from plastic flowers. As Mr. McPhee portrays Frank Boyden, it is not only from his instruction and his manipulation—marvelously empathetic and resourceful as these are said to be—that generations of boys have learned morality, but also from the daily sight of a man who knows his craft and keeps his house.

There have been two fairly distinctive types of strong headmasters, the Character Men and the Ideas Men. The former are those who in general accept the existing intellectual purposes, methods, and cultural content of a school and rebuild its moral aspect. The latter are the great reconsiderers, the innovators in procedure, the interpreters of standards. Dr. Arnold and most of the famous English headmasters were among the former. Butler of Shrewsbury and Sanderson of Oundle were among the latter. The latter have been comparatively few in England and pitifully scarce in America—few in England because of the myth, so necessary to the self-respect of the British upper classes, that character is more important than brains; and scarce in the United States because of the myth, so intoxicating to the American middle classes, that a liberal education (defined, usually, as the training of the English leisure class) produces culture. In America, until recently, few educational innovators have actually run schools for very long—Helen Parkhurst of Dalton was one. The American style of innovation is *movemental*, manifesto-writing, association-founding, superior to the chores of authority, and frequently ignorant about children and teachers.

That Frank Boyden is a Character Man and in no way an Idea Man Mr. McPhee makes quite clear. One has only to contrast his book with one of the most significant of all educational biographies—H. G. Wells's *Story of A Great Schoolmaster*, which sketches the career and ideas of F. W. Sanderson—to see the difference between a great tamer and a great seminal mind. Sanderson's resourceful search for an alternative to the lash of competition as well as to the birch rod, his understanding of the word "vocation," his uncanny insight into the future content of culture—sixty years ago these produced a kind of curriculum and a style of teaching at Oundle from which most American schools could still learn, learn with a thrill of discovery.

What has Deerfield Academy to teach us? Something which, at least in this moment in American education, is not negligible. It is easy to sneer at Frank Boyden, Second to God; to see arrogance in an admissions procedure so casual that it seems to assume that Boyden of Deerfield can make something of any boy, however limited or however bedevilled; to wonder whether a headmaster who has expelled only five boys in sixty-five years, and those for the one sin of impenitence, is not underestimating reality, that important therapeutic agent, in comparison with his own charisma. But just now, it is vitally important for school folk to see that the statistical model of a boy presented by test-makers to admissions officers is *not* the boy; that authority should have a face *and* a heart; and that the headmaster's art, like all arts, is personal.

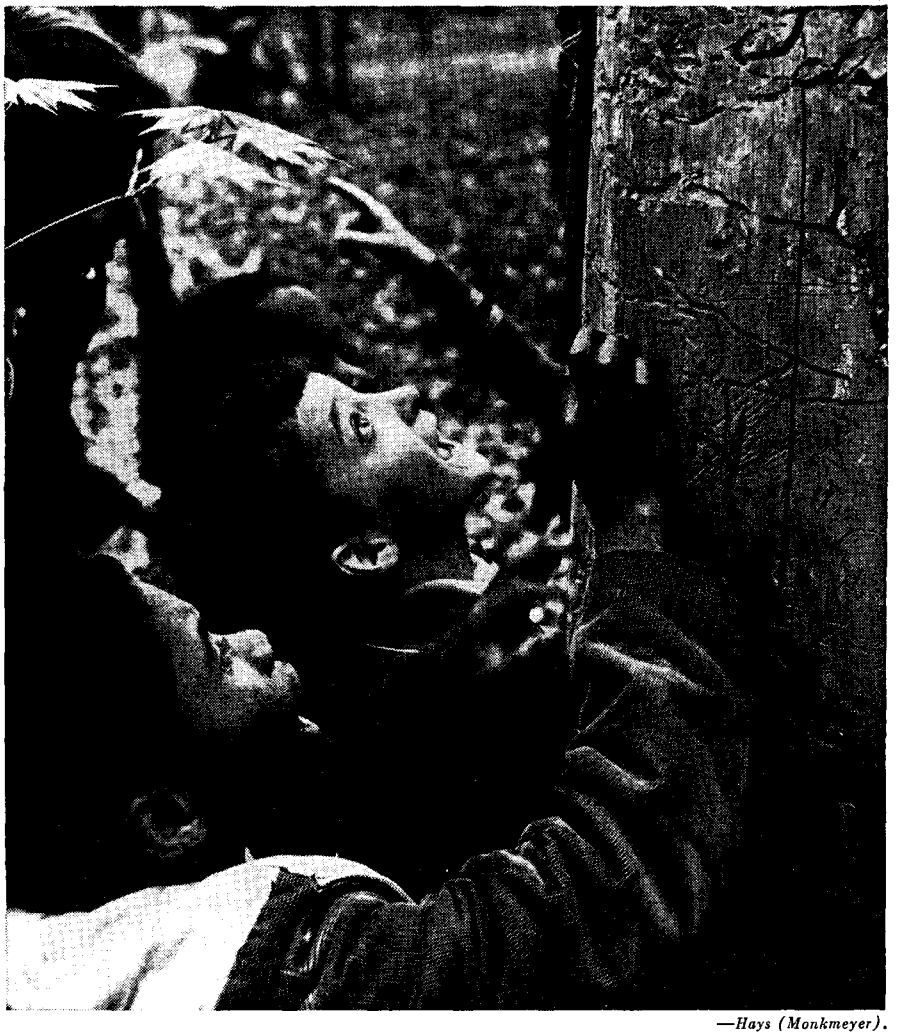
—*Culver.* —*Taft School.* —*Choate School.*

Endicott Peabody of Groton, Horace Taft of Taft, and George C. St. John of Choate—"The headmaster's art, like all arts, is personal."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT TURNS KIDS ON?

By TERRY BORTON, *curriculum consultant, Board of Education, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*



—*Hays (Monkmeyer).*

"We want to educate students so that they become larger, more open, more independent human beings."

ALL TEACHERS have pets. I don't mean that all teachers encourage the "kiss-ups" who try to get good grades through flattery, but every teacher has a special interest in a few students. These pets provide the personal impetus for the vast system of American education. A teacher's conviction that he has "made a difference," even with these few students, reassures him that education is something far more complex and fundamental than training students to know the phyla, solve differential equations, or speak Spanish. Mere training, teachers admit, may soon be done better by machines than by men, but education requires an attention to the student's personal concerns which programed courses cannot give.

Yet students hate pets—and not just the "kiss-ups." Their scorn for any of those who are "in" with the teacher is notorious. But their hatred of pets is only a symptom, like their hair styles, their music, their clothes, their language, and the fact that they drop out of school in such vast numbers. These things are symbols of their alienation from an educational system which, no matter what its teachers feel, has done little to "make a difference" in the things which concern most students.

My first years of teaching were spent trying to find ways to make my classes relevant to my student's concerns—to make all students pets. In spite of administrative support and the success I sometimes had, my efforts were often frustrating. I had no way of determining what student concerns really were, no clearly defined concept of what they could become, no planned sequence of activities which would develop them, and above all, no time in the hurly-burly of public school teaching to evolve the necessary curriculum.

I did have the opportunity to help organize two summer programs to work on these problems. In each program the staff was developing curricula by trial and error and so it is impossible to describe here a complete curriculum of concerns, much less a plan of integrating such a curriculum with training in the basic skills. But by indicating what we taught in the limited setting of a summer school, I may be able to suggest what might be done on a larger scale and offer some speculations on the consequences.

Much of what we were trying to achieve in the two summer schools was clarified for me by a paper which I read in the middle of the second summer. Written by Gerald Weinstein and Mario Fantini of the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education and entitled "A Model for Developing Relevant Content for Disadvantaged Children," this paper outlined a theoretical model for developing courses around the basic concerns of students. Messrs. Weinstein and Fantini did a careful job of distinguishing between the progressive clichés about student *interests* and what they defined as *concerns*, the basic psychological and sociological drives of students. They pointed out, for instance, that a student might be *interested* in cars because he was *concerned* with his feelings of powerlessness, and that the proper approach to such a student was therefore not necessarily *Hot Rod Magazine* but some way of helping him explore his understanding of power. Weinstein and Fantini were also careful to emphasize that they did not envisage the classroom as a place for solving the emotional problems of individuals; rather they wanted to find a way to direct lessons toward the general, yet personal, concerns of an entire class.

The concepts on which Weinstein and Fantini built their model were basic to the curriculum of the summer school I will describe here, though we found that in practice their distinctions were not so easy to draw. Our first attempt

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a curriculum of concerns began as a pilot project in 1965 and in 1966 developed into the Philadelphia Cooperative Schools Summer Program. This was an experimental six-week project sponsored jointly by the public, private, and parochial schools of Philadelphia and financed by the Philadelphia Board of Education and the federal government. There were two centers of sixty students each, one a high school and the other for grades five through eight. Each student body was selected to represent an ethnic, racial, social, and economic cross section of Philadelphia, and attended morning classes in heterogeneous groups of fifteen. High school classes were art, drama, urban affairs, and communications; middle school classes were drama, music, and science. The afternoons were reserved for projects of the students' own design including play production, a newspaper, psychology and sociology clubs, trips, and sports.

The Cooperative Program's statement of purpose defined the kind of student we hoped the curriculum of concerns would generate:

> We want to educate students so that they become larger, more open, more independent human beings, able to function effectively in a world of rapid social and moral change. We believe that a person struggles toward these goals through a process of integrating his *thoughts*, his *concerns*, and his *actions*. Our teaching will be directed toward the development of this perspective, this sense of an integrating self.

These were idealistic goals, and they embarrassed us a little because we were not at all sure that we knew any more about how to achieve them than did the thousands of other schools which put such generalities into their statements of purpose. We had several advantages, however, that most schools do not have. First, attendance was voluntary and we had no grades whatsoever, so there was no academic pressure on our students. Second, any individual class contained some students who had received the best and most expensive preparatory school educations, and some who could barely read. We were forced then to seek what was common to all of our students no matter what their backgrounds; we were forced to teach toward generalized concerns. Third, we knew that the diversity of background, education, and belief would create tension among the students, and our previous summer's experience had taught us that this tension could be a constructive force when it brought basic student concerns to the surface.

The major concern which had arisen during the first summer was one of self-identity, and it was on this that we decided to concentrate the second year. We wanted to build a curriculum which would explore the students' own sense of the disparity between what they thought about in school, what they were concerned about in their own lives, and the way they acted. Though this dissociation of self was revealed in different forms in students of different backgrounds (e.g., the obsesssion with "soul," with "phonies," and with "commitment") we believed it was a concern common to all our students and one that we could build a curriculum to meet.

Our curriculum outline consisted only of a series of questions designed to move the students from a generalized concern about man's identity as man to the personal sense of identity, and finally to an examination of the actions which would express that sense of self.

> 1) What is human about humans? What distinguishes humans from animals? Individually? In groups?
>
> 2) What masks do humans use to hide or express what is human or personal about themselves? Is race a mask? Who am I?
>
> 3) What happens when people don't hide themselves? Do we mean that we are afraid of being what we really are when we say we don't want to make a fool of ourselves?
>
> 4) What forms will express genuine human relationships? How is personal style developed? How can we find actions to express our thoughts and feelings, and yet be accepted by others?

To explore the first of these questions, "What is human about humans?" we contrasted humans with animals and worked out a number of particular questions in each subject area. The whole unit was built around a trip to the zoo. The students were equipped with a sheet which asked a range of questions running from the factual, "What foods does this animal eat?" to the more philosophical, "Are fur and feathers the same thing as clothing?" and "Describe the 'animal' in man."

When the high school students re-

"We can create schools that students want to attend because their education is important to them, not simply as economic or social climbers, but as human beings."

—M. Patterson (Monkmeyer).

—Rita Freed (Nancy Palmer).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned from the zoo another teacher and I put on an impromptu reading of Edward Albee's *The Zoo Story* and classes the next week picked up the themes which emerged. In drama class the students tried to imitate the movement of the animals they had watched—the ponderous stumbling of the big turtles, the grace of the swans. There followed a discussion about why humans characterized so much of their action with animal metaphors. One girl who had watched a swan was eager to speak of it but, though she seemed to be an extrovert, could not bring herself to demonstrate its grace in a drama improvisation. The swan, she wrote later, was part of her personal dream, locked away in her mental "jewel box" where no one could get at it:

I am like a crazy, complicated maze.
I never cry, never love
I am like egotistical egotists

I am fear, constant fear that they might find out what I really am. I'm not really fear but fear is the blanket that protects and prohibits what I really am. I've locked it all away in a jewel box. I'm afraid that it might be hideous. I'm afraid that there won't be anything at all. I'll be disgusted if it's beautiful.

My only request is to know it.
When I am dying. Or dead.

During the session of improvisation in which she first spoke of her swan, she did not know what was in that jewel box. She was scared and uncertain about talking, but not disgusted and not dead. Her voice, which had been loud and tinny, became a soft contralto. She, who called herself a "project child" because she had brazened her way through so many special programs, began to take on the serenity of the swan she admired. She was not transformed—no miracle happened—but her response to that lesson convinced us that a curriculum of concerns could make a difference in students' lives.

In the urban affairs class the "zoo" curriculum was used in a different way. The students took turns sitting on the floor of a "cage" built of circling chairs while their classmates questioned them. "What district of the city do you live in? Do you feel caged in there? Do you ever hear people in your neighborhood refer to people in other parts of the city as 'animals'? Is it better to keep different animals in different cages so they won't hurt each other? What problems arise when people feel as though they're caged in? What can be done about it?" Classes in art and communications followed a similar curriculum of questions designed to lead students from their experience with animals to a better understanding of themselves as humans.

—*Zimbel (Monkmeyer).*

"One of the most effective ways to make men more human would be to help them explore the significance of their own diversity."

In a group discussion period that I led we got into a debate about animal and human groups. The class began by collecting a list of different kinds of animal groups (hive, herd, pack, school, etc.) and then I asked the students what animal group their own class was most like. I was unprepared for the answer I got but I was very impressed: They were like no animal group because no animal group was voluntarily composed of antagonistic animals, yet the diversity of people in the room had voluntarily come together to learn more about themselves and others. That answer struck me as extremely significant because it pointed so explicitly to the fact that man's self-consciousness allows him to utilize his own diversity for his own benefit. If a consciousness of self is one of the major differences between animals and men, then one of the most effective ways to make men more human, or more humane, would be to help them explore the significance of their own diversity. And if our curriculum of concerns was bringing students to that kind of realization perhaps we were on the track of a plan of classroom education which led to our goal of "more open, more independent human beings."

THE other questions of the curriculum guide were not explored as fully as the one on "What is human about humans?" because we did not give ourselves adequate time to work out detailed curricula. As a result, the students' response to the program was not as clearcut as we would have liked. Perhaps their combination of insight and frustration is best revealed in an interview between Gerald Weinstein, who wrote the paper mentioned earlier, and some of the program's students. The interview took place in October, after the students had been back in their regular school settings. Mr. Weinstein was posing as a school official.

FIRST STUDENT: I sat in school today and it was in geometry and I sat and I looked at everyone and I said, "Now they're really not like I am at all," because I was so angry. She was teaching geometry . . . it was nothing. She was saying that this plane is this plane and that line runs that way and I'm feeling awful and I was looking at the people sitting there being their nice little selves . . . goody-goody girls sitting there, "Yes, teacher, you're right. I understand," and they didn't understand at all.

MR. WEINSTEIN: Well, what was it that made you feel bad? That they were responding that way?

FIRST STUDENT: No, that they weren't being themselves. They weren't feeling anything.

MR. WEINSTEIN: How do you know they weren't being themselves? Couldn't that have been themselves?

SECOND STUDENT: That could have been her six months ago.

MR. WEINSTEIN: Could it? Was that you?

FIRST STUDENT: That was me.

MR. WEINSTEIN: You mean that experience you had this summer made you so different from them? And now you're unhappy?

FIRST STUDENT: I'm not unhappy.

MR. WEINSTEIN: Well, you're uncomfortable.

FIRST STUDENT: I'm uncomfortable but I'm not unhappy because I think I'm more of a person. And, you know, I can accept myself.

MR. WEINSTEIN: You're more uncomfortable but you're not more unhappy. I don't understand.

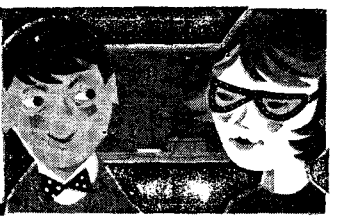
SECOND STUDENT: It's not unhappy, it's just being aware of something. It makes you a little more unhappy but at least it gives you a feeling of knowing why you have this frustrating feeling of sitting there thinking, "There must be something wrong with me because I don't like this" . . . I've been going to this school since fourth grade and more and more and more, every year, I've felt there is nothing for me in this school. And yet six weeks [of the Summer Program] and I feel like I've learned something more than in all those ten years.

Formal research evaluation conducted by a team from Bryn Mawr is still under way. Attitude studies have produced ambiguous results which later follow-up should clarify. The results which emerged from other tests showed, interestingly enough, that the students' parents gave the program an enthusiastic rating. All but one thought there was a "change for the better" in their children and large numbers reported a substan-

(*Continued on page* 80)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Voices in the Classroom



Competition for the Public Schools

AMONG THE VARIOUS subterranean phenomena twitching the divining rods of educational dowsers, perhaps the most significant is the growing interest in the study and development of institutions designed to compete with the public schools. Several years ago, the conservative economist Milton Friedman declared that "the imposition of a minimum required level of schooling and the financing of this schooling by the state can be justified. [But] the actual administration of educational institutions by the government, the 'nationalization' of the bulk of the education industry is much more difficult to justify."

Ideas like Friedman's received little attention; to some they looked a little like the recurring schemes for turning the Post Office over to private enterprise on the ground that the government shouldn't operate any kind of business. More important, they seemed to fly in the face of our whole tradition of democratic education. For a century we have prided ourselves on a school system that appeared to offer every child equal opportunities to advance academically, economically, and socially. But in recent years, as we became aware of the inadequacies and inequities of the public schools and of their rigidity against change, proposals have been made for providing alternatives to the established system—alternatives available not only to those affluent enough to afford private education, but also, through public tuition grants, to the children of the ghetto and to anyone else looking for a decent alternative. The wealthy have a choice in private schools, or in moving to the suburbs; the poor have none.

The possibilities for competitive educational programs are almost endless: They include community-operated "public" schools independent of any citywide board of education, specialized schools of art and music, apprenticeship programs in shops and factories, and formal state-chartered experimental schools with special pedagogical orientations. Some of the suggestions call for financial support through federal tuition grants, others for local tax support channeled to private or semi-private boards of trustees, others for a combination of public and private foundation funds.

The most recent, and most important, of the proposals for competitive schools came earlier this year from the Task Force on Economic Growth and Opportunity of the United States Chamber of Commerce. The task force, which was headed by Erwin D. Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* and which included major corporation executives, declared:

> Competition with existing public school systems offers a promising means of improving both public and private education. If all parents, at every income level, could choose between sending their children to public schools and sending their children to approved private schools at public expense, both public and private education would improve as schools attempted to attract and hold pupils. Businessmen should press for the fullest possible consideration of proposals designed to enhance competition in education. Local, state, and federal governments should consider legislation which would enable communities to adopt programs establishing a public-private option for all children.

Similar proposals have come from James S. Coleman, director of the massive United States Office of Education study *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, who suggested that the city of Washington operate competing public school systems; and from critics like Christopher Jencks, Paul Goodman, and Edgar Friedenberg, who feel that a diversity of educational options is the only way to provide healthy alternatives to the conformist rigidities of the established public system.

The response to such declarations is still largely in the talking stage, but the talk is getting serious. In Boston a Committee for Community Educational Development, Inc., was recently awarded a $25,000 Ford Foundation grant (with more expected) to plan an integrated school for children from the ages of three to eighteen. The committee, which includes MIT Provost Jerome Wiesner, physicist Jerrold Zacharias (the man who directed the development of the PSSC physics course), a suburban school superintendent, and Negro leaders from the ghetto of Roxbury, is asking the Massachusetts legislature to authorize the State Education Department to sponsor such a school and to subcontract with a private group to run it. Although no decisions have been made as to who would operate the school, it is at least possible that parents as well as members of the CCED would be involved. The intention of the school, which will not open for at least a year, is to provide opportunities for genuine experimentation in curriculum and other areas.

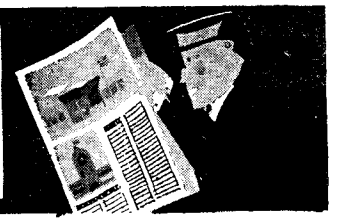
No one can be certain about the future of such ventures; if the public schools can provide more options, if they offer hope of improvement, then the support and clientele for the experiments may vanish. So far, however, the indicators are pointing in a different direction, and it is likely that there will be increasing talk about providing federal or state tuition support for pupils who want to attend private institutions and escape the monopoly of the public schools. The Chamber of Commerce task force proposed that any school that meets established academic standards should be approved and made eligible to receive payments for publicly financed students, provided Constitutional requirements are met. "The amount of the payment," said the report, "would vary from taxing area to taxing area (much as per-pupil expenditures vary now), but it should not be less than the per-pupil expenditures in the public schools."

The proposals for alternatives to the existing public schools would have been considered quasi-subversive a decade ago. Until recently, democratic education simply meant providing every child with the same resources, no matter what his background. Things like motivation were individual matters; a child who didn't want to learn didn't deserve to learn. But we have now discovered that what we once thought to be equal is in fact equal only for a small range of children, that equality means more than simply providing quantitatively equal resources. We know, moreover, that the alternatives for education and economic advancement that existed fifty years ago—the shop, the farm, the community—are no longer adequate or available. The schools now have a monopoly that they never had before. For all but the very exceptional, they *are* the gates to success. And yet they have not managed to adapt to the variety of backgrounds and problems with which they must deal. The movement to provide alternatives to these schools is therefore not only directed to the development of new educational ideas and of institutions that will be hospitable to minorities, but also toward restoring the choices that a simpler society took for granted. Dropouts become a problem only where the local public school is the only available educational resource—where there is no other place to go.

—PETER SCHRAG.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schools Make News



Campus Computers

COMPUTERS ARE the new baby in higher education—growing bigger and more expensive every day, while their place in the family increases in importance. Administrators, faculty, and students alike use them for data processing, information retrieval, research projects, and course work.

But the cost can run to several millions of dollars to install and many hundreds of thousands to operate annually. A huge university might be able to afford one of its own, but smaller institutions have had to seek another solution—cooperation.

Recently, for example, Franklin and Marshall College announced plans for a multimillion-dollar computer center—EPIC (Eastern Pennsylvania Information Center)—to link fifty or more Middle Atlantic area colleges and research institutions. Teletype lines, from 200 remote stations will have access to the computer twenty-four hours, seven days a week when it goes into operation two years from now.

At Williams College, the Roper Public Opinion Research Center has installed a computer that will hold the basic data of more than 6,000 public opinion surveys from forty-four countries, dating from 1936. The computer will make this information rapidly available to social scientists. In the coming year, the University of Michigan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and the University of California at Berkeley will tie in with the center, and many others are expected to follow.

Dartmouth College has linked its computer with secondary schools as well as with institutions of higher education. The new machine, installed about the first of the year, but not yet in full operation, is expected to take on ten times the work the old one could handle. It is used primarily for teaching and research purposes, rather than administrative, and any Dartmouth student has free access to it. A nearby high school has begun a Computer Club and bought a teletype to allow direct access. The idea is to make the computer as natural a part of the classroom as the blackboard.

Two Steps Forward . . .

IN A SURPRISING last-minute move, the American Association of School Administrators passed without debate three controversial resolutions as their winter convention drew to a close. The members:

1) Endorsed the idea of consolidation of city and suburban school districts. This plan, long sought by the big cities, has been heartily denounced by suburban politicians and educators.

2) Recognized that "our society will demand an accounting" of the value of federal aid to education, and some sort of national assessment may be needed. Previously AASA has flatly refused to cooperate with any sort of national testing of students.

3) Called the neighborhood school "the most socially and educationally sound" pattern of school organization. Earlier at the convention a Harvard educator had spoken sharply against this practice, calling it a "misguided myth" reinforcing "the inequities of segregation and discrimination."

At Dartmouth College, mathematics professor John G. Kemeny and his seventh-grade daughter check out her homework on a home teletype console connected to the college's central computer.

Federal-Local-State Triangle

STATE OFFICIALS cast a jealous eye on the chumminess of federal-local relations on the education scene. At a meeting last month of the Education Commission of the States, Governor Calvin Rampton of Utah accused the Office of Education of perpetuating a system of federal aid to education by by-passing state authorities. Governor Charles Terry, Jr., of Delaware asked why federal money couldn't be allocated to the states to equalize their school budgets and help them provide equal education for all children.

OE officials at the meeting hastened to assure the governors that the day is near when funds will come direct to them, possibly through the much-talked-of tax rebate plan. But some days later John W. Gardner, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, told the House Education and Labor Committee that local school districts were more fearful of state control than federal control. "The large cities, in particular, have tended to chafe under state controls," he said.

He told of one big-city school superintendent's reaction when informed that he must clear his application for federal funds through his state.

"All right," Mr. Gardner quoted the superintendent as telling him, "let it go through the state capital but don't let them get their grimy hands on it."

The Board Has a TV Station

WNYE-TV is a new idea in instructional television, just launched by the New York City Board of Education. As a UHF channel, it can be received not only in the classrooms but on anyone's home set with a UHF receiver. The instructional programs are planned to enrich the usual public school curriculum. But the extra purpose for the station is to reach home-bound children—the physically and mentally handicapped, the chronically ill. They can turn on their sets and receive the same programs and TV lessons all the other students have.

The Board's Division of Home Instruction sends tutors to these children's homes for daily instruction. In addition, for years it has operated a radio station —WNYE-FM—which broadcasts special

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

programs to supplement the tutors' work. But perhaps most important to the isolated world of the home-bound student is a telephone hookup operated in conjunction with the radio program, which allows the students to talk to the radio teacher—and to each other. During a semester of work, children come to know each other without ever having met—a unique event in a lonely life.

The television station will be used by the tutors in conjunction with the radio and telephone to give the youngsters an added dimension. With an imaginative teacher, all three media can be blended to provide a richer education for these young people than they have been able to have before.

Public-Parochial Combine

A TINY community in upstate Vermont may be the first in the nation to combine public and parochial schools in one facility, with the aid of a grant from the U.S. Office of Education. According to a story in the *Christian Science Monitor*, the OE, under Title III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, has made a preliminary grant of $56,000 to the project, and voters in the three small towns comprising the school district will soon pass on a $3,000,000 bond issue.

Serving the towns of Swanton (population 4,000), Highgate (population 2,000), and Franklin (population 1,000), the new regional school would replace the district's public and parochial facilities which are old and inadequate. Initially, it would enroll some 1,000 students in grades 7-12. A wing of the complex of buildings would house a privately constructed, owned, and operated religious school. The community, lying close to the Canadian border, is largely French-Canadian and Roman Catholic. Although the *Monitor* in an editorial denounced the plan as "a dangerous precedent," the church-state issue raises little controversy there.

The chief problem, according to the *Monitor*, may be to sell the bond issue to the people. Where 40 per cent of the families make less than $3,000 a year, $3,000,000 might seem rather extravagant. The OE grant will merely cover administrative and planning expenses. The project's director is the Rev. John R. LaBrake, formerly principal of Swanton's parochial school. The grant supplies his salary ($13,500) and the salaries of his staff and may also be used for promotion purposes.

"If the bond issue is defeated the first time," reports the *Monitor*, "project officials expect it will be brought back time and time again until approval is granted. With this attitude on the part of the school's promoters, support from the Office of Education probably in ex-

—*Friedman-Abeles.*

John U. Monro and President Lucius Pitts of Miles College—"Looking for *teachers*."

The Fate of Negro Colleges

THE EFFECTS of the civil rights movement have raised some serious questions about the future of Negro colleges and universities. These institutions, traditionally a gateway to the Negro middle class of the segregated South, existing at the mercy of the white power structure, must now consider how to adapt to the changing social conditions of the Sixties. Will they close down, become integrated, or remain as they are—for the most part inferior academic institutions in the South with predominantly Negro student bodies?

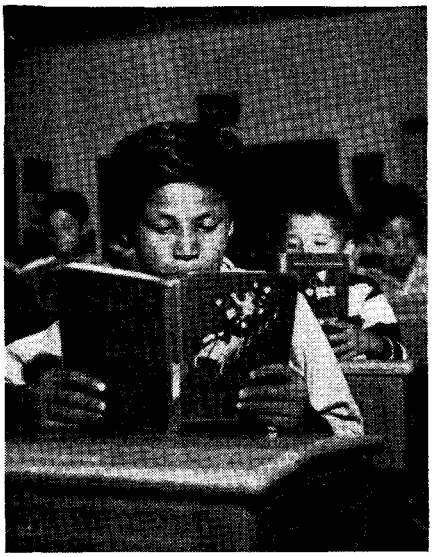
Christopher Jencks and David Riesman, writing in *The Harvard Educational Review* (Winter 1967), predict they'll remain much as they are. Negro college presidents, however, join James M. Nabrit, president of Howard University, in stressing the goal of integration, while admitting it's a long way off. No one thinks too many will disappear, for they provide a unique opportunity for Southern Negroes who, for economic, social, or academic reasons, cannot attend white institutions, but who seek a foothold in the Negro middle class. These small segregated institutions could adopt a number of new roles, suggest Jencks and Riesman, and take on new life. They can take the lead in their communities, offering all young people some training, academic or vocational, beyond the high school level; they can run programs like Upward Bound, serve as a channel for federal and foundation funds, and develop new kinds of curricula to meet their students' special needs.

One institution taking on this kind of responsibility is Miles College in Birmingham, Alabama. President Lucius Pitts has dropped the emphasis on Ph.D.s (necessary for accreditation) and has started looking for *teachers*—teachers with new ideas about what and how to teach—who will work in the summer Upward Bound programs for local high school students and who can show high school teachers new ideas and new methods. One of the men Pitts recruited was John U. Monro, dean of Harvard College. Last month Monro made news by resigning from Harvard to become Miles's dean of freshman studies. For three summers he has worked at Miles helping develop new curricula in English, Science, and Social Studies. He will now work at this full time and hopes to induce young teachers "primarily from MAT [Masters of Arts in Teaching] programs" to join him.

Not many small Negro colleges, however, will follow Miles's example, Jencks and Riesman predict. "A community college of this kind would not be very academically respectable," they write, "for in order to serve a still uneducated and impoverished constituency, it would have to eschew the pretense and the hope of working only with academically trained professionals and pre-professionals. Adopting this role requires a degree of self-confidence and self-direction which few colleges, Negro or white, have."

—BONNIE STRETCH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Fujihira (Monkmeyer).*

"Indian students would learn to read English better if first taught to read in their mother tongue."

cess of $100,000 [if an additional application for $97,000 is approved], and the knowledge on the part of community leaders that the present schools will not meet state standards slated to go into effect in September 1967, it is likely the new public-parochial school will be built."

Xeroxed Renaissance

RARE BOOKS and ancient original sources are usually locked away and reserved for use by the senior scholar only. But now, thanks to modern copying methods, original source material can be made available even to the undergraduate. Xerox copies of whole books can be made from microfilm, and while they are not quite the real thing, they are close enough to the original documents for most scholarly purposes.

The University of Pennsylvania is one of the first institutions to take advantage of these new techniques by ordering xerographic copies of all books published in England and in English between 1475 (when the printing press was invented) and 1640. This was the age of such men as Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, Shakespeare, Spenser, Copernicus, Bacon, Harvey, Galileo, Luther, Calvin, and Hooker.

At present there is no complete collection of this kind in any library in the world, according to Dr. Roland Frye, professor of English and originator of the idea. This acquisition is expected to heighten the university's already considerable achievements in the fields of English Renaissance history and literature.

No Gas Masks

At the University of Pennsylvania, faculty members have called off a protest against the university's research in chemical and biological warfare. Assurred by President Gaylord P. Harnwell that Project Summit will not be renewed and that "orderly steps" have been taken for the discontinuance of Project Spice Rack by April 1968, the protest group canceled plans to appear at spring commencement wearing gas masks.

Notes

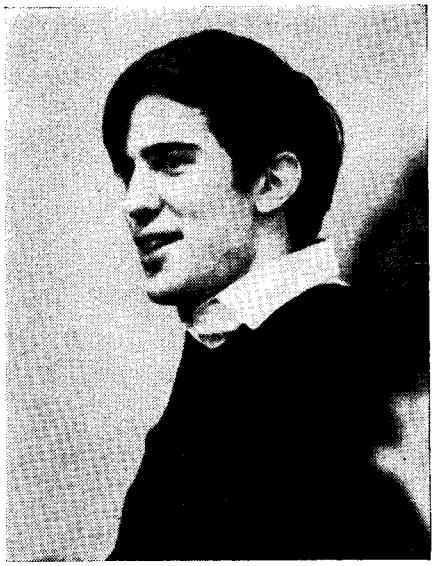
SAM M. LAMBERT, after seventeen years of service to the National Education Association, will move into the organization's top post as the new Executive Secretary, succeeding William Carr, when the reins change hands August 1. . . .

Children who do not speak English when they enter school—such as the Puerto Ricans in New York, Mexican and Indian children in the Southwest, and Cubans in Florida—will learn to read English faster and better if taught to read first in their mother tongue. This fact, long suspected by a number of educators, is now a firm conclusion as the result of research by Nancy Modiano, assistant professor of education at New York University's School of Education. . . . The American Federation of Teachers has called for a $5,000-a-year raise for each of the nation's 1,800,000 public school teachers. The recommendation is based on a study of school systems in fifty cities and a comparison of city and suburban systems of the fifteen largest cities. Donald Burton, assistant research director for the AFT, also suggested that long-term substitute teachers should be paid the same as regular teachers. . . .

The report card—with its As, Bs, and other letter grades—is a poor way of evaluating pupil achievement, declared the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development (a department of the National Education Association) in its 1967 yearbook. But the association doesn't yet know what to replace it with, and thinks it may be five years before a new plan can be put into operation. Such a plan, in any case, should be aimed at "improving the teaching-learning situation, accumulating fewer but more meaningful records, and continuously feeding back information to guide teaching, curriculum planning, and development of educational policies," said the ASCD. . . .

A two-year study of the American independent school will be launched in September 1967. Supported by a grant of $170,000 from the Danforth Foundation and based at the Harvard University Graduate School of Education, it will be directed by Otto F. Kraushaar, retiring President of Goucher College. In announcing the study, Cary Potter, president of the National Association of Independent Schools, said it would be a "comprehensive, objective analysis" to determine the place of the independent school in today's changing educational and social structure. . . .The editor of the *Michigan Daily*, student newspaper of the University of Michigan, is seeking to sever all ties between his newspaper and the university. "With the kind of stuff we're running it's impossible to do it without running into the administration and the regents," he said. He pointed out that the Harvard *Crimson* and the Columbia *Spectator* operate independently. . . . The Columbia *Spectator* has appointed the first woman to its editorial board—Elinor Prescott, a twenty-year-old Barnard junior. Said she, "It's taken some of the staff a while to accept the possibility that a woman could do a man's job as well as he could, if not better. But they're learning."

—*The New York Times.*



—*The Michigan Daily.*

Elinor Prescott of the Columbia *Spectator* and Roger Rappaport of the *Michigan Daily*—young journalists pushing through.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Transplanting the University

Universities: British, Indian, and African, *by Eric Ashby (Harvard University Press, 375 pp. plus 183 pages of references and notes, bibliography, and index, $12.95), analyzes the transplantation of the British university to India and Africa. The reviewer is a consultant in higher education to The American Assembly, Princeton, New Jersey.*

By WILLIAM K. SELDEN

AT FIRST it would appear that there are many similarities between *Universities: British, Indian, and African* and the earlier volume entitled *Universities: American, English, and German.* The authors of each have been highly renowned educators. Eric Ashby who wrote the former with the assistance of Dr. Mary Anderson, a historian, is the Master of Clare College, Cambridge University. He is considered by many to be the foremost British educator at the present time and is constantly being requested to serve on educational commissions at home and abroad. The late Abraham Flexner, author of the latter title published in 1930, is best known for his earlier study of medical education and for his later service as the first president of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

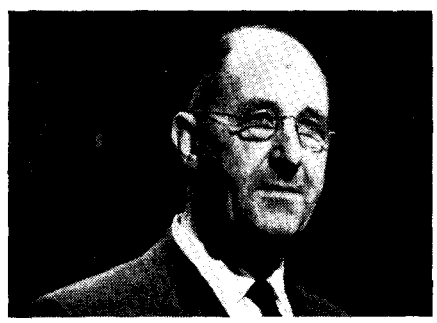
Universities: American, English, and German continues to be mentioned in literature from time to time but any profound influence that it might have exerted on future university development was largely destroyed by the glaring weaknesses revealed in the German universities during the 1930s. Ashby's volume will have a longer-lasting influence even though it is written with less verve and grace than is found either in Flexner or in Ashby's own previous essays.

One of the reasons why *Universities: British, Indian, and African* will exert a longer-lasting influence is embodied in Sir Eric's opening statement: "An institution is the embodiment of an ideal. In order to survive, an institution must fulfill two conditions: it must be sufficiently stable to sustain the ideal which gave it birth and sufficiently responsive to remain relevant to the society which supports it." Sufficient responsiveness is a characteristic that Flexner wished to reject for the university; it is a characteristic that Ashby recognizes as a fundamental ingredient. He has made the process of adaptation the theme of his book.

The all-too-brief but excellently presented historical introduction describes the transplantation of universities from Europe and notes:

> The transplantations fall into three categories: those under the aegis of church and king, as in Latin America; those organized by groups of emigrants, as in the seaboard colonies of North America; and those inspired by governments, either metropolitan governments, as in India and some of the English-speaking countries of Africa, or the governments of countries wishing to "import" western higher education, as in Japan, or colonial governments, as in New South Wales. Most of the earlier transplantations were for the benefit of European expatriates; most of the later ones were intended to bring European higher education to non-European peoples. It has been a vast and fascinating experiment in social biology.

With his scientific training, his varied educational experiences, his historical perspective, and his social sensitivity, Sir Eric has presented an objective analysis of the transplantations of the university by the British to India and to Africa. To provide a necessary starting point his historical introduction includes a short description of the British universities, especially the University of London from which the transplantations were made and of the earlier developments of higher education in the American colonies and the United States, as well as in Ireland and Australia. In capsule form this introduction presents a sweep of historical development that is characteristic of Ashby.



—*Harvard University.*

Sir Eric Ashby—historical perspective and social sensitivity.

While the introduction is necessarily but regretfully brief, the two long sections devoted to Indian and African universities are extensive and replete with historical detail. They are supported by numerous references and notes plus a bibliography that will be of value to historians and to the educational administrators who will be fashioning higher education in these countries in the future.

In analyzing the various contributions of the British to Indian higher education Sir Eric concludes that his countrymen "failed to set and maintain the quality of teaching and the standards of achievement essential to a university . . . failed to devise and to persuade Indians to accept a content of higher education suited to India's social and economic needs; and failed to establish patterns of academic government and relations between universities and the state, which would accord to universities that degree of autonomy without which they cannot serve society properly." However, out of this partial failure in India there developed partial success in Africa. It is now realized by those who are advising universities in Africa that the country's indigenous culture and economic environment are ingredients that must be recognized in university development.

IN contrast to India, the universities of Africa owe little to a native and ancient tradition of scholarship. They have thus been freer to recognize the necessity that education must be relevant "even if it means radical departure from the forms and patterns associated with education in modern industrial societies." At the same time, Sir Eric properly emphasizes the corollary need that universities must be assured reasonable autonomy and that the faculties must be guaranteed academic freedom in order that they may fully serve society.

He concludes his historical description of university development in India and Africa with some observations and recommendations but unfortunately these do not compare in breadth of approach with that which was anticipated after reading the opening chapters. In fact, this reviewer continued to hope for an evaluation and summation that never appeared. Possibly this is expecting too much from an experienced and diplomatic educator when the universities of India and Africa are in a stage of dynamic change. Despite this possibility we can hope that Sir Eric will write a short sequel to this volume analyzing the possible directions of university development in the various countries with which he is intimately familiar. No one is better capable of making this needed contribution at this time.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Turns Kids On?

Continued from page 74

tial change for the better. Also, it was clear from research that the students formed friendships across racial and school lines to a much greater extent than occurs in regular school situations.

Whatever the final results of the program's evaluation, it would be foolhardy to generalize them into sweeping conclusions about the nature of education. Yet it would be equally foolhardy not to continue the experiment, both to benefit those students who attend and to refine the measuring tools. This will be done by the Cooperative Program planned for next year. It would also be foolhardy not to hypothesize about the implications of the past summer and to work on a theory that would help to explain such experiences. Mr. Weinstein is heading a national field group of educators who are considering the many problems involved in developing such a theory.

In the meantime the Philadelphia Board of Education is investigating several ways in which the Cooperative Program's philosophy and curriculum can be transferred to mass education: 1) by using a similar program as part of training designed to increase a teacher's ability to reach students who are unlike himself; 2) by using improvisational drama to develop awareness and self-confidence among a diverse student body; 3) by using subject matter more relevant to student concerns—by substituting an "urban affairs" class for "civics," by broadening English to "communication" which includes movies and other modern forms of expression; 4) by using a high school course in group dynamics as a way of helping students understand the concerns which motivate or block their relationships to others and their progress in school; 5) by facing conflict openly and using tension to provide an educational stimulus; and 6) by experimenting with ungraded, unmarked, noncompulsory "discovery" classes for small groups of difficult or especially talented students.

All of these activities can be conducted without changing the present orientation of the school system in any major way. They supplement, or perhaps enhance, the commitment to teach all students the skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic. But perhaps it is not too early to speculate on what changes might occur in the operation of a school if a curriculum of concerns were developed for kindergarten through twelfth grade and if it were made to serve as the basis for integrating skills training, subject matter, and the students' personal needs.

Suppose at the high school level, where one of the primary concerns of students is self-identity, the curricula were completely revised so that most subject matter was related to questions of self. Suppose the biology course stopped the yearly ritual of chopping up pickled frogs and began exploring the brain, that tantalizing source of self-identity. Suppose, instead of memorizing theorems which they will forget immediately after the exam, math students learned the mathematical concepts of computer programing and the ways that systems analysis is being used to control much of their economic and political identity. Suppose history were presented not as a series of battles and prime ministers but as the quest of man to establish his identity by religious, territorial, economic, political, and educational means.

One of the many complications of such a presentation is that the students would not graduate knowing the same facts they now know. But with the amount of knowledge doubling every ten years, selection is a necessity. If, as Jerome Bruner has suggested in *The Process of Education,* we can teach the structure of any subject to any child at any age, perhaps the structure which is directly related to a child's own concerns would stimulate a dramatic renascence in learning. At the elementary level there is evidence from programs all over the country that we have underestimated the potential of elementary children's concerns in almost every field.

If one of the major concerns of very small children is communication with the buzzing world around them, no wonder so many programs are preparing children to read at very early ages. In Philadelphia a local TV station is even running an experimental program which hopes to teach three-year-olds to read as they watch TV. Similarly, in foreign languages, the millions of bilingual four-year-old Puerto Ricans and Mexicans are making educators wonder why they teach language in high school, when after four arduous years of Spanish most of the students will not be able to speak it adequately. Perhaps if we taught children *what* they are concerned with knowing *when* they are concerned with knowing it, they would graduate knowing more and understanding more.

The curriculum of concerns suggests the vision of a new function and meaning for schools—schools that face the questions all men have experienced. I believe we can create schools that students want to attend because their education is important to them not simply as economic or social climbers, but as human beings. I believe such schools may someday educate students for a society where people are not judged by money, class, or IQ but by their understanding of others and of themselves.

1984

Continued from page 69

nonsense. President Eisenhower refused to make such a pledge; President Kennedy insisted that the Vietnamese should fight their own war. It is President Johnson who made the pledge (though not, it might be remembered, in the campaign of 1964), and who is now busy conferring retroactive solemnity upon it.

But there is still another reason why we are in Vietnam—self-defense. For if freedom is to endure in Chicago, Birmingham, and Dallas it must be vindicated in South Vietnam. What is more it must be vindicated by us, for the non-Communist countries of Asia cannot, by themselves, resist the grasping ambitions of the Communists. What we have here is pretty clearly a rationalization of intervention against Communism everywhere, for Communism is, by definition, "grasping and ambitious." And the reason we must take on this heavy responsibility is because "there is no one else." How does it happen that there is no one else? How does it happen that except for Thailand the other members of SEATO are not taking on any responsibilities? Deponent saith not.

THERE is one final reason for fighting in Vietnam and it is given us, again, by President Johnson. "We intend to convince the Communists that we cannot be defeated." This has, at least, the merit of frankness: we are fighting a war to prove that we can't be defeated. It is all a bit like William James's Italian woman who stood on a street corner passing out cards saying that she had come over to America to raise money to pay her passage back to Italy, but not nearly so amusing.

We are almost through with *Why Vietnam.* Once again the audience is assured that we long for peace; once again that "as long as there are men who hate and destroy" we must keep on

—U.S. Information Agency.

Reed Harris of the USIA—"We control the things from the very idea down to the final edited manuscript."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting. Perhaps even high school children are mature enough to wonder who it is who is doing the destroying. But are they mature enough to resist hate?

The dissemination of *Why Vietnam* in high schools and colleges is no isolated episode in the manipulation of public opinion by government, but part of a larger pattern. We must view it in connection with the publication program of the USIA, the clandestine activities of the CIA, and the vendetta of the Passport Office against travel to unpopular countries, or by unpopular people, as part of an almost instinctive attempt (we cannot call it anything so formal as a program) to control American thinking about foreign relations. We had supposed, in our innocence, that this sort of thing was the special prerogative of totalitarian governments, but it is clear that we were mistaken.

Forbidden by law from carrying on propaganda in the United States, the USIA has managed to circumvent this prohibition. Not only does it sponsor books that give a benign view of American policies, it cooks up the books, finds the authors, provides the materials, and subsidizes the publication. "We control the things from the very idea down to the final edited manuscript," said Reed Harris of the USIA, his contempt showing through by the use of the term "things." The CIA—it, too, is forbidden by law from operating as an intelligence agency at home—engages in much the same kind of hanky-panky; thus the article in the distinguished journal *Foreign Affairs* defending the American role in Vietnam, by George Carver—an employee of the CIA who did not bother to make that connection known to the editors of the journal or to the public. How many other articles of this nature have been planted or insinuated in American magazines we do not know. One of the worst features of this clandestine activity is that it exposes the entire publishing and scholarly enterprise to suspicion.

IT is, needless to say, not the sponsorship but the secrecy that is the pervasive and irremediable vice. If books and articles sponsored by government agencies were openly acknowledged for what they are, they could be judged on their merits, which are often substantial. In the absence of such acknowledgement they are a fraud upon the public. What is needed is a Truth in Packaging Act for the United States Government.

What is perhaps most surprising is that many of those involved in these subterranean activities seem unable to understand what is wrong about them. They defend them on the ground that, after all, the Communists use deception, too, and we must fight fire with fire. They seem, many of them, wholly un-

What is the most readable and teachable Shakespeare?

THE BANTAM GLOBE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL, ALFRED ROTHSCHILD, and STUART VAUGHAN

CRITICS, SCHOLARS, AND EDUCATORS AGREE:

"A stunning publishing performance . . ."
—Herbert R. Mayes, Saturday Review

"It is the most interesting of all the paperback Shakespeares."
—Eric Bentley, Drama Critic

"It is excellent—the best of its kind I have ever seen, and I honestly think the best ever done."
—Ernest Hunter Wright, Former Chairman English Department, Columbia University

"Bantam Shakespeares include a number of very valuable features, especially the textual notes and the extensive excerpts from Shakespeare criticism."
—Thomas G. Henry, Wesleyan University

"A great job, the best scholarly, editorially and critically packaged. . . . I don't see how it can be surpassed."
—George Meyer, Tulane University

The Bantam Globe Shakespeare is available at your local bookstore. Examination copies for classroom adoption may be requested from:
Education Department, Bantam Books, Inc.,
271 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Needed:
Superintendent of Schools

We offer the right man 3900 students with a wide variety of backgrounds, attending four elementary schools, a new central middle school and a central high school. The central district numbers 20,000 and has a high degree of interest in education, as demonstrated by tax support, attendance at meetings, new schools and facilities when needed. True value per student is $56,000. Gross expenditure per student last year was $1,457. Professional teaching staff is 272 or one teacher per 14.3 students. Average staff age is 33, and almost half have MA degrees. Total staff is 421. Five-man school board. Programs include contemporary math, linguistics, AAAS-based science. All programs aim to develop inquiry and independence, as well as impart traditional content and skills. Area: Northern Westchester, which is more rural than suburban, and about an hour from midtown New York City by car or train. If you're a qualified educator of proven ability who plans to be moving ahead soon, or feels the need of a new challenge, we'd like to hear from you. Please write Box B 199.

If you know someone who might be interested in this position we'll be deeply grateful if you will call this advertisement to his attention.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able to grasp the essential point: the corruption of the democratic process. All of these attempts to control the minds of the American people in order to win the cold war violate the two great Kantian moral imperatives: to conduct yourself so that your every act can be generalized into a universal principle, and to regard every human being as an end in himself, never as merely a means to an end.

Consider the first imperative. We can generalize the particular policies which the CIA, USIA, and Defense Department have adopted into three principles.

FIRST, and most elementary, if government can indoctrinate schoolchildren, and their parents, about foreign policy it may, with equal logic, indoctrinate them about domestic policy. If the USIA and the CIA can sponsor books and finance organizations to fight Communism they may, with equal justification, sponsor books and finance organizations to fight "socialism" or the "welfare state" or anything else that they think odious. Congress has quite deliberately withheld such powers from these and other organizations; if they circumvent these prohibitions will we not have an end to genuine freedom of choice in American politics?

Second, if government can carry war propaganda into the classroom – even without a formal war – may it not with equal logic carry any other propaganda into the classroom? And if it has this power, what will happen to the American principle that the national government has no control over the substance of what is taught in the schools? If the principle of indoctrination of schoolchildren is once firmly established, may we not end up with the Napoleonic philosophy of public education—that the overarching purpose of schools is to produce loyal patriots?

Third, if government can control the thinking of its citizens it can control everything else. Americans pride themselves on their tradition of "free enterprise," and some of them go so far as to equate free enterprise with "the American system." But the only free enterprise that counts, in the long run, is intellectual enterprise, for if that dries up all individual enterprise dries up. A government that can control the thinking of its citizens can silence criticism and destroy initiative, and a government that is exempt from the pressures of criticism and of political initiative is one that is in training for tyranny.

Governmental malpractices of thought control violate, just as clearly, the second categorical imperative: to treat all men as ends, never as means. For to exploit the integrity of school and university, science and scholarship, to the dubious ends of ideological conflict, is to subvert the very foundations of our civilization and our moral order.

THE reason we are trying to win the contest with Communism, and indeed with all forms of injustice and oppression, is because we believe in the virtue of freedom, of the open mind, of the unimpeded search for truth. These are not only our ultimate ends; they are, equally, the indispensable means whereby we hope to achieve these ends. If we corrupt all of this at the very source we may indeed win the immediate contest with "Communism" and lose the cause for which we are fighting. If we triumph over the enemy with the weapons of deceit and subversion we employ his weapons, embrace his standards, and absorb his principles.

Without intellectual freedom—uncontaminated, unimpeachable, and categorical—we cannot achieve the ends to which our society is dedicated. This is ultimately why we cannot tolerate activities of governmental agencies which, whatever their alleged justification, repudiate and paralyze the principles of freedom.

Tiny pocket-size lets you carry day-long protection wherever you go.
Binaca
POCKET SIZE
Very concentrated Golden Breath Drops.

PICTURES & PRINTS

WYETH, "COOT HUNTER"
18 x 29¾ $12.00

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS
FINE REPRODUCTIONS
EXCEPTIONAL FRAMING

Send for our catalog of Fine Art Reproductions $2.50

Oestreicher's

43 W. 46 St. (Bet. 5th & 6th Aves.) N.Y.C.
PLaza 7-1190 / Open Thurs. 'till 9 PM

Games

Continued from page 64

ual" whose life they are managing, wins the game. This game proved particularly successful recently when used by some Baltimore high schools to motivate slow-learning students.

Slow-learners, in fact, are among the chief beneficiaries of games, say researchers. One game specifically aimed at students considered to be potential dropouts is BMG, developed two years ago by the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute for use in four San Diego schools. Noting that such students are often fond of cars, a WBSI spokesman explains that the young people, for the purpose of the game, play auto manufacturers required both to increase profits and carve out a larger share of the market for their respective "companies."

LIKE some Baltimore and San Diego schools, Nova High School in Ft. Lauderdale also uses games "to meet the educational needs of the student classified as nonmotivated, under-achiever, or less capable," says Robert Allen. At the same time, he notes that Nova's games are aimed at "the gifted or advanced student; or the student who has formed negative attitudes about a given subject."

Perhaps more deeply involved in gaming than any other school, Nova now uses about fifteen games in its science, mathematics, and social studies classes. Among them are a smattering of games developed at Johns Hopkins, such as Life Career and the Game of Democracy, and two logic games—Wff'n Proof and Equations—developed by Layman Allen, associate professor of law at Yale University and brother of Nova's Robert Allen.

Such games are by no means used simply as teacher aids, however. During 1965, the first year games were used at Nova, the school divided its mathematics classes into two five-week phases of intramural competition using Wff'n Proof and Equations. Now in its second year, Nova's intramural competition consists of ten leagues, each with anywhere from six to twelve teams. Student gamers push the parallel with athletics about as far as it will go. Each week complete statistics are compiled giving individual and team won-lost records, total points scored, and league standings. Further, teams carry names like The Mods, Rat Finks, Brain Kids, and Clear Thinkers; each week Nova names "a player of the week." Winning teams of the intramural leagues eventually compete in a playoff to determine Nova's representative in the emotion-laden Academic Olympics.

Not surprisingly, some Nova educators worry that such competition may

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lead to an excessive emphasis on winning rather than learning. But whatever the inherent dangers from such contests, the idea has spread to other school systems. This year Allegheny unty School District near Pittsburgh organized a ten-team interscholastic league around the game Life Career. The contests proved so popular that at one point last Fall the young people at one school voted to increase their homework in order to allow more time during the day for playing the game.

FEW critics deny that games spur enthusiasm. But they point out that the few studies that have been made fail to confirm that students learn anything from them that could not have been learned from conventional methods. After evaluating the results of six different studies on the educational impact of such exercises as Life Career, Disaster Game, Inter-Nation Simulation, and others, Cleo H. Cherryholmes, a political scientist at Michigan State University, said his findings were disappointing. While agreeing that simulations do create more student motivation and interest, he found that they produce no consistent or significant difference in learning, retention, critical thinking, or attitude change. "Students do not learn significantly more facts or principles by participating in a simulation than in a more conventional classroom activity," he reported recently in the *American Behavioral Scientist*.

Even so, Dr. Cherryholmes allows that it is "plausible to assume that simulations produce effects that have not been specified and measured" in the studies analyzed. He suggests that more attention should be given the "social-psychological impact" of games, and it is precisely in this area that Johns Hopkins's Dr. Boocock insists games can have a profound effect. To prove it she tested the impact of Life Career and the Game of Democracy on some 1,200 4-H Club delegates attending a national conference. Half the young people were placed in an experimental group that played the games while the other half were part of a control group that did not.

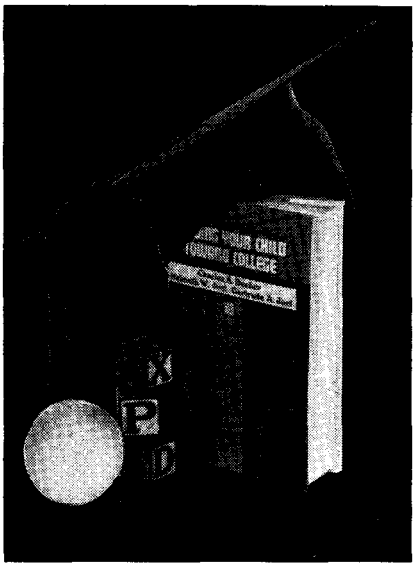
She found that participants tended to gain from the legislative game a more realistic view of the pressures on legislators that prevent their acting solely on "principle." Perhaps more important, the "data revealed a trend toward greater feelings of political efficacy" on the part of the players after the exercise. Thus, she believes her findings have significance in light of several sociological studies of political behavior, which have shown that the people most likely to take an active part in politics are those with strong feelings of "potency" or efficacy. "In other words, the unique contribution of the simulation experience to feelings of efficacy may be in giving young people the confidence needed to *act* upon the intellectual information they have acquired about a political or other social situation," says Dr. Boocock, writing in the *American Behavioral Scientist*.

There is no question that games, when properly used, can have value. When used in conjunction with other materials, they can provide useful points of departure for discussion. At best, then, games can supplement other educational programs, making real and vivid material that often seems abstract in a textbook. If nothing else, they can convey to the player a feeling for the complexity and multiplicity of factors that must be considered in decision-making. And conceivably they may increase the confidence of young people to deal with real world problems that seem impossibly remote from their own lives.

But the nature of games makes them vulnerable to abuse, particularly in the hands of inexperienced or lazy teachers. Used in isolation from books or discussion groups, the danger arises that games—most of which mirror political and economic institutions as they are—may encourage quiescent and conformist attitudes. In the course of playing, students may hone techniques that enable them to master the game. One may question whether this spurs critical thinking, since success is premised on accepting the "simulated reality" as it is rather than on examining what is wrong with it.

Equally worrisome is the heavy emphasis often placed on winning, which may mislead the player as to the real objectives of learning. That is, the short-term pressures generated for popular success may lead the player to conclude that the ultimate virtue is simply a workable and, at the same time, rather manipulative strategy. So while gaming may produce an academic hero, doubts remain whether the values underpinning his emergence will be any less superficial than those that have glorified the athlete.

It is, of course, too early to resolve such reservations and, for that matter, too early to be pessimistic about the new-fangled exercises. Whatever the uncertainties that now surround games, some things can be said for certain. The burgeoning market for games reflects further movement away from two long-time staples of the classroom: unrealistic and idealized textbook views of American life, and the old teacher-pupil relationship in which the former hands down pronouncements to be regurgitated by the latter. Increasingly the focus is on realism, and increasingly students are expected to learn by themselves. Or at least without the intervention of Gradgrind teachers drilling home facts by slamming rulers on desk tops.



If you're just now planning your teenager's college education, you're already fifteen years late!

GUIDING YOUR CHILD TOWARD COLLEGE

By Charles A. Bucher, Helmuth W. Joel, and Gertrude A. Joel. Pre-school and early elementary years, when important habits and attitudes are formed, is the time to begin planning for your child's education. *Guiding Your Child Toward College* offers specific information and guidance needed by parents who want to plan ahead as wisely and as surely as they can—not only for the child's admission to college but also for his success once he is there. 192 pages. **$3.50**

At your local bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

Continued from page 49

camel driver took out after her as the rest of us watched *House Beautiful*'s feature editor grow smaller and smaller on the horizon. They returned, the driver leading Marion's snarling, coughing, camel. Marion was perched on the saddle with the aplomb of Cleopatra arriving to meet Anthony. As the snaggle-toothed, half-blind driver helped her down, she patted her hair and asked haughtily, "According to the script, weren't you supposed to lure me into your tent?")

We tried to get near the Sphinx but could not because a movie was being shot there—a hundred girls with clumps of hair under their arms were dressed up as *houris*, the beautiful maidens of the Moslem paradise. We dined on a boat on the Nile and watched a belly dancer who sweated a great deal. We visited a museum, went to Farouk's palace, walked through the crowded *souks* (markets) and emptied our pockets to an incredibly dirty little girl, bribing her to stop sticking pins into her chest. She had a face so beautiful we yearned to scrub her, dress her, and adopt her. We stayed at a hotel where, to avoid sun-blindness, we spurned the publicized view of the Nile between sunup and sundown for that of drawn draperies.

Marion and I were the last of the party to leave Lebanon. We are always the last to leave anywhere. We were at the airport as the sun rose. We slumped at a table, blinking stupidly at one another in the searing sunlight, loathing other passengers who sauntered about as hale and fit as though they had had two weeks at a church camp.

Jets or not, Beirut to New York amounts to a lot of flying in one stretch. We stumbled off the plane in New York, Marion, with the air of Ethel Barrymore making an entrance with all her teeth abscessed, said to the customs inspector, "If my clothes look as though they have been slept in, it is because they were." He gave her a look of fatherly understanding and did not so much as ask her to open her cosmetic kit.

I tried to get into the act. Smiling hopefully, I said, "I slept in my clothes, too!" The inspector bared his teeth to show that he recognized me as a famous, international smuggler and all but took my electric razor apart.

—MAX HAMPTON.

This article is adapted from Max Hampton's book about hotel openings from Beirut to Bangkok, *Throw Away the Key*, to be published May 1 by Bobbs-Merrill. Mr. Hampton is director of public relations for Inter-Continental Hotels, Inc., the worldwide subsidiary of Pan American World Airways.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 80¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 72¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 74¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 76¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 78¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box R-923.

SPEECHES, REWRITING, RESEARCH. All subjects. Three published authors. Box W-793.

NONFICTION REWRITE SERVICE. Greater reader involvement through tested attention techniques. Grammar, reading level adjusted. Collateral research, roundout copy. Professional Editor. 212-861-6553. Box B-188.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 272 pages, 15,400 titles, 162 publishers, subject indexed. Send $1. Record Catalogue, 30,000 labels, 50¢. Visit, learn how thousands save on their paperbacks, hardbounds, LP purchases in store. Mail orders postage-free. New York Book, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

DIFFICULT ACQUISITIONS? American? Oriental? European? Write Teekhai Book Acquisitions, 39 Hopedale Street, Allston, Massachusetts 02134.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

BOOK ORDERING SERVICE—All current titles. Free catalogues. Book Shelf, Chester Avenue, Moorestown, N. J. 08057.

ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, NYC 10003. Asia: Far East, Catalogue 1157; Middle East, Catalogue 1156.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 80¢.

RUSSIAN BOOKS

BOOKS IN ENGLISH and Russian imported from USSR. Art, Biology, Chemistry, Education, Engineering, Foreign Relations, Geography, History, Law, Literature (classics and contemporary), Mathematics, Medicine, Music, Philosophy, Physics, Theater, etc. Russian language study courses. Dictionaries. Records; Ballet, Opera, drama, folk songs, etc. Subscriptions to magazines accepted. Stop in and browse. Mail orders filled. Free catalogues. Phone 212-CH 2-4500. FOUR CONTINENT BOOK CORPORATION, Dept. 713, 156 Fifth Avenue (corner 20th Street), New York, N.Y. 10010.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 1077 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, Temple, N. H. Books on anything and everything. Try our search service for that certain book.

ART

SCULPTURE CATALOGUE. Send for our new illustrated, informative catalogue, with a special section devoted to museum jewelry in replica. Mail 25¢ in coin to Brentano's, Dept. SR-415, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036.

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Send 50¢ for color-illustrated catalogue. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

EXCITING ORIGINAL GRAPHICS, contemporary foreign artists: woodcuts, etchings, lithos; $3.50-$7 month by subscription. Information: Graphic Circle (SR), 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

ELITE GROUP. Striking illustration, graphic design. Spec basis. Box B-153.

COPYRIGHT HANDBOOK for Fine and Applied Arts. In nontechnical language, tells artists how to secure, control, keep copyright protection for creative work in all media. Only book of its kind. 144 pp. $5.95. Watson-Guptill Publications, Dept. 1372, 2160 Patterson Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45214.

RECORD MART

WAGNER: DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NUERNBERG (complete)—live recording featuring Jess Thomas, Claire Watson, Otto Wiener, Hans Hotter, Benno Kusche, and Josef Keilberth conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of the Munich National Theater. 5 Eurodisc Records Mono $19.50, Stereo $24.50. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028. REgent 4-2500.

TAPE RECORDER OWNERS should have their heads examined! It's crazy to put up with mushy sound caused by worn-out tape heads. Free leaflet tells how to give your head the simple Look-Touch-Listen test that shows if it's time for a change. NORTRONICS, 8102 Tenth Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55427.

PLASTIC LINED INSIDE SLEEVES. Cardboard replacement covers, 78, 45 sleeves. Free details or samples, 50¢. Cabco, Dept. 207, 89 East Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

CLASSICAL GUITAR. Grand concert size. Sides and back of rare rosewood, fine-grained Sitka spruce top, ebony finger board, silver frets. Superbly detailed and finished. $79 postpaid. Send $29 with order, $10 a month for 5 months. Or send $79 with order and get bonus deluxe soft vinyl carrying bag. Return within 10 days if not completely pleased. Classical Instruments, Inc., S-2, Box 13025, New Orleans, Louisiana 70125.

THE DAY YOU first touch a new Bechstein is a day you never forget! PIANO IMPORTS, John Wanamaker Philadelphia 19101.

MUSICAL DELIGHT for a lifetime: a Sabathil harpsichord from Vancouver, Canada.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

RENAISSANCE-BAROQUE instrument catalogue. Lute music. Lute Shoppe, Cedarburg, Wisconsin 53012.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

LEARN POPULAR PIANO—Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERIODICALS

AMERICAN HAIKU magazine. Subscription—$3.00 yearly. Box 73, Platteville, Wisconsin 53818.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, German, British, Portuguese, Polish subscriptions to periodicals, newspapers—also books. European Publishers, 36 West 61st, NYC 10023.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, FREE Catalogue. Finest worldwide selection collected over 20 years. Wolfe, Dept. 7-47, Los Angeles 90025.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI Primary Teacher Training Course leading to internationally-recognized diploma of the Association Montessori Internationale. September, 1967, to June, 1968. Write: Washington Montessori Institute, 2119 "S" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008. Phone: Area Code 202-332-6553.

FOR A REWARDING SUMMER, study toward Master of Arts in Liberal Studies or Certificate of Advanced Study at Wesleyan University Graduate Summer School for Teachers. Choose from 70 content courses in Literature, Social Studies, Mathematics and Science. Small classes, challenging faculty, congenial surroundings. Limited enrollment. Write now for catalogue: James E. Cronin, Director, Graduate Summer School, Wesleyan University Station, Middletown, Connecticut 06457.

ADULT EDUCATION

EDGAR CAYCE STUDIES: Psychic Seminar, April 21st-23rd with Ruth Montgomery, others. Free brochure. A.R.E. of N.Y., 34 West 35th. 212-WH 7-3885.

SCHOOLS

GREEN VALLEY SCHOOL: college preparation of dropouts, underachievers, and other children in trouble. Box 606Y, Orange City, Florida 32763.

STONEGATE SCHOOL for the retarded child and adult. Development of individual potential through coordinated program of academic, social, vocational and sheltered workshop training. Modern cottage style campus provides small group living accommodations and excellent recreational facilities. 55 rolling acres. Summer school/camp program. Write or call: Admissions Director, Wallingford Road, Durham, Connecticut 06422. Area code 203-349-3467.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BOSTON UNIVERSITY AT TANGLEWOOD—The Division of Music at Boston University will offer again this summer, in conjunction with the Berkshire Music Center, advanced work in Applied Music, Chamber Music, Composition, Voice, Music Education and a Piano Workshop. Faculty will include: Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy, Roman Totenberg, Leslie Parnas, Walter Eisenberg, Mac Morgan, Mary Davenport, Members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the composers in residence at Tanglewood. College credit offered. Write: Boston University at Tanglewood, Dept MP, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

THEATRE AND DANCE AT TANGLEWOOD—Boston University Division of Theatre Arts offers professional work in Theatre and Dance at the Berkshire Music Center, Tanglewood. Courses in Acting, Dance, Movement, Seminar in Theatre. Faculty includes: Harold Clurman, Gene Frankel, William Gibson, Lloyd Richards, Elliot Norton, Ted Kazanoff, Muzon Law, John Watts, Joseph Gifford and Mary Anthony. College credit offered. Write Boston University at Tanglewood, Dept TP, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

PAINTING AND DRAWING AT TANGLEWOOD—Boston University Division of Art offers a professional summer art school at the Berkshire Music Center, Tanglewood. Faculty headed by David Aronson includes visiting artists Walter Murch, Jack Levine and Jack Tworkov. Open to serious students at college level and exceptional high school students. College credit offered. Write Boston University at Tanglewood, Dept AP, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

HINCKLEY SCHOOL SUMMER PROGRAM, Hinckley, Maine. Coed. Grades 5-11. July 5th-August 18th. Intensive review: Reading (developmental, remedial); Math; Grammar, Composition. Thorough testing, guidance. Superior staff, facilities. Recreational, social, cultural program for enrichment, fun. Director: J. S. Matlack, Jr., Box 41, Princeton, N.J. 08540. Tel. 609-896-0726.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

PARENTS—UNIQUE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer schools, travel/study programs and private camps. All have been visited, personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests and educational needs. Free recommendations made and 288-page, 26th annual Educational Register sent to you without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

PINE CREST. Summer School in Florida. Air-conditioned classrooms. Beautiful new campus. June 12th to August 11th. Coeducational. New and review subjects. Boarding, grades 7 to 12. Morning classes. Pool; tennis, other sports. Write Director, Box SS, Pine Crest School, Fort Lauderdale 33308.

THEATRE ARTS WORKSHOP. For high school students, grades 9-12. Coed. Instruction for actors and technicians with two public productions. June 19th-July 29th. Boarding facilities. Write Theatre Arts Workshop, George School, Pennsylvania 18940 for brochure.

THE WAITSFIELD SUMMER SCHOOL. Boys 11-16. English and Math. Small classes. The "Three R's." Mountain trips. R. Montgomery, Director, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673.

ONE YEAR IN EIGHT WEEKS—8 credits introductory French, German, Spanish; 6 credits Economics, Business Administration. Begins June 26th. Brochure. Write: Director, Summer School, Hope College, Holland, Michigan 49423.

COLLEGES

COLLEGE PROGRAMS for men and women seeking 2-year associate or 4-year baccalaureate degrees in arts and sciences. Urban campus; new dormitories; renaissance city of Pittsburgh. Terms begin: October, February, June and July. Write Box SR, Point Park College, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15222.

FRANKLIN PIERCE COLLEGE now serving 600 young men and women. B.A. degree: sciences, humanities, fine arts, business administration. Small classes; faculty that likes to teach. Can accelerate toward degree in summer sessions. New dormitories. In Monadnock Region. Catalogue: Franklin Pierce College, Admissions Department R, Rindge, New Hampshire 03461.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

FOR THE GOURMET

SENSATIONAL COCKTAIL SNACK. Brandywine's "Mushroom Nibbles." Ask gourmet, department stores. Norton Delicacies, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

THE "ALL GAME COOK BOOK" will make your game dinners a festive occasion and a gourmet treat. It tells how to prepare and cook Venison, Antelope, Moose, Bear, Possum, Squirrel, Rabbit, Quail, Pheasant, Grouse, Dove, Duck, Goose, Wild Turkey and various fish dishes. To receive your prepaid cook book, mail one dollar ($1.00) to James Publishing, Inc., Dept. SR, Mamaroneck, New York 10543. Be sure to include your name, address and Zip Code number along with your dollar.

PERSONALS

CHESS SETS, featherweight, for postal, pocket use. $1 each. $10 dozen. Chess by Mail Club-SR, Box 414, Wakefield, Massachusetts 01880.

34th WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 23rd through August 4th, 1967. Outstanding Staff: Novel-Hiram Haydn; Nonfiction—David Lavender; Juvenile Writing—Lilian Moore; Short Story—William Peden; Poetry—William Stafford; Science Writing Workshop—Lorus and Margery Milne. Write: John H. Wrenn, Director, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder 80302.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

ART. Create your masterpiece on mountain vacation. $60 weekly covers ALL. Barrett, Sewanee, Tennessee 37375.

PERSONALS

IRISH HANDWOVEN TWEEDS (Avoca and Clifden), spring stock now in and of course regular and coat weights. 72" x 100" colorful blanket-spreads; 54" x 80" and 54" x 38" too. Lacey stoles 30" x 90" for hostess skirts, cocktail dresses (we can make skirts given waist and length). Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW how Citizen Exchange Corps helps Americans find out if Russians have horns, send for FREE reprints of N.Y. Times articles and editorials telling about CEC, a nonprofit, tax-exempt foundation. These reprints tell how it brings together Americans and Russians of all ages and occupations to meet their counterparts in both the United States and the Soviet Union . . . and how you can participate in this program, which will lead eventually to exchange of Americans and Soviets to live and work in each other's country for 6 months to 2 years as a major step toward mutual understanding and survival. Write Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. SR 4-15, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

TANGELOS—NAVEL ORANGES. All varieties grapefruit. Florida's finest. Free Brochure. We ship 48 states, Canada, Europe. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions, English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two-week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Students may start in July, August, January or February. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

MONTESSORI MATERIALS. The world's most complete catalogue of Montessori didactic materials and furniture. Handcrafted in Italy. Send $1.00 to: Montessori of New England, Inc., 7 Pond Lane, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174.

SUMMER JOBS IN THE ROCKIES! Over 2,000 job opportunities with dude ranches, camps, construction companies, national parks, etc. listed in Rocky Mountain Summer Employment Guide. Also: how to get free transportation to these jobs and exclusive information on summer stewardess jobs. Only $3.00, money back if not satisfied! University Publications, Dept. D33, Box 20133, Denver, Colorado 80220.

HARPSICHORD—Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA VICTOR. In kit form for home workshop assembly, $150. Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Write Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. S, 115 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. Schools; single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, New York City 10028.

SOILED PEARLS? Jewelers use PEARL CARE! Finest chemical solution gently restores Oriental, cultured, simulated pearls to original luster. Satisfaction guaranteed. 8 oz. $1.50 plus 35¢ postage. Order today! Stratford House, Dept. S.R., P.O. Box 1961, Toledo, Ohio.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $2.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $6.00. Manual. "Teaching Opportunities in England," $1.00 or FREE with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

EAT TO LIVE? Tasty, natural, whole foods—all kinds—home raised and prepared here on our farm. Free of all artificials and poisons. Shipped anywhere. Unique? Oh my! Do write. Betty Keene, Walnut Acres, Penns Creek, Pennsylvania 17862.

(Continued on page 86)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 85)

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Forty-second annual session, August 16th to August 30th, at Bread Loaf in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Lectures, workshops, individual conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature for writers, teachers, students, and those who want to hear professional writers talk about their craft. For bulletin: Bread Loaf Secretary, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Colorado, July-August. In residence: Andrei Voznesensky, Paul Blackburn, Sol Yurick, and staff. Brochure: AWW, 855 West End, NYC 10025.

"MEADOWLARK" retreat center in beautiful valley. Individualized program of counseling and creative activity for renewal, Write: Evarts G. Loomis, M.D., Friendly Hills Fellowship, Hemet, California 92343.

IS YOUR MONEY well invested? If not, (1) study mutual funds carefully, (2) compare fund for fund, (3) send for our folder, "We are a little different." Mutual Funds Advisory (nationwide service), 382 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

WHAT IN THE WORLD happened the day you were born? Colorful 8" x 10" scroll highlights news headlines, best-sellers, songs, etc. for any date. Unique gift, name inscribed. 10 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. $4.25. Free sample. Birthdate Research, Box 249-KK, Wall Street Station, NYC 10005.

SLEEP WITH Mack's Pillow Soft Earplugs. Hush noise! $1.00. Block light with Shut Eye Sleep Shade, $2.98. Satisfaction guaranteed! McKeon Products Company, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings in all trades. Construction, Office Work, Engineers, Sales, etc. $400 to $2,500 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

MAMSELLE IN MANHATTAN. Unique consulting service for young women moving to NYC. Assists in finding apartments, roommates, employment. For brochure, Box B-22, telephone 212-755-0125.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 1244, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods, Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 4-7-C, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

JOBS ABROAD. Year-round and summer for young people. Send $1.00 for publication, JOBS ABROAD, containing applications, to I.S.T.C., 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College is a time and place for serious-minded adults to do chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work along with skilled artist-teachers. Stay for a week or more in July or August. For information write to Ray McIntyre, Director, Box S, The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

TOPICAL HUMOR SERVICE plus forty Joke Books, ideal speakers, emcees. Sample selection, $5.00. Catalogue free. Robert Orben, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

FREUD and 8 other Personality Theories. Schematic analysis integrative Study Guide. $1.00 prepaid. Ralph Segalman, ACSW, Ph.D., 249 Viking, El Paso, Texas 79912.

AFRICAN CARVINGS. Tribal masks. Free brochure. Haas Imports, Box 206, Bowmansville, Pennsylvania 17507.

PERSONALS

WANTED: OLYMPIA PRESS 1954-1964 editions, Story of O. Box B-156.

FAMOUS OBLONG SHAPE NOTE tunebook, 1854 Southern Harmony reprint, $6.50. Dept. T, Pro Musicamericana, Box 2324, Los Angeles 90028.

WALDORF SCHOOL CURRICULUM is the child himself. Come to Milwaukee Waldorf Education Conference Co-sponsored by Los Angeles Teacher Training Center. August 16th-18th. Scholarships. Details 419 Vliet, Milwaukee 53212.

FOR SALE. Russian TV films in 35 mm. Inquire Box B-175.

SPINET PIANO wanted buy. Will give it good home. 212-628-3545.

SUMMER STOCK apprentice program Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Massachusetts. Equity company, acting classes, technical training, apprentice musical production. No tuition. Box A-840.

ROSICRUCIAN Secret Teachings are offered to those who seek to use them for the perfection of their inner faculties and in the mastering of the daily obstacles of life. The Rosicrucians, an international group of thinking men and women, will be happy to send a FREE copy of the fascinating book, "The Mastery of Life," to those who believe worthiness and sincerity determine the right for one to have such knowledge. Let this book guide you to the conservative plan whereby you may widen your scope of Personal Power. Simply address your request to Scribe M.H.G., The Rosicrucians, San Jose, California 95114. Please include Zip Code if part of your address.

CONSERVATORY METHOD OBOE, German make, sale: $200. Reconditioned. Box B-159.

LOSE WEIGHT through the fantastic new "Graph-O-Weight"© program developed by Milcor. You can visually see the weight change from day to day. No drastic diet changes and no diet. A year's program of 12 personal weight charts only $3.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your mony returned. Mail check to Milcor Publications, P.O. Box 174, Itasca, Illinois 60143.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. SR, Bradenton Beach, Florida 33510.

TOP DRAWER. Capable, enthusiastic, single female, age 30. Interesting background of extensive travel in *the Orient, Europe, Central and South America.* Knowledge of languages. Emotionally mature with a keen business and style sense and a flair for living. Seeks challenging and creative position with reputable firm. Human and Public Relations work a specialty. Box A-580.

QUIXOTIC, well-traveled (USSR, India), ex-news magazine reporter, 25, seeks important project requiring mobility, imagination, and responsibility. Box B-201.

COLLEGE GRADUATE seeking summer position with family either seashore or abroad. Extensive experience with children. Available May. Box B-186.

PHOTOGRAPHER-ENGINEER seeking assignments, venturesome adventure. Age 40. 212-533-5174.

TRAVEL AIDE available summer abroad. Excellent driver. References. Box B-180.

MALE DOCTORAL STUDENT, 28, M.S. in Education, business and teaching experience, desires traveling summer work as administrative assistant or tutor. Box B-174.

MUSIC EDITOR AND PIANIST, 27, desires ALIVE job (any field) requiring contact with people, travel, initiative and imagination. Dependable, emotionally stable, not afraid of hard work. Box B-168.

YOUNG MAN, RELIABLE and quiet, seeks position as aide, sitter with party traveling abroad, in exchange for his expenses. Box B-190.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, business management, accounting—competent, experienced, intelligent. Top references. Free to travel. Box B-171.

CALIFORNIAN, recently named Woodrow Wilson Fellow, will undertake graduate study in music composition at Harvard University in the fall. Needed this summer: entertaining and profitable employment. Please reply: Box B-198.

COLLEGE ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR wants interesting, adventurous and/or profitable summer. Former seaman, waiter, salesman, writer. 2787 West 14th Place, Yuma, Arizona 85364.

THEOLOGY—Cambridge graduate, 25, seeks summer teaching. References. Koepke, 28 Huntingdon, Cambridge, England.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ADMINISTRATOR—Imaginative, creative and mature for junior and senior high school now in process of formation, Stamford, Connecticut area. Coeducational. Correlated with Ethical-Culture Schools in New York City. Salary open. Please reply: Mel Grupp, 450 West 261st Street, Riverdale, New York. Telephone: 212-KI 3-3571.

SATURDAY REVIEW'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE has opening for Gal Friday secretary. Advertising background preferred but not essential. Pleasant working conditions with challenging responsibilities. Contact Sanford Heckinger, 417 Montgomery Street, San Francisco. 415-EX 2-5107.

POSITION is in famous experimental high school within a large midwestern university. Starting July or September, 1967. There will be an opportunity for a high school teacher who thinks Social Science theory can provide young people with insights for the study of History which will be useful in dealing with tomorrow's world. Position involves both curriculum research and development, and classroom teaching with a student-inquiry orientation. If interested, send short resume to Box B-212.

COMMUNITY ACTION IN APPALACHIA: Master of Arts in Community Development, Social Science, Social Work, Education. Realistic salaries. Let us put you in touch with these interesting, challenging, and responsible positions. Contact: Talent Bank, Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc., College Box 2307, Berea, Kentucky 40403.

INTERESTING, INDIVIDUALIZED SKILL TEACHING. College and Secondary. Liberal Arts or Education, B.A. minimum. Single, travel. Enjoy working independently. Start June or September. Interviews NYC area. Reply SR Box A-528.

TEACHERS—EXPERIENCED: Chicago suburban high school district needs teachers in all subjects except music. Contact: Ralph J. Frost, Jr., Assistant Superintendent, *Maine Township High School District No. 207, Dempster* Street and Potter Road, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

COORDINATOR AND TEACHER OF ENGLISH. Come to historic Yarmouth, Maine, to teach and live. Yarmouth offers its teachers a competitive salary schedule. Yarmouth is less than 2½ hours away from Boston and yet in the heart of a vacationer's paradise. We also have openings in mathematics, elementary guidance, and social studies. Contact: Frank H. Harrison, Superintendent of Schools, Yarmouth, Maine.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES available in southern Florida. 1967-'68 in all Elementary and Secondary subjects. Contact: Personnel Department, Monroe County Schools, P.O. Drawer 1430, Key West, Florida 33040.

COMMITTED WRITER—Large midwestern company with wide range of editorial activity needs young versatile writer committed to highest standards of craftsmanship. Opportunity to experiment, grow, along with handling routine editorial chores. Requires college degree and minimum of four years' diversified professional experience. Write, describing experience, self, goals to: Harry Hamilton, Box B-205.

OPPORTUNITY for two administrators on permanent staff. Also openings for teachers with specific skills in school athletics, photography, electronics, printing, camping. CAMP ZAKELO (boys), Harrison, Maine. (Established 1928.) Director, Zak Zarakov, 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts. 617-LO 6-6200; 12 East 86th Street, NYC. 212-BU 8-4000.

NOTICE TO RETIRING TEACHERS—Anyone interested in touring the world with a two year stop at International School Bangkok, for professional teaching service, please forward application and credentials to: Superintendent's Office, International School Bangkok, P.O. Box 11/105, Bangkok, Thailand.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized for 50 years in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest government information, $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

FREDERIC REMINGTON Art Memorial Museum seeks capable Director, Ogdensburg, New York. Vacationland on St. Lawrence River. Most significant Remington collection offers unique challenge for breadth and depth studies of this American artist. Trustees and collection ready for exciting new approach. Salary $6,000-$6,900 plus generous fringe benefits. Details: Director, Ogdensburg Public Library.

SEPTEMBER COLLEGE teaching opportunities. All fields. Nationwide. Master's or Doctorate essential. Write now for application. City-Suburban Teachers Agency, 545 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? A special way of living in the Lomond Community of Shaker Heights . . . Nationally recognized schools. Twenty minutes to downtown by rapid transit. Near University Circle, Cleveland's cultural heart. A mature, cosmopolitan community. Fine homes from $20,000 to $35,000 . . . THE LOMOND ASSOCIATION, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-295-1373.

SHAKER VILLAGE, HARVARD, MASSACHUSETTS. 14 room Shaker. Livable, woods, near brook, good neighbors, children. Commute Boston, Worcester. $32,500. 617-772-0831.

A-FRAME CABIN in Teton National Forest near Jackson, Wyoming. Across meadow from river. Fred Doty, Box 444, Woodland Hills, California 91364.

"ROAD'S END"—Entire valley all your own. Mountains three sides rise 1,000 feet above house. Barns, cottage and herd of 40 Herefords. 1,290 acres ideally private, trout stream, great deer and grouse country. 1 mile town road to N.Y. Rt. 22, approximately 150 miles north NYC. Electricity, oil heat, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Desire buyer to love this unique property. Box B-163.

SOUTHWESTERN ADOBES. 6.27 acre riverside estate: spacious home, guest house, swimming pool, stables. $89,000. ¾ valley acre: designer-builder's home-studio. $51,000. 4.8 mountain acres, 25 minutes Albuquerque, 45 Santa Fe; ultramodern home. $31,000. Johnstone Real Estate, 401-B San Felipe, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87104.

QUEENS, NYC: 18th century gem, ½ acre, desirable area. Box B-169.

UNCOMMON OLD ADOBE RESIDENCE on Rio Grande. Farm/wilderness property. P.O. Box 7422, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

For Rent—Furnished

MONTEGO BAY—3 bedrooms, 3 baths, swimming pool, servants. Commanding view, car. Available May 1st. $1,200 per month. SR Box B-204.

TREMEZZO, LAKE COMO, ITALY, house available September 1st. Call Stefan Schnabel, 203-366-1871.

SQUAW VALLEY (TAHOE), California, home, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Schenk, 1850 Tenth Avenue, San Francisco, California 94122.

RIVIERA—Fully equipped country house in quiet inland village thirteen miles above Nice. Ten weeks minimum lease. Available July. Box B-182.

VERMONT—New, all electric, custom ski home in beautiful Plymouth Union. May-October. Near lakes, golf, fishing. SR Box B-203.

TUSCANY—Year round villa, 5 bedrooms. Reasonable. Lazard, LaCasella, Pienza, Siena, Italy.

For Summer Rental

NORTHERN VERMONT. Architect's 5 bedroom farmhouse, completely furnished, Piano, dishwasher. Private swimming. July only. Box B-130.

WASHINGTON RESIDENCE—Woods, twenty minutes downtown. Inexpensive. Responsible tenant. May-September inclusive. SR Box B-110.

VERMONT FARMHOUSE in lovely mountain country. Swimming on premises. $125 week, $100 succeeding. Brochure. Robert Hall, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ROWAYTON, CONNECTICUT. Furnished house from June 23rd through Labor Day. Call 203-866-1871.

CUMBERLAND PLATEAU near Crossville, Tennessee. Privately owned chalet in resort area. Lake frontage. Adjacent golf course. 3 bedrooms. Completely furnished. By week or month. Box B-187.

VERMONT, MARLBORO Music Festival, 19th century house. 7 rooms, 2 baths, charm. $1,200. Also barn studio apartment, 2 baths, all conveniences. $1,000. 802-254-2415, 203-775-9490.

CAPE COD—Private beach; cottages; 3, 4 or 5 bedrooms; fireplaces; pianos. Active art center, sailing, tennis, music, theater. Provincetown. Write SR Box B-213.

VERMONT—PRIVATE POND. Modern cabin. June 15th-September 15th, $850. Biweekly, $150. Box B-206.

GREAT NECK (KINGS POINT). 12 room Colonial gem, near L.I. Sound. 4 bedrooms, 4½ baths. Steinway, hi-fi, sailboat. Walk to supervised swimming pool, dock. ½ hr. NYC. July 2nd-August 20th. $1,750. SR Box B-200.

SEBASCO, MAINE—3 bedrooms, coastal neighborhood. 3 months, $700. SR Box B-179.

CATSKILL IDYLL—150 rolling acres of seclusion. 12 bedroom farmhouse plus 2 guest cottages. Large swimming pond. Perfect for friends or families vacationing together. $1,200 month. Box B-197.

LAKE MICHIGAN HOME, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sandy beach. $1,000. Box B-162.

HOUSE WANTED

Unfurnished

SATURDAY REVIEW CHICAGO MANAGER wants 4-5 bedroom house of pleasing proportions, generous room sizes—Barrington, Lake Forest or Lake Bluff. Phone Dick Sullivan, 312-321-1400, or write Suite 830, 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, East side, 1½ rooms, air-conditioned, elevator. May 15th-September 15th, $650. 212-685-4871. SR Box B-211.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

LOVELY PRIVATE CONDOMINIUM garden one bedroom apartment, nicely furnished or unfurnished. Terms. Beautiful Key Biscayne, Florida. SR Box B-155.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE. Less than 1½ hours' drive to Boston. Retirement home or hideaway. Unspoiled, original center chimney CAPE. Circa 1790. Panoramic views. 18 acres, fields, small orchard. Protected on both sides of town road. 40 x 15 living room with 8' fireplace. 4 bedrooms (2 with fireplaces). Ell kitchen, bath, shop, summer breezeway with fireplace, one car garage. New F.H.A. heat, by oil. Artesian well. Equipment shed (or for a horse or two). Reduced to $24,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N. H. 03043.

GORGEOUS WOODED 10 ACRES (approximately), abutting stream. Ideal site for single residence. Rural estate area. Limited time $32,000. P.O. Box 118, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

AT ASPEN and all western Colorado recreational wonderlands—offering acreages, homes, condominiums, business opportunities, ranches. Tri Aspen Realty, Box 1831, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

SENECA LAKE. Beautiful 1-2 acre sites. Excellent fishing, swimming, trees, trails, views, good roads, privacy. Allen Pomeroy, Ovid, N. Y. 14521. Phone 607-869-5964.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

COUNTRY HILLTOP, 10 acres, Orange County. Ninety minute drive New York. Weekend contemporary house. Spectacular view. Isolated. No brokers. Box B-194.

CAMPS FOR SALE

LAKE TEMAGAMI, ONTARIO—Boys' canoe camp—location unexcelled, owners retiring. Wigwasati, Box 1185, Tavares, Florida.

CANADIAN CAMP PINECLIFF for twenty girls. 8 acre island, finest equipment. H. H. Grafton, Tavares, Florida.

CHILDREN'S CAMP. Newfound Lake, Bristol, New Hampshire, $44,000. Contact Bement School, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342.

CAMPS

ARROWHEAD READING CAMP for Boys, Minocqua, Wisconsin. Remedial, Developmental Comprehension and Speed. Land and water sports. Effective results. SR Box A-805.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. THE ADVISORY SERVICE, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS—60 boys. 11-18. Five age groups. Separate survival and ecology groups. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water, mountain trips: Maine. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

MOUNTAIN-RIVER CAMPING. Boys 9-14. Three weeks' learning: camping skills, swimming, tenting, hiking; forest-life conservation and nature study; simplicity and self-reliance. August 9th to 30th. Apply: Director, Mountain-River Camping, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

OUT ISLAND SUMMER SEA CAMP. In tropical Bahamas and 60' Schooner. Diving, fishing, sailing, navigation, etc. Coed 12-18. Limited enrollment July 15th-August 15th. $600. Brochure. Capt. A. Kadey, City Yacht Basin, Miami, Florida 33132.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 42nd year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York 13066.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun and knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science for academically talented. Private lake, cabins. Wilderness survival, creative indigenous crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. Professional staff. A.C.A. Phone Nashville 766-2494. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

SUMMERLANE CAMP: freedom, love, work and joy. Box 25Y, North Branch, New York.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 80 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R. Claud Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

(Continued on page 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

(Continued from page 87)

MEXICO—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 11-13. 6 weeks. *Our summer in Mexico provides a rewarding and cultural experience for only 12 subteens. A creative noncompetitive program geared to age and interests* combines a stimulating camp program plus travel in a foreign country. Conversational Spanish, Music, Art, Sculpturing, Social Activities. Professional staff of 5. Camp Del Solar, phone or write C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-DE 7-5792.

MUSEMONT FINE ARTS CAMP—Excellent faculty, wholesome recreation. Goed from age 12. Orchestra, band, dance, voice, drama. Two weeks, Pine Mountain, Georgia; third week, Jekyll Island. Box 5317(S), Columbus, Georgia 31906.

RETIREMENT LIVING

FOR PERSONS over 55 years—independent, gracious living in 2 bedroom homes, rental $87.50. Luther Village, 1535 Hall Street, Hanford, California 93230.

VACATIONS

VACATION HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGES—"Conifer," Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine 04051. Secluded, modernized, private beach. $125 per week.

ASPEN, COLORADO'S HEATHERBED LODGE offers magnificent High Country riding, trout fishing, Alpine flowers, birds, beauty. Write Box 530-S, Aspen, Colorado 81611.

"ZEN" TENNIS INSTRUCTION FOR ADULTS: *Florida Keys*—Islamorada Tennis Courts. Hawthorne Bissell.

WOLFEBORO—The Oldest Summer Resort in America. *On beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee. For FREE illustrated,* informative brochure write Dept. 3, Chamber of Commerce, Wolfeboro, N.H. 03894.

GASCON RANCH. *Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern* hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

COOL AND CAREFREE by the clear blue lake. Private cottages with fireplace or lakeside chalet rooms. Tennis, sailing, Sauna, water skiing, canoe trips and lobster bakes. *Children and pets, yes.* AAA. *Write Chute Homestead,* Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, *Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.*

IN MAGNIFICENT COLORADO, *it's Craig's Wilderness* Trails Dude Ranch for western fun, relaxation. Horseback *riding in "Switzerland of America." Pack trips,* fishing, children's program. Top AAA. Color brochure. Box B, Bayfield, Colorado.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

LAKE MICHIGAN FAMILY VACATION RETREAT—cottages, apartments, restaurant. Children's program. Tennis courts. Pools. 1,000 ft. beach. Art, music, films, theater. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

MEXICO! ONE MONTH $149 per person, double occupancy. HOTEL SPA PENAFIEL, Tehuacan, Puebla. Includes breakfast and dinner daily—free golf—swimming—tennis—other sports. Only 3 hours from Mexico City. Shorter stays available at equally low rates. Transportation not included. For details write Hotels Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 56, Mexico 6, D. F.

TIME MACHINE—Turn back the clock in authentic 1814 coaching inn in exquisite, tiny, northeast Connecticut village. Gourmet meals, Saturday orchestra. Any 2 nights, 2 dinners, 2 breakfasts, 1 luncheon, charming room, $24. ($20 with detached bath.) Vernon Stiles Inn, Thompson, Connecticut.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

VACATIONS

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $7.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

LET NEVIS, our island, become YOUR island! Caribbean Leewards. Constant trade winds. THE MONTPELIER. Chalet accommodations: Off-season $15 Single/$26 Double (American Plan). Brochure, reservations: P/B *Reinhold, 27 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.*

RESPITE FROM REDUNDANCY: *Cliffs of Maine,* the blue Atlantic, a full-circle horizon, stars for streetlights. *The Island Inn, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.*

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. *Good food, comfortable accommodations on new* 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

EXPO '67 *next stop! Gracious hospitality—quiet sleep*—excellent food. Brochure. Holiday Hill, Salisbury, Vermont 05769.

SEASHORE RESORT—*one of the world's greatest. On* picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf *course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis.* May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. 28771. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. Late May through October. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

ENJOY THE SPRING NOW at historic Mimosa Inn, Tryon, N.C., Box 1120. Brochure.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

UNCOMMERCIALIZED LAKE, MOUNTAIN RESORT. Brochure. Weld Inn and Motel, Weld, Maine.

RELAX. *Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and* waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, *finest food. The Pasadena,* Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

NEW WRINKLE? *No. Walker's Wrinkle, Brooklin, Maine,* provides vacationers with comfortable rooms, excellent *meals.*

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH—casual island living for your vacation. Write Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in a setting of elegant informality at Cable Beach Manor. Charming housekeeping apartments, each with kitchens, verandas, air-conditioning, 1-2-3 rooms. On private beach, pool. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. *Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.*

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, *Florida.*

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. *Vermont lake.* CAMP: sleepaway or day. Excellent counselors. Pony. ADULTS: canoe trips, sailing, skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

DOUBLE K MOUNTAIN RANCH, Gooseprairie, Washington. Wilderness vacation: riding, hiking, fishing, superb meals. Adults. September pack trips.

VACATIONS

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, small quiet inn. The Golden Gull, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852. June-October.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

BAREFOOT ADVENTURE is yours in casual Driftwood Inn. Poolside dining, bells, wrought iron, oceanfront balconies. In lush Vero Beach, good golf, fishing. Write The Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Or call 305-562-5920.

OUT IN THE COOL ATLANTIC. Registrations accepted now for conferences with inspirational speakers, seminars and recreation at Star Island off Portsmouth, N.H. Operated by Congregationalists and Unitarian Universalists June 24th to September 2nd. *Open to people of all faiths.* Lectures on religion, science, international affairs. *Program for youth and children.* Marine biology, crafts, sports, boating, fishing, evening entertainment. Ideal vacation for families and individuals. Preference given conference members. Address Star Island, 355 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn on ocean. Informal. Modern. American, Modified, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

PLAN YOUR ALASKAN ADVENTURE during our Centennial Celebration. Thayer Lake Lodge, fishermen's and nature enthusiasts' virgin wilderness retreat. Box 416, *Ketchikan, Alaska 99901.*

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA, West Harwich, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beautiful inn for 30 adult guests. Directly *on ocean. Private beach. Patios. All private baths.* $10-$12 per person including Continental breakfast. Weekly and off-season rates. Suites, oceanfront apartments. Brochure: The Barrows, West Harwich 18, Massachusetts.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Charming, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 20th. Box 431M, Kennebunkport, Maine 04046.

WOODBOUND INN and Lake Cottages. Informal resort living. June discount rates. KLH music. Handcrafts. Par-3 golf. $80-$101 weekly includes meals. Booklet. Box 21, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $13.50-$17.50 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $7.50 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. *All seasonal sports. Famous food.* AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—*Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good* country living. One housekeeping cottage.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. *A small, luxurious,* quiet, oceanfront inn. Heated saltwater pool. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA. Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

THE YODLER, Stowe, Vermont. Golf, music festival, heated pool, theater.

REST AND RELAXATION. *Vacation resort with meals,* on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. *Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information.* Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H. 03894.

VACATION on beautiful Prince Edward Island, Canada. *Rent a fully furnished farmhouse for fifty dollars week.* Beach, fishing, golf nearby. Can accommodate 5 people. SR Box B-167.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. Private baths, room telephones. Heated saltwater pool. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966. Telephone 617-546-6321.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-June to mid-October. Write Dept. 4, Palmer Lodge, Keene, N.H. 03431.

ACAPULCO—Rent 2 bedroom air-conditioned bungalow. Magnificent view. Maid service. Pool. SR Box B-202.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PAINTING IN THE MOUNTAINS. Top instruction. Excellent food. Breathtaking location. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia 24018.

WRITING ARTS WORKSHOP—Third Annual Creative Arts Workshop, State University College, Oswego, N.Y. 13126, August 14th-September 1st. For brochure, address Dr. Millard Harmon, Summer Session.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program for American college students. American credits. September-June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 West 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . stops at international student holiday centers. College, high school and junior high groups. 10th year. Students Abroad, G. Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

SUMMER EUROPEAN Painting-Drawing Trip—40 days. 6 semester hours undergraduate/graduate credit. Art Department, State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43402.

FRIENDS WORLD INSTITUTE invites high school students to join summer studytravel to: Mexico; Egypt-East Africa; or western United States and Hawaii. Write FWI, East Norwich, N.Y. 11732.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD®. 17th season. 1 month sessions July or August at the Universities of Madrid, Florence, Rome, Salzburg or the Ecole Pratique in Paris. Includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dancing, etc., sightseeing, many other features. Only $225 complete! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. Educational Travel Association, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

FOR STUDENTS 15-19. Special travel programs that emphasize doing, rather than just sightseeing, and close contact with people of other lands. Travel with European teenagers and live with a European family; speak French in France all summer; visit a Soviet Youth Camp; study Spanish in Spain—or choose from varied list of trips planned to help you know a part of Europe well. For full catalogue write: George R. Shumlin, Director, The European Travel-Camp, Putney, Vermont 05346. (16th year.)

EUROPE BY STUDENT SHIP. Join seaborne language classes, art lectures, international forums, guitar workshops, newspaper. Swimming in outdoor pool, dancing to ship's orchestra, movies, deck sports. Low rates; 10 chartered all-student sailings June through September. Write: Council on Student Travel, Dept. SR-11, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France. July 1st-August 12th. For information: 25 Rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

SUMMER COURSES IN ENGLISH at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Six-week session July 11th-August 24th. Courses in Archaeology, Biblical History and Religion, Government and Politics of Israel, Education and Sociology of Israel, Agnon in Modern Hebrew Literature, Modern Hebrew, Field Trips. One year college required. Write or call American Friends of the Hebrew University, 11 East 69th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. 212-YU 8-8400.

STUDY AND TRAVEL in Mexico or Spain—SPAIN: High School students; 4 weeks study, Granada. Visit Madrid, Toledo, Seville. One week in Paris. Special North African trip optional. MEXICO: High School and College; 4 weeks study, Cuernavaca. Visit Mexico City, Oaxaca, Puebla, Morelia, Patzcuaro, etc. Acapulco (optional). From $535 all inclusive. Write: Dept. R, Scholastic Trips Abroad, Inc., 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

VENICE, ITALY, American School. Summer session in art and humanities. Box V-574.

UNUSUAL EUROPEAN CAMP. Switzerland, Italy. Coed. French daily. International. Sports. Cultural excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

UXMAL, DZIBILCHALTUN, etc. Nontourist Mexico with anthropologist. Students 14-18. Gibson, Box 1697, Hyattsville, Maryland 20788.

AEGEAN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS: Greek Island, Paros. Catalogue? Cheltenham Art Centre, Ashbourne Road, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania 19012.

TRAVEL

SEE MORE IN EUROPE this summer, see it better and save—traveling with NSA—a choice of 41 flexible trips of 21 to 66 days with other college and graduate students using special rates for travel, accommodations, admissions, etc. available only through NSA. Trips to Europe, Israel and the Far East. Also precollege teenage tours. Write for free book: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. RS19, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. A nonprofit organization for students.

AFRICAN HORIZONS—experienced tour leader, Tunis, Tripoli, tropical Africa, South Africa, Lambarene, etc., exploring cultural, natural and political interests. June 25th-August 2nd. $2,195 includes all. Write George Marshall, 174 Marlboro Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.25. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZM Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theater, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SEE THE WORLD for $14 a day and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Lines Dutch passenger-freighters offer Eastern Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Middle East, Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Central America, Gulf of Mexico and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40, North River, New York, N.Y. 10014. Offices in principal cities. All ships under Netherlands registry.

EASTERN EUROPE. Escorted adventures by Maupintour from 3 weeks to 60 days. Small groups. Spring, Summer, Fall departures. From NYC from $1,098. Ask your Travel Agent for 28-page Maupintour "Eastern Europe" brochure or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, NYC 10017.

OXFORD/CAMBRIDGE DRIVER GUIDE, car, accommodation ancient inns. $18.90 daily rate. Box A-802.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

OVERSEAS NATURE TOURS 1967: We investigate the natural history of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the world. Principal objective bird observation although a full ecological picture is sought. EUROPE: Iron Curtain countries May 20th, four weeks; Britain May 29th, three weeks; Iceland June 25th, two weeks; Scandinavia June 25th, four weeks. AFRICA: Two midsummer tours. SOUTH PACIFIC: Four consecutive three-week tours in autumn (their spring) covering Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand. Also two-week NORTH AMERICAN tours: Arizona May 13th; and series of four tours "north with the spring" from California to Alaska. Six different routes in Mexico and Central America. Come along! We seek out back-country routes, try for an experience-in-depth of the natural scene and the people. (Not recommended if you're strong for night life.) Crowder Nature Tours, Harpers Ferry, W. Va. 25425.

LYSISTRATA—In 1966 120 fortunate people cruised with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht through the Greek Islands. By prompt action you might be one in 1967. Most cruises a fortnight, $280 inclusive. Accommodations April to September. For particulars, write A. D. Winspear, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

TRAVEL

ALAN WATTS TOUR OF JAPAN, September 26th-November 6th, 1967, $1,795, including air fare from West coast, ground transportation and lecture fees. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Box 857, Sausalito, California 94965.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

GOING TO JAPAN??? Invaluable Guidebook—travel tips, currency converter, hotels, restaurants, shopping, sightseeing, tipping, etc. $1.25. Mil-Mar Inc., P.O. Box 85, Riverside Station, Dept. SR, Miami, Florida 33135.

FREE—Colorful Travel Poster 24" x 36" when you ask for brochure which tells you how you can purchase the SAAB automobile in Europe for as little as $1,495, also new FREE home delivery plan. Ask Miss Elizabeth Whitcomb, Martin Motors, (SR), 1274 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

HUGE DISCOUNTS with the International Student ID Card. For instance: Air travel in Europe, Israel at 60% less. Same huge savings on hotels, admissions, meals, trains, etc. A must for every traveling student. Write for details: U.S. National Student Association, Dept. AB7, 265 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$698. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

YACHTING VACATIONS IN EUROPE: Selection comfortable cruising Yachts GREEK ISLANDS, also unattended craft Irish Rivers. V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons (Antigua) Ltd., Lynch's Quay, Cobh, Ireland.

RUSSIA BY MOTORCOACH. Lifeseeing adventure tour visiting Finland, Soviet Union, Poland and West/East Berlin. 22 days. Departures May through August. $1,098 from NYC. Ask your Travel Agent for brochure or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, NYC 10017.

BERMUDA rejuvenescences leave New York every Saturday for six days and six nights aboard the Franconia. Call your travel agent or write to Cunard, 25 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10004.

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION TOURS. Interested in 21-day trips with internationally minded companions? Greece-Spain-Portugal and cruise of Aegean, or European Grand Tour: London-Paris-Rome-Switzerland. Write United Nations Association of N.Y., 345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

GOING TO ENGLAND? Gail's Budget Guide describes over 150 select economy Hotels and Restaurants. Many thrift suggestions. $1 by mail. Gail's Guides, 132 North Laurel, Los Angeles, California 90048.

SAIL FROM MYSTIC WHARF. Small cruising charter sailboats. Day, week, by reservation. Brochure. Box 277, Mystic, Connecticut. 203-536-3332.

JULY IN EUROPE? Scandinavia-Russia-Ireland-Paris-Sicily. Unusual tour. Box B-178.

REGARDEZ! Delightful French families seek American high school and college students, the ages of their own children. A few weeks or full summer program. Escorted and supervised. $1,550. PROGRAMMES EN FRANCE, INC. Inc., Tarrytown Road, Pleasantville, N.Y. 914-RO 9-2516.

GET LOST, GO NATIVE . . . Sailing, beachcombing, exploring Bahamas. Charter 2, 3, 4. Experienced skipper, from $420 week. Details P.O. Box 394, Naples, Florida.

SAFARI-EAST AFRICA. 22 days, only $998 all expense from New York. Picture yourself on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro . . . visiting the great game reserves unequaled in profusion of wildlife and fantastic scenery . . . basking on the beaches of the Indian Ocean . . . it is all available to you and is, in our opinion, the greatest travel value ever offered. Blue Cars, Inc., 11 West 42nd, NYC, 10036.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1723

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Disfiguring disease oftener seen in Asiatic countries than in the New World; one of its forms, distinguished as *Graecorum*, is leprosy.	110 186 21 74 69 104 96 151 193 136 17 / 204 7
B. Ready and expert in use of body and limbs.	124 92 60 181 190 83 51 39 94
C. National society of France, now comprising five academies, to promote science and art.	18 192 141 46 100 117 127 34 64
D. Describing a sort of sense impression received at a distance.	189 166 105 28 205 121 109 5 159 130 90
E. Diametrically different in position or nature, with no implication of antagonism.	31 187 81 38 202 95 68 20
F. Stretches forward as if to grasp (2 wds.)	48 72 197 27 153 86 158 58 134 129
G. By the dozen (2 wds.)	118 176 85 113 132 148 19 44 87
H. Liable to be blamed.	82 57 131 16 29 149 133 138 89
I. Much decorated USAF General (contemporary).	182 169 203 175 125
J. Work of expatriate Amer. poet which won Dial Prize, 1922 (3 wds.)	147 71 157 32 167 128 37 120 1 112 56 / 24
K. Potted plant of which Gracie Fields sang of the BIGGEST in the world.	73 62 49 183 162 23 206 194 123 155
L. Illustrious Amer., first President to win Nobel Prize for Peace, 1906.	191 115 53 150 139 99 2 106 108
M. Ambary (2 wds)	65 185 177 11 78 144 35 80 119 156
N. Time allowed in various legal limitations, to assure that there be a *full twelve months* (4 wds.)	6 154 36 40 173 13 111 55 200 140 107
O. U.S. slang for large accumulation of money from unwon prizes (WNI 3d.)	126 84 97 4 88 171 102
P. Related in the maternal *line of descent.*	103 54 184 178 15 91 43 3 165
Q. Aromatic tree of the laurel family, yielding an oil used in perfumes.	79 143 10 33 146 116 101 41 93
R. Cheap type of theatrical performance, so-named from prevailing price of admission (comp.)	142 75 26 137 66 179 114 70 9 135 30 / 201 168 52 195
S. As a British Crossword would define it: Occupying a tin going down, glowing.	67 174 196 122 161 145 59 77 164 207 42 / 152
T. Tosca's hero.	14 188 22 76 50 8 170 47 198 163 61
U. Where, acc'g to *Genesis*, the Cherubims were placed with their flaming sword, to protect the Tree of Life (3 wds., used by Steinbeck as a title)	98 160 45 63 12 172 25 208 199 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 J	2 L	3 P	4 O	5 D	6 N		7 A	8 T	9 R	10 Q		11 M	12 U	13 N	14 T	15 P
16 H	17 A	18 C	19 G	20 E		21 A	22 T	23 K	24 J	25 U	26 R	27 F	28 D		29 H	30 R	31 E
32 J	33 Q		34 C	35 M	36 N	37 J		38 E	39 B	40 N		41 Q	42 S	43 P	44 G	45 U	46 C
47 T	48 F		49 K	50 T	51 B	52 R	53 L	54 P	55 N	56 J		57 H	58 F		59 S	60 B	61 T
62 K	63 U	64 C	65 M		66 R	67 S	68 E	69 A		70 R	71 J	72 F		73 K	74 A	75 R	
76 T	77 S		78 M		79 Q	80 M	81 E	82 H	83 B	84 O	85 G	86 F		87 G	88 O	89 H	90 D
91 P	92 B	93 Q		94 B	95 E	96 A	97 O	98 U		99 L	100 C	101 Q	102 O	103 P	104 A	105 D	106 L
107 N		108 L	109 D	110 A		111 N	112 J	113 G	114 R		115 L	116 Q		117 C	118 G	119 M	120 J
	121 D	122 S	123 K	124 B	125 I		126 O	127 C	128 J	129 F	130 D	131 H	132 G		133 H	134 F	135 R
	136 A	137 R		138 H	139 L	140 N	141 C	142 R		143 Q	144 M	145 S		146 Q	147 J		148 G
149 H	150 L	151 A		152 S	153 F	154 N		155 K	156 M	157 J		158 F	159 D	160 U	161 S	162 K	163 T
	164 S	165 P	166 D	167 J	168 R	169 I	170 T		171 O	172 U		173 N	174 S		175 I	176 G	177 M
178 P	179 R	180 U	181 B		182 I	183 K	184 P	185 M	186 A		187 E	188 T	189 D	190 B	191 L	192 C	193 A
194 K	195 R		196 S	197 F	198 T	199 U		200 N	201 R	202 E	203 I	204 A	205 D	206 K	207 S	208 U	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED